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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1908

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.	ü German ü, French u.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.	oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ǣ as in far, father, guard.	ou as in pound, proud.
â as in fall, talk.	š as in pressure.
à as in fare.	ž as in seizure.
ȧ as in errant, republican.	čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
e as in met, pen, bless.	ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ē as in mete, meet.	th as in then.
ê as in her, fern.	ñ Spanish j.
ī as in pin, it.	g as in Hamburg.
î as in pine, fight, file.	' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A sec- ondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)
o as in not, on, frog.	
ō as in note, poke, floor.	
ö as in move, spoon.	
ô as in nor, song, off.	
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.	
u as in tub.	
û as in mute, acute.	
ũ as in pull.	

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M

MOLESWORTH, MARY LOUISA STEWART, an English novelist; born in Holland, May 29, 1839. In 1861 she married Major R. Molesworth of the British army. At an early age she contributed stories to magazines, and wrote under the pen-name of "Ennis Graham." Among her books are *Lover and Husband* (1870); *Not Without Thorns* (1873); *Cicely, a Story of Three Years* (1874); *Carrots, Just a Little Boy* (1876); *The Cuckoo Clock* (1877); *Hathercourt* (1878); *The Tapestry Room* (1879); *Miss Bouverie* (1880); *Hoodie* (1881); *The Adventures of Herr Baby* (1881); *Summer Stories for Boys and Girls* (1882); *The Boys and I* (1883); *Marrying and Giving in Marriage*, and *Peggy* (1887); *Four Ghost Stories* (1889); *Mother Bunch* (1890); *Story of a Spring Moving* (1891); *Family Troubles*, and *An Enchanted Garden* (1892); *Blanche and Hollow Tree House* (1894); *The Carved Lions* (1895); *Miss Mouse and Her Boys* (1897); *The Laurel Walk* (1898); *The Grim House* (1899); *This and That* (1900); *The House That Grew* (1901), and *The Red Grange* (1902).

THAT GIRL IN BLACK.

To Despard Norreys, when at the end of two busy years he found himself again in England, it appeared as if he had been absent five or six times as long as was really the case. One evening, after dining at the house of the friend whose influence had obtained for him the appointment which had just expired, he accompanied the ladies of the family to an evening-party in the neighborhood. He had never been in the house before; the faces about him were unfamiliar. Feeling a little "out of it," he strolled into a small room where a select quartette was absorbed at whist, and seated himself in a corner somewhat out of the glare of light, which, since his illness, rather painfully affected his eyes. Suddenly the thought of Maisie Fforde rose before him as in a vision.

"I wonder if she is married," he said to himself. "Sure to be so, I should think. Yet I should probably have heard of it." And even as the words formed themselves in his mind, a still familiar voice caught his ear.

"Thank you. Yes, this will do nicely. I will wait here till Mabel is ready to go." And a lady—a girl, he soon saw—came forward into the room toward the corner where he was sitting. He rose at once; she approached him quickly, then, with a sudden, incoherent exclamation, made as if she would have drawn back. But it was too late; she could not, if she wished, have pretended she did not see him.

"Mr. Norreys," she began; "I had no idea——"

"That I was in England," he said. "No, I have only just returned. Pardon me for having startled you, Miss Fforde—Lady Margaret, I mean. I on my side had no idea of meeting you here, or——"

"Or you would not have come," she, in her turn, interrupted him with. "Thank you; you are frank, at all events," she added, haughtily. He turned away. There was, perhaps, some involuntary suggestion of reproach in his manner, for hers changed.

"No," she said, "I am very wrong. Please stay for two minutes, and listen to me. I have hoped and prayed

that I might never meet you again, but at the same time I made a vow — a real vow," she went on, girlishly, "that if I did so, I would swallow my pride and — and ask you to forgive me. There, now — I have said it. That is all. Will you, Mr. Norreys?"

"Will you not sit down for a moment, Lady Margaret?" he said, and as she did so, he, too, drew a chair nearer to hers.

"It is disagreeable to be overheard," he went on, in a tone of half-apology. "You ask me what I cannot now do," he added.

The girl reared her head, and the softness of her manner hardened at once.

"Then," she said, "we are quits. It does just as well. My conscience is clear now."

"So is mine, as to *that* particular of — of what you call forgiving you," he said, and his voice was a degree less calm. "I cannot do so now, for — I forgave you long, long ago." . . .

Maisie looked up, with tear-dimmed eyes:

"Oh, do say it again — don't think me not nice, oh, *don't*," she entreated. "But why — oh, why, if you care for me, though I can scarcely believe it, why let my horrible money come between us? I shall never care for anybody else. There now, I have said it!" And she tried to hide her face, but he would not let her.

"Do you really mean it, dear?" he said. "If you do, I — I will swallow *my* pride, too. Shall I?"

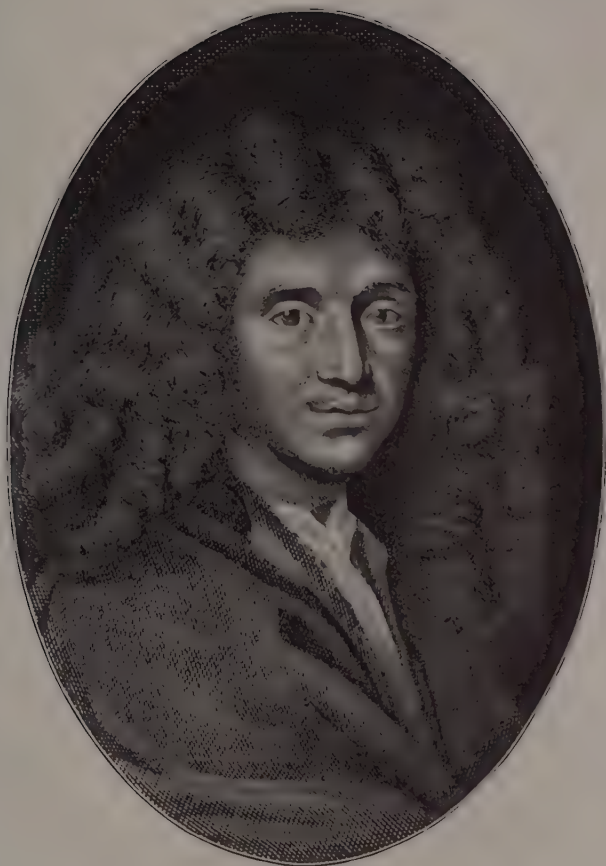
She looked up, half-laughing now. "Quits again, you see. Oh, dear, how dreadfully happy I am! And you know, as you are so fond of work now, you will have *lots* to do. All manner of things for poor people that I want to manage, and don't know how — and all our own — I won't say 'my' any more — tenants to look after — and — and —"

"That girl in black" herself to take care of, and make as happy as all my love and strength and my life's devotion can," said Despard. "Maisie, my darling, God grant that you may never regret your generosity and goodness"

"No, no," she murmured, "yours are far greater, far, far, greater."

MOLIÈRE, the name assumed by JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, a French dramatist; born at Paris, January 15, 1622; died there, February 17, 1673. His father, a prosperous tradesman, held also the position of valet-de-chambre in the royal household, and designed his son for a similar career; but, yielding to the boy's urgency, he sent him to the College of Orléans, where he studied five years, and was admitted as an advocate in 1645. Young Poquelin had become attracted toward the stage; he joined a troupe of actors, with whom, assuming the name of Molière, he made circuits through the provinces until 1658, when the company came to Paris, under the patronage of the Duke of Orléans, and was called the "Troupe de Monsieur"; in 1665 it took the name of the "Troupe du Roi," and not long afterward it united with another company and formed the "Théâtre Français."

Molière, besides being an admirable actor, had begun to write for the stage, producing at first adaptations from Italian pastorals. His first regular comedy, *L'Etourdi*, was brought out at Lyons in 1653. During the last fifteen years of his life he produced more than thirty dramatic works, of which fully one-half are considered among the masterpieces of the French stage. Among these are *Les Précieuses Ridicules* (1659); *Sganarelle* (1660); *L'École des Maris* (1661); *L'École des Femmes* (1663); *Le Festin de Pierre*



MOLIERE.

(1665); *Tartuffe* (1667); *Le Misanthrope* (1668); *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (1670); *Les Femmes Savantes* (1672); *La Malade Imaginaire* (1673). More than a century after his death the French Academy, which had in his lifetime refused to admit him as a member because of his profession of actor, voted that his bust should be placed in their chamber, with this inscription: "For his glory there is nothing needed; he is needed for ours."

Voltaire and other French critics place *The Misanthrope* at the head of the dramas of Molière. Although the characters bear classical names, the scene is laid in Paris, and the plot and personages are thoroughly Parisian.

PHILENTE AND ALCESTE.

Phil. — When we are of the world we must conform to the outward civilities which custom demands.

Alc. — I deny it. We ought to punish pitilessly that shameful pretence of friendly intercourse. I like a man to be a man, and to show on all occasions the bottom of his heart in his discourse. Let that be the thing to speak, and never let our feelings be hidden beneath our compliments.

Phil. — There are many cases in which plain speaking would be ridiculous and could hardly be tolerated. And, with all allowance for your unbending honesty, it is as well to conceal our feelings sometimes. Would it be right or decent to tell thousands of people what we think of them? And when we meet with someone whom we hate or who displeases us, must we tell him so openly?

Alc. — Yes.

Phil. — What! Would you tell old Emilia that it ill becomes her to set up for a beauty at her age; and that the paints she uses disgust everyone?

Alc. — Undoubtedly.

Phil. — Or Doulos that he is a bore, and that there is

no one at Court who is not sick of hearing him boast of his courage and the lustre of his house?

Alc.—Decidedly so.

Phil.—You are jesting.

Alc.—I am not jesting at all; and I would not spare anyone in that respect. It offends my eyes too much; and whether at Court or in town, I behold nothing but what provokes my spleen. I become quite melancholy, and deeply grieved to see men behave to each other as they do. Everywhere I find nothing but base flattery, injustice, self-interest, deceit, roguery. I cannot bear it any longer; I am furious; and my intention is to break with all mankind.

Phil.—This philosophical spleen is somewhat too savage. I cannot but laugh to see you in these gloomy fits, and fancy that I perceive in us two, brought up together, the two brothers, in the *School for Husbands*, who—

Alc.—Good Heavens! drop your insipid comparisons.

Phil.—Nay, seriously, leave off these vagaries. This world will not alter for all your meddling. And as plain speaking has such charms for you, I shall tell you frankly that this complaint of yours is as good as a play wherever you go, and that all these invectives against the manners of the age make you a laughing-stock to many people.

Alc.—So much the better! Zounds! So much the better! That is just what I want. It is a very good sign, and I rejoice at it. All men are so odious to me that I should be sorry to appear rational in their eyes.

Phil.—But do you wish harm to all mankind?

Alc.—Yes; I have conceived a terrible hatred for them.

Phil.—Shall all poor mortals, without exception, be included in this aversion? There are some even in the age in which we live——

Alc.—No; they are all alike; and I hate all men. Some because they lend themselves to the wicked, and have not that healthy contempt with which vice ought to inspire all healthy minds. You cannot but see how unjustly and excessively complaisant people are to that barefaced scoundrel with whom I am at law. You may plainly perceive the traitor through his mask; he is well known

everywhere in his true colors; his rolling eyes and his honeyed tones impose only on those who do not know him. People are aware that this low-bred fellow, who deserves to be pilloried, has by the dirtiest jobs made his way in the world; and that the splendid position he has acquired makes merit repine and virtue blush. Yet, whatever dishonorable epithets may be launched against him everywhere, nobody defends his wretched honor. Call him a rogue, an infamous wretch, a confounded scoundrel, if you like; all the world will say "Yes," and no one contradicts you. But for all that, his bowing and scraping are welcome everywhere; he is received, smiled upon, and wriggles himself into all kinds of society; and if any appointment is to be secured by intriguing, he will carry the day over a man of the greatest worth. Zounds! these are mortal stabs to me — to see vice parleyed with, and sometimes I feel suddenly inclined to fly into a wilderness far from the approach of men.

Phil. — Great Heavens! let us torment ourselves a little less about the vices of the age, and be a little more lenient to human nature. Let us not scrutinize it with the utmost severity, but look with some indulgence at its failings. In society we need virtue to be a little more pliable. If we are too wise we may be equally to blame; good sense avoids all extremes, and requires us to be soberly rational. This unbending and virtuous stiffness of ancient times shocks too much the ordinary customs of our own; it requires too great perfection of us mortals; we must yield to the times, without being too stubborn; it is the height of folly to busy ourselves in correcting the world. I, as well as yourself, notice a hundred things every day which might be better managed, differently enacted; but whatever I may discover at any moment, people do not see me in a rage like you. I take men quietly, just as they are. I accustom my mind to bear with what they do; and I believe that at Court, as well as in the city, my phlegm is as philosophical as your bile.

Alc. — But this phlegm, good sir — you who reason so well — could it not be disturbed by anything? And if perchance a friend should betray you — if he forms a subtle plot to get hold of what is yours — if people should try

to spread evil reports about you — would you tamely submit to all this without flying into a rage?

Phil. — Ay. I look upon all these faults of which you complain as vices inseparably connected with human nature. In short, my mind is no more shocked at seeing a man a rogue, unjust, or selfish, than at seeing vultures eager for prey, mischievous apes, or fury-lashed wolves.

Alc. — What! I should see myself deceived, torn to pieces, robbed, without losing — Zounds! I shall say no more about it; all this reasoning is full of impertinence!

Phil. — Upon my word, you would do well to keep silence. Rail a little less at your opponent, and attend a little more to your suit.

Alc. — That I shall not do; that is settled long ago.

Phil. — But whom, then do you expect to solicit for you?

Alc. — Whom? Reason — my just cause — equity.

Phil. — Shall you not pay a visit to any of the judges?

Alc. — No. Is my cause unjust or dubious?

Phil. — I am agreed on that. But you know what harm intrigues do; and —

Alc. — No. I am resolved not to stir a step. I am either right or wrong.

Phil. — Do not trust to that.

Alc. — I shall not budge an inch.

Phil. — Your opponent is powerful; and by his underhand work may induce —

Alc. — It does not matter.

Phil. — You will make a mistake.

Alc. — Be it so. I wish to see the end of it.

Phil. — But —

Alc. — I shall have the satisfaction of losing my suit.

Phil. — But after all —

Alc. — I shall see by this trial whether men have sufficient impudence, are wicked, villanous, and perverse enough to do me the injustice in the face of the whole world.

Phil. — What a strange fellow!

Alc. — I could wish, were it to cost me ever so much, that, for the fun of the thing, I might lose my case.

Phil.—But people will really laugh at you, Alceste, if they hear you go on in this fashion.

Alc.—So much the worse for those who will.—*The Misanthrope.*

Of all the dramas of Molière, *Tartuffe* is perhaps the one of the widest scope and the most enduring interest. Besides several subordinate characters who help to carry on the action of the play, the principal personages are: "Tartuffe," the sanctimonious reprobate, the most perfect representative of his class ever brought upon the stage; "Orgon," a wealthy citizen; "Elmine," his wife; "Damis," his son; "Mariane," his daughter. "Tartuffe," by his sanctimonious talk and his pretended medical skill, has obtained a complete ascendancy over "Orgon," who wishes to marry him to his daughter, and enrich him at the expense of his son. "Tartuffe," however, becomes enamored of "Elmine," to whom he makes insulting approaches. The action of the drama hinges upon the vile schemes of "Tartuffe," their temporary success and ultimate discomfiture.

TARTUFFE, ELMINE, DAMIS, AND ORGON.

Tar.—May Heaven, in its mighty goodness, forever bestow upon you health, both of soul and body; and bless your days as much as the humblest of its votaries desires.

Elm.—I am much obliged for this pious wish. But let us take a seat, to be more at ease.

Tar.—Are you quite recovered of your indisposition?

Elm.—Quite; that fever has now left me.

Tar.—My prayers are not deserving enough to have drawn this grace from above; but not one of them ascended to Heaven that had not your recovery for its object.

Elm.—You are too anxious in your zeal for me.

Tar.—We cannot cherish your dear health too much; and to re-establish yours I would have given mine.

Elm.—That is pushing Christian charity very far; and I feel much indebted to you for all this kindness.

Tar.—I do much less for you than you deserve.

Elm.—I wished to speak to you in private about a certain matter, and I am glad that no one is here to observe us.

Tar.—I am equally delighted: and no doubt it is very pleasant, Madame, to find myself alone with you. I have often asked opportunity from Heaven, but till now in vain.

Elm.—What I wish is a few words upon a small matter, in which you must lay bare your heart, and conceal nothing from me.

[*Damis, who had concealed himself in a closet, half-opens the door, and listens to the conversation, unknown to the speakers.*]

Tar.—And I will also, in return for this rare favor, unbosom myself entirely to you; but rather from a passionate zeal which carries me away, and out of a pure motive.

Elm.—That is how I take it. I think it is for my good that you trouble yourself so much.

[*Tartuffe takes her hand, and presses her fingers.*]

Elm.—Oh! You squeezed me too hard!

Tar.—It is through excess of zeal. I never had any intention of hurting you; and would sooner —

[*He places his hand on her knee.*]

Elm.—What does your hand there?

Tar.—I am only feeling your dress; the stuff is very soft.

Elm.—Oh! please leave off. I am very ticklish.

[*She pushes her chair back; and he draws his up, and begins to handle her collar.*]

Tar.—Bless me! how wonderful is the workmanship of this lace! They work in a miraculous manner nowadays. Never was anything so beautifully made.

Elm.—It is true. But let us have some talk about our affair. I have been told that my husband wishes to

retract his promise, and give you his daughter. Is it true? Tell me.

Tar.— He has hinted something to me; but, to tell you the truth, Madame, this is not the happiness for which I am sighing. I behold elsewhere the marvellous attractions of that bliss which forms the height of my wishes.

Elm.— That is because you have no love for earthly things.

Tar.— My breast does not contain a heart of flint.

Elm.— I believe that all your sighs tend toward Heaven, and that nothing here below rouses your desires.

Tar.— The love which attaches us to eternal beauties does not stifle in us the love of earthly things; our senses may easily be charmed by the perfect works which Heaven has created. Its reflected loveliness shines forth in such as you; but in you alone it displays its choicest wonders. It has diffused on your face such beauty that it dazzles the eyes and transports the heart; nor could I behold you, perfect creature, without admiring in you Nature's Author, and feeling my heart smitten with an ardent love for the most beautiful of portraits, wherein he has represented himself. At first I feared that this secret ardor might be nothing but a cunning snare of the foul fiend; and my heart even resolved to fly your presence, thinking you might be an obstacle to my salvation. But at last I found, O most lovely beauty, that my passion could not be blamable; that I could reconcile it with modesty; and this made me freely indulge it. It is, I confess, a great presumption in me to dare to offer you this heart; but I expect in my affections everything from your kindness, and nothing from the vain efforts of my own weakness. In you is my hope, my happiness, my peace; on you depends my torment or my bliss; and it is by your decision solely that I must be happy if you wish it, or miserable if it pleases you.

Elm.— The declaration is extremely gallant; but it is, to speak truly, rather a little surprising. Methinks you ought to arm your heart better, and to reflect a little upon such a design. A pious man like you, and who is everywhere spoken of —

Tar.— Ah! although I am a pious man, I am not the

less a man; and when one beholds your heavenly charms, the heart surrenders, and reasons no longer.

Elm.— But, sir —

Tar.— I know that such discourse from me must appear strange. But after all, I am not an angel; and if my confession be condemned by you, you must blame your own attractions for it. As soon as I beheld this more than human loveliness, you became the queen of my soul. The ineffable sweetness of your divine glance broke down the resistance of my obstinate heart; it overcame everything — fastings, prayers, tears — and led all my desires to your charms. My looks and my sighs have told you so a thousand times, and the better to explain myself I now make use of words. If you should graciously contemplate the tribulations of your unworthy slave; if your kindness would console me, and will condescend to my insignificant self, I shall ever entertain for you, O miracle of sweetness, an unexampled devotion. Your honor runs not the slightest risk with me, and need not fear the least disgrace on my account. All these court gallants, of whom women are so fond, are noisy in their doings, and vain in their talk; they are incessantly pluming themselves on their successes, and they receive no favors which they do not divulge. Their indiscreet tongues, in which people confide, desecrate the altar on which their hearts sacrifice. But men of our stamp love discreetly, and with them a secret is always kept. The care which we take of our own reputations is a sufficient guarantee for the object of our love; and it is only with us, when they accept our hearts, that they find love without scandal, and pleasure without fear.

Elm.— I have listened to what you say, and your rhetoric explains itself in sufficiently strong terms to me. But are you not afraid that the fancy may take me to tell my husband of this gallant ardor, and that the prompt knowledge of such an amour might well change the friendship which he bears you?

Tar.— I know that you are too gracious, and will pardon my boldness; that you will excuse the violent transports of a passion which offends you; and consider,

by looking at yourself, that people are not blind, and men are made of flesh and blood.

Elm.—Others would perhaps take it in a different fashion; but I shall show my discretion. I shall not tell the matter to my husband. But in return I require something of you: that is to forward honestly, and without quibbling, the union of Valère with Mariane; renounce the unjust power which would enrich you with what belongs to another, and —

[Damis comes out of the closet in which he had been concealed, and had listened to this conversation.]

Dam.—No, Madame, no; this shall be made public. I was in there, where I overheard it all: and Providence seems to have conducted me thither to abash the pride of a wretch who wrongs me; to point out a way to take vengeance on his hypocrisy and insolence; to undeceive my father, and to show him plainly the heart of a villain who talks to you of love.

Elm.—No, Damis. It suffices that he reforms, and endeavors to deserve my indulgence. Since I have promised him, do not make me break my word. I have no wish to provoke a scandal. A woman laughs at such follies, and never troubles her husband's ears with them.

Dam.—You have your reason for acting in that way. I have mine for behaving differently. It's a farce to wish to spare him; and the insolent pride of his bigotry has already trampled too much over my just anger, and caused too much disorder amongst us. The scoundrel has governed my father too long, and plotted against my affections, as well as Valère's. My father must be undeceived about this perfidious wretch; and Heaven offers me an easy means. I am indebted to it for this opportunity, and it is too favorable to be neglected. I should deserve to have it snatched away from me, did I not make use of it, now that I have it in hand.

Elm.—Damis —

Dam.—No; by your leave, I will use my own judgment. I am highly delighted, and all you can say will be in vain to make me forego the pleasure of revenge. I shall settle this affair without delay; and here is just the opportunity.

[Enter *Orgon*, to whom *Damis* addresses himself.]

Dam.—We will enliven your arrival, father, with an altogether fresh incident that will surprise you much. You are well repaid for all your caresses, and this gentleman rewards you handsomely. His great zeal for you has just shown itself. He aims at nothing less than dishonoring you; and I have just surprised him making to your wife an insulting proposal of a guilty passion. Her sweet disposition and her too discreet feelings would by all means have kept the secret from you. But I cannot encourage such insolence, and I think that to have been silent about it would have been to do you an injury.

Elm.—Yes, I am of opinion that we ought never to trouble our husband's peace with all these silly stories; that our honor does not depend upon that, and that it is enough for us to be able to defend ourselves. These are my sentiments; and you would have said nothing, *Damis*, if I had possessed any influence with you.

Org.—What have I heard! Oh, Heavens! is it possible?

Tar.—Yes, brother, I am guilty, wretched sinner, full of iniquity: the greatest villain that ever existed. Each moment of my life is replete with pollutions: it is but a mass of crime and corruption; and I see that Heaven, to chastise me, intends to mortify me on this occasion. Whatever great crime may be laid to my charge, I have neither the wish nor the pride to deny it. Believe what you are told; arm your anger, and drive me like a criminal from your house. Whatever shame you may heap upon me, I deserve still more.

Org. [*To his son.*].—What! wretch! dare you by this falsehood tarnish the purity of his virtue?

Dam.—What! shall the pretended gentleness of this hypocrite make you believe —

Org.—Peace, cursed plague!

Tar.—Ah! let him speak. You accuse him wrongly; and you had much better believe in his story. Why will you be so favorable to me, after hearing of such a fact? Are you, after all, aware of what I am capable? Why trust to my exterior, brother? and why, despite all that is seen, believe me to be better than I am? No, no, you

allow yourself to be deceived by appearances; and I am, alas! nothing less than what they think me. Everyone takes me to be a good man, but the real truth is that I am very worthless. [*To Damis.*] Yes, my dear child, say on; call me a perfidious, infamous, lost wretch, a thief, a murderer. Load me with still more detestable names; I shall not contradict you. I have deserved them, and am willing on my knees to suffer ignominy, as a disgrace due to the crimes of my life.

Org.—This is too much, brother. [*To his son.*] Does not your heart relent, wretch?

Dam.—What! shall his words deceive you so far as to —

Org.—Hold your tongue, you hangdog! [*To Tartuffe.*] Rise, brother, I beseech you. [*To his son.*] Infamous wretch!

Dam.—He cannot —

Org.—Hold your tongue!

Dam.—I am bursting with rage. What! am I looked upon as —

Org.—Say another word, and I will break your bones.

Tar.—In Heaven's name, brother, don't forget yourself! I would rather suffer the greatest torments than that he should receive the slightest hurt for my sake.

Org. [*To his son.*]—Ungrateful monster!

Tar.—Leave him in peace. If I must on both knees beseech you to pardon him —

Org.—Alas! You are in jest. [*To his son.*] Behold his goodness, scoundrel!

Dam.—Thus —

Org.—Cease!

Dam.—What! I —

Org.—Peace, I tell you, I know too well the motives of your attack. You all hate him; and I now perceive wife, children, and servants all let loose against him. Every trick is impudently resorted to, to remove this pious person from my house; but the more efforts they put forth to banish him, the more shall I employ to keep him. And I shall hasten to give him my daughter, to abash the pride of my whole family.

Dam.—Do you mean to compel her to accept him?

Org.— Yes, wretch! And to enrage you—this very evening. I defy you all, and shall let you know that I am master, and I will be obeyed. Come, retract; throw yourself at his feet immediately, you scoundrel, and beg his pardon.

Dam.— What! I at the feet of this rascal who, by his impostures——

Org.— What! you resist, you beggar! and insult him, besides! [*To Tartuffe.*] A cudgel! a cudgel! Do not hold me back! [*To his son.*] Out of my house this minute, and never dare to come back to it!

Dam.— Yes, I shall go; but——

Org.— Quick! leave the place! I disinherit you, you hang dog, and give you my curse besides.

[*Dam is leaves the apartment.*]

Org.— To offend a saintly person in that way!

Tar.— Forgive him, O Heaven! the pang he causes me! Could you but know my grief at seeing myself blackened in my brother's sight——

Org.— Alas!

Tar.— The very thought of his ingratitude tortures my soul to that extent. The horror I conceive of it. My heart is so oppressed that I cannot speak; and I believe it will be my death.

Org. [*Rushing to the door by which his son had disappeared*].— Scoundrel! I am sorry my hand has spared you, and not knocked you down on the spot. [*To Tartuffe.*] Compose yourself, brother, and do not grieve.

Tar.— Let us put an end to these sad disputes. I perceive what troubles I cause in this house, and think it necessary, brother, that I should leave it.

Org.— What! You are jesting, surely.

Tar.— They hate me! and I find that they are trying to make you suspect my integrity.

Org.— What does it matter? Do you think that in my heart I listen to them?

Tar.— They will not fail to continue, you may be sure; and these self-same stories, which you now reject, may perhaps be listened to at another time.

Org.— No, brother, never.

Tar.— Ah! brother, a wife may easily impose upon a husband.

Org.— No, no.

Tar.— Allow me, by removing myself promptly, to deprive them of all subject of attack.

Org.— No, you shall remain; my life depends upon it.

Tar.— Well! I must then mortify myself. If, however, you would ——

Org.— Ah!

Tar.— Be it so, let us say no more about it. But I know how to manage in this. Honor is a tender thing; and friendship enjoins me to prevent reports and causes for suspicion. I shall shun your wife, and you shall not see me ——

Org.— No. In spite of all, you shall frequently be with her. To annoy the world is my greatest delight; and I wish you to be seen with her at all times. Nor is this all. I will have no other here but you; and I am going forthwith to execute a formal deed of gift of all my property to you. A faithful and honest friend, whom I take for son-in-law, is dearer to me than son, wife, and kindred. Will you not accept what I propose?

Tar.— The will of Heaven be done in all things!

Org.— Poor fellow! Quick, let us get the deed drawn up; and then let envy burst itself with spite.—*Tartuffe.*

SANCTIMONY.

Orgon, Cléante.

Clé.— Was ever such a whim heard of before? Is it possible that you should be so infatuated with a man as to forget everything for him? And, after having saved him from want, that you should come to ——

Org.— Not a word more, brother, for you do not know the man you are speaking of.

Clé.— I do not know him, if you like, but in order to see what kind of a man he is ——

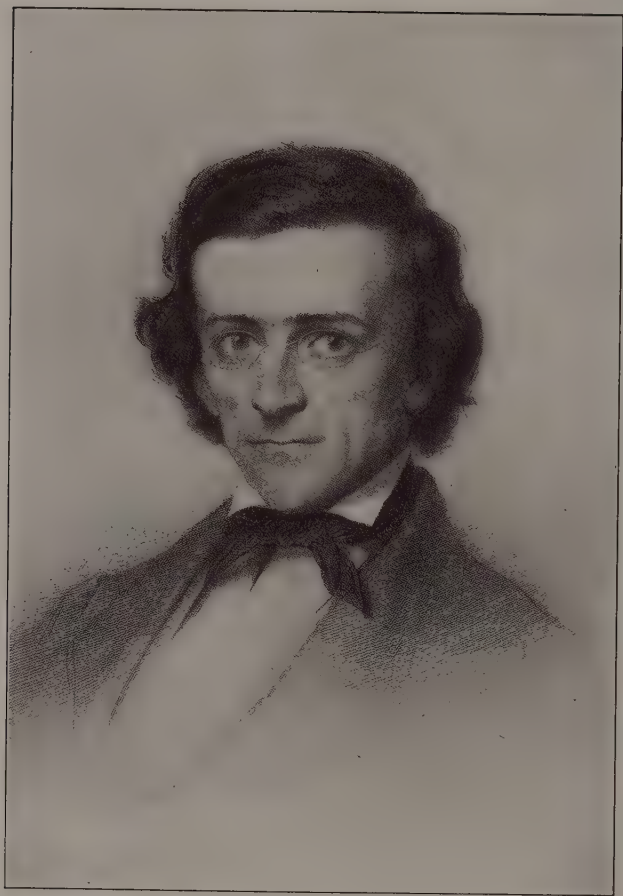
Org.— Brother, you would be delighted with him if you knew him, and you would never get over your wonder. He is a man who . . . ah! a man . . . in

short, a man. Whoever carefully follows his precepts lives in most profound peace, and all the rest of the world is but dross to him. Yes, I am quite another man since I became acquainted with him. He teaches me to have no affection for anybody, he detaches my heart from all the ties of this world; and I should see my brother, children, mother, and wife die, without caring about it.

Clé.—Humane feelings these, brother!

Org.—Ah! if you had only seen him when I first met him, you would feel for him the same love that I have. He came every day to church, and with gentle looks knelt down straight before me on both his knees. He attracted the attention of the whole congregation by the ardor with which, wrapped in saintly ecstasy, he sent up his prayer to Heaven. He sighed deeply, and every moment humbly kissed the ground. When I went out, he would steal quickly before me to offer me holy water at the door. Having heard through his servant, who imitates him in everything, of his poverty and who he is, I made him small presents, but he, with the greatest modesty, always returned me part of it. "It is too much," he would say, "too much by half; I do not deserve your pity;" and when I refused to take it back again, he went, before my eyes, to distribute it to the poor. At last Heaven moved me to take him into my house, and since then everything has been prospering here. I see that he reproves everything, and, with regard to my wife, takes extreme care of my honor. He warns me of the people who cast loving eyes upon her, and is a dozen times more jealous of her than I am. You would never believe how far he carries his pious zeal. He accuses himself of sin for the smallest thing imaginable; a mere trifle is enough to shock him; so much so, that the other day he blamed himself for having caught a flea while at his prayers, and for having killed it with too much wrath.

Clé.—You are crazy, brother, I believe! Are you laughing at me with such stuff?—*Tartuffe.*



THEODOR MOMMSEN.

MOMMSEN, THEODOR, a German archæologist and historian; born at Garding, Schleswig, November 30, 1817; died near Berlin, November 1, 1903. He studied at the University of Kiel; traveled from 1844 to 1847, and upon his return conducted the *Schleswig-Holstein Journal* for some years until he was made Professor of Law at Leipsic. He was dismissed from this position on account of the part which he took in political affairs, and was made titular Professor of Law at Zurich in 1852, at Breslau in 1854, and at Berlin in 1858; and in 1875 was appointed Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Leipsic.

Professor Mommsen wrote several learned archæological works, among which are one on *Latin Inscriptions*, published by the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and one on *Roman Coins*. He has also written an account of *The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy*, which was, in 1858, translated into English by Robertson. His great historical work is the *History of Rome*, which was translated, with the author's sanction, by William P. Dickson.

THE BATTLE OF PHARSALUS.

Cæsar lay to the south of Larissa, in the plain which extends between the hill-country of Cyncephalæ and the chain of Orthrys, and is intersected by the Enipeus (a tributary of the Peneus), on the left bank of the Enipeus, near the town of Pharsalus, in Thessaly. Pompeius had pitched his camp opposite to Cæsar on the right bank of the Enipeus, along the slope of the heights of Cyncephalæ. The entire army of Pompeius was assembled. Cæsar, on the other hand, had expected the corps of nearly two legions formerly detached to Æto-

lia and Thessaly, now stationed in Greece, and the two legions which were sent after him by the land route from Italy, and had already arrived in Illyria. The army of Pompeius, numbering eleven legions, or about 47,000 men, and 7,000 horses, was more than double that of Cæsar in infantry, and seven times as numerous in cavalry. Fatigue and conflicts had so reduced Cæsar's troops that his eight legions did not number more than 22,000 men under arms, consequently not nearly half their normal amount. The victorious army of Pompeius, provided with a countless cavalry and good magazines, had provisions in abundance; while the troops of Cæsar had difficulty in keeping themselves alive, and only hoped for better supplies from the corn-harvest, not far distant.

The Pompeian soldiers, who had learned in the last campaign to know war and trust their leader, were in the best of humor. All the military reasons on the side of Pompeius favored the view that the decisive battle should not long be delayed, seeing that they now confronted Cæsar in Thessaly; and the impatience of the many noble officers, and others accompanying the army, doubtless had more weight than even such reasons in the council of war. Since the event of Dyrrhachium these nobles regarded the triumph of their party as an ascertained fact. When Pompeius hesitated as to his crossing the rivulet which separated the two armies—and which Cæsar, with his much weakened army, did not venture to pass—this excited great indignation. Pompeius, it was alleged, delayed the battle only in order to rule somewhat longer over so many consulars and prætorians, and to perpetrate the part of Agamemnon. Pompeius yielded; and Cæsar, who, under an impression that matters would not come to a battle, had just projected a mode of turning the enemy's army—and for that purpose was on the point of setting out toward Scotussa—likewise arranged his legions for battle when he saw the Pompeians preparing to offer it to him on his bank.

Thus the battle of Pharsalus was fought on August 9, 706, A. U. C. (B.C. 48) almost on the same field where, a hundred and fifty years before, the Romans had laid the foundation of their dominion in the East.

Pompeius rested his right wing on the Enipeus. Cæsar, opposite to him, rested his left on the broken ground stretching in front of the Enipeus. The two other wings were stationed out in the plain, covered in each case by the cavalry and the light troops. The intention of Pompeius was to keep his infantry on the defensive, but with his cavalry to scatter the weak band of horsemen which, mixed after the German fashion with light infantry, confronted him, and then to take Cæsar's right wing in the rear. His infantry courageously sustained the first charge of that of the enemy, and the engagement there came to a stand. Labienus likewise dispersed the enemy's cavalry, after a brave but short resistance, and deployed his forces to the left, with the view of turning the infantry.

But Cæsar, foreseeing the defeat of his cavalry, had stationed behind it, on the threatened flank of his right wing, some 2,000 of his best legionaries. As the enemy's horsemen, driving those of Cæsar before them, galloped along the line, they suddenly came upon this select corps advancing intrepidly against them; and, rapidly thrown into confusion by the unexpected and unusual infantry attack, they galloped at full speed from the field of battle. The victorious legionaries cut to pieces the enemy's archers, now unprotected, then rushed at the left wing of the enemy, and began now on their part to turn it. At the same time Cæsar's third division — hitherto reserved — advanced along the whole line to the attack.

The unexpected defeat of the best arm of the Pompeian army, as it raised the courage of their opponents, broke that of the army; and above all, that of the general. When Pompeius, who from the outset did not trust his infantry, saw the horsemen gallop off, he rode back at once from the field of battle to the camp without even awaiting the issue of the general attack ordered by Cæsar. His legions began to waver, and soon to return over the brook into the camp, which was not accomplished without serious loss.

The day was thus lost, and many an able soldier had fallen; but the army was substantially intact, and the situation of Pompeius was far less perilous than that of Cæsar after the battle of Dyrrhachium. But while Cæsar,

in the vicissitudes of his destiny, had learned that Fortune loves to withdraw herself at certain moments even from her favorites, to be won back through their perseverance, Pompeius knew Fortune hitherto only as the constant goddess, and despaired of himself and of her when she withdrew herself. While Cæsar's greater nature despair only developed still mightier energies, the feebler soul of Pompeius, under similar pressure, sank into the infinite abyss of despondency. As once in the war with Sertorius he had been on the point of abandoning the office intrusted to him, in presence of his superior opponent, and of departing, so now, when he saw the legions retire over the stream, he threw from him the fatal general's staff, and rode off by the nearest route to the sea, to find means of embarking there.

His army, discouraged and leaderless (for Scipio, although recognized by Pompeius as colleague in supreme command, was yet general-in-chief only in name) hoped to find protection behind the camp-walls; but Cæsar allowed it no rest. The obstinate resistance of the Roman and the Thracian guard of the camp was speedily overcome, and the mass was compelled to withdraw in disorder to the heights of Crannon and Scotussa, at the foot of which the camp was pitched. It attempted, by moving forward along those hills, to regain Larissa, but the troops of Cæsar — heeding neither booty nor fatigue, and advancing by better paths in the plain — intercepted the route of the fugitives. In fact, when late in the evening the Pompeians suspended their march, the pursuers were able even to draw an intrenched line which prevented the fugitives from access to the only rivulet to be found in the neighborhood.

So ended the day of Pharsalus. The army of Pompeius was not only defeated but annihilated. Of them 15,000 lay dead or wounded on the field of battle, while the Cæsarians missed only 200 men. The body which remained together, amounting still to nearly 20,000 men, laid down their arms on the morning after the battle. Only isolated troops — including, it is true, the officers of most note — sought refuge in the mountains. Of the

eleven eagles of the enemy nine were handed over to Cæsar.

Cæsar, who on the very day of the battle had reminded the soldiers that they should not forget the fellow-citizen in the foe, did not treat the captives as Bibulus and Labienus had done; nevertheless he, too, found it necessary now to exercise some severity. The common soldiers were incorporated in the army, fines or confiscations of property were inflicted on the men of better rank; the senators and equities of note who were taken, with few exceptions, suffered death. The time for clemency was past; the longer the civil war lasted, the more remorseless and implacable it became.—*Translation of WILLIAM P. DICKSON.*

MONIER-WILLIAMS, SIR MONIER, a British Sanskrit scholar; born at Bombay, November 12, 1819; died at Cannes, France, April 11, 1899. He was educated in London and at Balliol College, Oxford, obtained an Indian writership, which he resigned, and, returning to Oxford, was graduated from University College in 1844. He was Professor of Sanskrit at Haileybury from 1844 till the abolition of that institution, in 1858. In 1860 he became Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. Besides a large number of linguistic educational works, he published the Sanskrit dramas *Vikramorvasi* (1849) and *Sakuntalā* (1853); the Hindustani work *Bāgh o Bahar* (1859); the Sanskrit *Story of Nala* (1863); lectures on *Indian Epic Poetry* (1863); *Indian Wisdom* (1874), being examples of the doctrines of the Hindus; *Hinduism* (1877); *Modern India* (1878); *Religious Thought and Life in India* (1883); *Brāhminism and Hinduism*

(1887); *Buddhism* (1889). He traveled extensively in India in the interest of philology and Indian education. He was knighted by the Queen in 1886; and was made an honorary member of many societies in Great Britain, India, Germany, and the United States.

HERO-WORSHIP AND SAINT-WORSHIP.

The worship of great men, saints and sages, who have been remarkable for the possession of unusual powers or striking qualities of any kind, is a phase of religious development which, perhaps more than any other, is the natural outcome of man's devotional instincts and proclivities. In India a tendency to this kind of worship has always prevailed from the earliest period. Nascent in Vedic times, it speedily grew with the growth of a belief in the doctrine of divine incarnation and embodiment. For although it is true that Indian philosophers disparage the body and invent elaborate schemes for getting rid of all corporeal encumbrances, yet it is equally true that nowhere in the world has the conception of God's union with man, and of His ennobling the bodily frame, not only of men but of animals and plants, by taking it upon Himself, struck root so deeply in the popular mind as in India. We know indeed that, according to the Pantheistic creed of Brahminism, God and the Universe are One. His presence pervades inanimate as well as animate objects, and every human being is a manifestation of His energy; but He is believed to be specially present in all great, good, and holy men. All such men are held to be entitled to worship at the hands of their fellow-creatures, in virtue of their being embodiments in various degrees of portions of His essence. The homage they recite may not always amount to actual worship during life, but after their decease their claim to a position in the celestial hierarchy is pretty sure to be fully recognized; and if their lives have been marked by any extraordinary or miraculous occurrences, they soon become objects of general adoration. It is not merely that a niche is allotted to them among the countless gods of the

Hindu Pantheon (popularly 330,000,000 in number). A shrine is set up and dedicated to their deified spirits upon earth, and generally in the locality where they were best known. There they are supposed to be objectively present—not indeed visibly to men, and not always represented by visible images or symbols—but as ethereal beings possessed of ethereal frames which need the aroma or essence of food for their support. The idea seems to be that the localizing of a deified or canonized spirit involves the duty of its maintenance. Hence oblations are daily offered, and if by a happy accident some miraculous event, such as the unexpected recovery of a sick man, occurs in the neighborhood, the celebrity of the new god rapidly rises, till he takes rank as a first-class divinity, and his sanctuary becomes a focus to which tens of thousands of enthusiastic devotees annually converge. There seems, indeed, to be no limit to this kind of deification in India.—*From Religious Thought and Life in India.*

MONROE, HARRIET, an American poet; born at Chicago, Ill., December 23, 1860. She was educated at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D. C. In 1889 she was invited to write the text for a cantata for the opening of the Chicago Auditorium, and in 1891 the Committee on Ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition invited her to write an ode to be given at the dedication of the Exposition. Miss Monroe read the ode at the dedicatory ceremonies in the building for Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, October 21, 1892. Besides her *Commemoration Ode*, she has published *Valeria and Other Poems* (1892) and *Memoirs of John Wellborn Root* (1896).

THE NEW WORLD.

Spain, in the broidered robes of chivalry,
Comes with slow foot and inward-brooding eyes.
Bow to her banner! 'twas the first to rise
Out of the dark for thee.
And England, royal mother, whose right hand
Moulds nations, whose white feet the ocean tread,
Lays down her sword on thy belovèd strand,
To bless thy wreathèd head;
Hearing in thine her voice, bidding thy soul
Fulfill her dream, the foremost at the goal.
And France, who once thy fainting form upbore,
Brings beauty now where strength she brought of yore.
France, the swift-footed, who with thee
Gazed in the eyes of Liberty,
And loved the dark no more.
Around the peopled world
Bright banners are unfurled.
The long procession winds from shore to shore.
The Norseman sails
Through icy gales
To the green Vineland of his long-ago.
Russia rides down from realms of sun and snow.
Germany casts afar
Her iron robes of war,
And strikes her harp with thy triumphal song.
Italy opens wide her epic scroll,
In bright hues blazoned, with great deeds writ long,
And bids thee win the kingdom of the soul.
And the calm Orient, wise with many days,
From hoary Palestine to sweet Japan
Salutes thy conquering youth;
Bidding thee hush while all the nations praise,
Know, though the world endure but for a span,
Deathless is truth.
Lo! unto these the ever-living past
Ushers a mighty pageant, bids arise
Dead centuries, freighted with visions vast,

Blowing dim mists into the Future's eyes.
 Their song is all of thee,
 Daughter of mystery. —*Commemoration Ode.*

THE LAND OF THE FREE.

Over the wide unknown,
 Far to the shores of Ind,
 On through the dark alone,
 Like a feather blown by the wind;
 Into the west away,
 Sped by the breath of God,
 Seeking the clearer day,
 Where only his feet have trod:
 From the past to the future we sail;
 We slip from the leash of kings.
 Hail, spirit of freedom — hail!
 Unfurl thine impalpable wings!
 Receive us, protect us, and bless
 Thy knights who brave all for thee.
 Though death be thy soft caress,
 By that touch shall our soul's be free.
 Onward and ever on,
 Till the voice of despair is stilled,
 Till the haven of peace is won,
 And the purpose of God fulfilled!
 —*Commemoration Ode.*

APOTHEOSIS OF COLUMBIA.

Columbia! Men beheld thee rise
 A goddess 'from the misty sea.
 Lady of joy, sent from the skies,
 The nations worshipped thee.
 Thy brows were flushed with dawn's first light;
 By foamy waves with stars bedight
 Thy blue robe floated free.

.

Lady of beauty! thou shalt win
 Glory and power and length of days.
 The sun and moon shall be thy kin,

The stars shall sing thy praise.
 All hail; we bring thee vows most sweet
 To strew before thy winged feet.
 Now onward be thy ways!

—*Commemoration Ode.*

MONROE, JAMES, an American statesman, fifth President of the United States; born in Westmoreland County, Va., April 28, 1758; died at New York, July 4, 1831. In 1776, when he was a student at William and Mary College, he entered the revolutionary army as a cadet, was present at several battles in the North, and rose to the rank of major. After the close of the war he was about to commence the study of law with Thomas Jefferson, but was called into public service, which was commenced in 1782 by his election to the Assembly of Virginia; and to Congress in the following year. His civil career continued without interruption until 1825, when, at the age of sixty-seven, he retired from the presidency, having served for two terms. With the exception of Washington, he is the only President who has been elected by anything like a unanimous vote of the presidential electors. During this whole period he was in the continuous service of his own State or of the nation. He was twice Governor of Virginia, twice envoy to France, Secretary of State and of War, and twice President. After his retirement from the presidency he continued to take an honorable part in political affairs.

Few men of such marked literary capacity as was Monroe have written so little for publication. Except

his official reports and messages, and a caustic pamphlet censuring the National Administration for its conduct in regard to American relations with France, nothing of his was published during his lifetime. He left a small work entitled *The People the Sovereigns*, which remained in manuscript until 1867, when it was published, with a brief *Memoir*, by his grandson, Samuel L. Gouverneur. His *Writings*, edited by S. M. Hamilton, appeared in 1898.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GOVERNMENT.

The terms sovereignty and government have generally been considered as synonymous. Most writers on the subject have used them in that sense. To us, however, they convey very different ideas. The powers may be separated and placed in different hands; and it is the faculty of making that separation, which is enjoyed by one class of governments alone, which secures to it many of the advantages which it holds over all others. This separation may take place in the class in which the sovereign power is vested in the people. It cannot in that in which it is vested in an individual, or a few; nor can it in that which is mixed, or compounded of the two principles.

The sovereign power, wherever vested, is the highest in the state, and must always remain so. If vested in an individual, or a few, there is no other order in the state. The same may be said of those governments which are founded on the opposite principle. If the people possess the sovereignty, the king and nobility are no more. A king without power is an absurdity. Dethroned kings generally leave the country, as do their descendants. Whatever the sovereign power may perform at one time, it may modify or revoke at another. There is no check in the government to prevent it. In those instances in which it is vested in an individual or a few, the government and the sovereignty are the same. They are both held by the same person or persons. The sovereign con-

stitutes the government, and it is impossible to separate it from him without a revolution. . Create a body in such a government with competent authority to make laws, treatises, etc., without reference to the party from whom it was derived, and the government is changed. Such agents must be the instruments of those who appoint them, and their acts be obligatory only after they are seen and approved by their masters, or the government is no more.

In mixed governments, in which there are two or more orders, each participating in the sovereignty, the principle is the same. Neither can the king nor the nobility in such governments create a power, with competent authority, to rule distinct with themselves. In these governments the sovereignty is divided between the orders, and each must take care of its own rights, which the privileged orders cannot do if their powers should be transferred from them. The government is divided between the orders in like manner, each holding the station belonging to it, and performing its appropriate duties. They therefore constitute the government. It follows as a necessary consequence that sovereign power and government even in the governments of this class are the same, and that they cannot be separated from each other.

It is only in governments in which the people possess the sovereignty that the two powers can be placed in distinct bodies; nor can they in them otherwise than by the institution of a government by compact to which all the people are parties, and in which those who fill its various departments and offices are made their representatives and servants. In those instances the sovereignty is distinct from the government, because the people who hold the one are distinct from their representatives, who hold and perform the duties of the other. One is the power which creates; the other is the subject which is created. One is always the same; the other may be modified at the will of those who made it. Thus the Constitution becomes the paramount law, and every act of the government, and of every department in it, repugnant thereto, is void.

ORIGIN OF GOVERNMENT.

The origin of government has been traced by different writers to four sources: divine right, paternal authority, election, and force. I trace it to two only — election and force; and believe that it has originated sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other, according to the state of society at the time, and the number of which it was composed. I think that this proposition admits of a clear and satisfactory demonstration. Before, however, I attempt it, it will be useful to take a brief notice of the other sources; especially as it is to them that the advocates of despotism and hereditary right have traced it. . . .

Divine and paternal right appear to me to rest on the same basis, although they have not been so understood by the writers who have traced governments to these sources. If divine, the claimant or pretender must prove his title by some miracle or other incontestable evidence, or it must commence with the parent; and beginning with him, be subject to all the views applicable to that title. They must either accord, or be in opposition to each other. No advocate of either places them in opposition; and, if they accord, it must be by meaning the same thing under different names. So absurd are both pretensions that I should not even notice them, if they had not gained such weight as to form an important feature in the works of distinguished and able writers on the subject of government; and if I did not wish also, in this elementary sketch, to simplify the subject by getting rid of all such absurd doctrines. . . .

In tracing regal power to the paternal source, we trace it to a single pair, from whom the whole community must have descended; for otherwise the origin could not have been paternal. If this be the source of power, it must have commenced with the human race, and, admitting the authority of the Mosaic account, with our first parents; and, to preserve the succession, have descended in the right line to the oldest son from generation to generation, to the present day. If the right ever existed, it must have commenced at that epoch and still exist, with-

out limitation as to time, generation, population, or its dispersion over the earth. A limitation of the right in either of these respects would be subversive of it. To what term confine it? Through how many generations must it pass? To what number of persons, or extent of territory, carry it? How dispose of it after those conditions should have been fulfilled? The mere admission that such limitations were prescribed, would be to admit that the right never existed. And, if not limited, it would follow that one man would now be the sovereign or lord of all the inhabited globe: than which nothing can be more absurd. . . .

Do any of the sovereigns of the present day trace their titles to Adam, or to any other first parent? or would they be willing to rest on that ground? We know that they would not; and if they did that it would fail, since the commencement of all the existing dynasties may be traced to other sources; to causes such as operated at the moment of their derivation, and varied in different countries. Does any community, in Europe, or elsewhere, trace its origin to a single pair, unless it be to our first parents, and which is common to the human race? We know that except in their instance, and at the creation of mankind, societies have never commenced in that form; and that such have been the revolutions in every part of the globe, that no existing race or community can trace its connection, in a direct line, with Adama, Noah, or others of that early epoch. In the infant state of every society individuals seek each other for safety and comfort. Those who are born together, no matter whence their parents came, live together, and thus increase and multiply, until the means of subsistence become scanty. A portion then withdraws to some other quarter where the means can be procured, and thus new societies have been formed, and the human race spread over the earth, through all its habitable regions.

From every view that can be taken of the subject the doctrine of the Divine or paternal right as the foundation of a claim in anyone to the sovereign power of the state, or to any portion of it, is absurd. It belonged to the dark ages, and was characteristic of the superstition and

idolatry which prevailed in them. All men are by nature equally free, their Creator made them so; and the inequalities which have grown up among them, and the governments which have been established over them, founded on other principles, have proceeded from other causes, by which their natural rights have been subverted. We must trace governments, then, to other sources; and in doing this should view things as they are, and not indulge in superstitious, visionary, and fanciful speculations.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments; and to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted.

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling, in any other manner, their destiny, by any European

Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.—*Message to Congress, December 2, 1823.*

MONSTRELLET, ENGUERRAND DE, a French chronicler; born in Cambrai about 1390; died at Wallaincourt, July 20, 1453. He filled several public offices in Wallaincourt, where he was bailiff of the chapter and provost of the city. At the time of his death he was also bailiff of the city. His celebrated *Chronique* narrates the history of France from the date of the conclusion of Froissart's *Chronicle*, 1400, to 1444. It includes the story of the taking of Paris and the overthrow of the monarchy by Henry V., and an account of the expulsion of the English forces. The best English version of Monstrellet's *Chronique* is that by Thomas Johnes, in thirteen volumes; and the latest edition of the French is that of Douet-d'Arcq, in six volumes. The earlier editions are nearly all disfigured by spurious continuations, by which some other hand has brought the work down to 1467. His style is dignified, simple, and accurate; but it lacks the picturesqueness and the animation of the chronicle of Froissart.

FRIAR THOMAS.

Friar Thomas Conecte, a native of Brittany, and of the Carmelite Order, was much celebrated through parts of Flanders, the Tournesis, Artois, Cambresis, Ternois, in the countries of Amiens and Ponthieu, for his preachings. In those towns where it was known he intended to preach the chief burghers and inhabitants had erected for him, in the handsomest square, a large scaffold,

ornamented with the richest cloths and tapestries, on which was placed an altar, whereon he said mass, attended by some monks of his order and his disciples. The greater part of these last followed him on foot wherever he went, he himself riding on a small mule.

Having said mass on this platform, he then preached long sermons, blaming the vices and sins of each individual, more especially those of the clergy. In like manner he blamed greatly the noble ladies and all others who dressed their heads in so ridiculous a manner, and who expended such large sums on the luxuries of apparel. He was so vehement against them that no woman thus dressed dared to appear in his presence; for he was accustomed, when he saw any of them with such dress, to excite the little boys to torment and plague them, giving them certain days of pardon for so doing. He ordered the boys to shout after them, *Au hennin, au hennin!* [the name given by him to the head-dresses of the fifteenth century], even when the ladies were departed from him and from hearing his invectives; and the boys, pursuing them, endeavored to pull down those monstrous head-dresses, so that the ladies were forced to seek shelter in places of safety. These cries caused many tumults between those who raised them and the servants of the ladies.

Friar Thomas, nevertheless, continued his abuse and invectives so loudly, that no woman with high head-dresses any longer attended his sermons, but dressed in caps somewhat like those worn by peasants and people of low degree. The ladies of rank, on their return from these sermons, were so much ashamed, by the abusive expressions of the preacher, that the greater part laid aside their head-dresses, and wore such as those of nuns. But this reform lasted not long, for like as snails, when anyone passes by them, draw in their horns, and when all danger seems over put them forth again — so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their country, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former colossal head-dresses, and wore them even higher than before.

At the conclusion of his sermons, he earnestly ad-

monished the audience, on pain of excommunication, to bring to him whatever backgammon-boards, chess-boards, ninepins, or other instruments for games of amusement, they might possess. In like manner did he order the women to bring their hennins—and having caused a great fire to be lighted in front of his scaffold, he threw all these things into it. At his sermons he divided the women from the men by a cord; for he said he had observed some sly doings between them when he was preaching.

Many persons of note, in the conviction that to serve him would be a pious act, believing him to be a prudent and holy man, followed him everywhere, deserting their parents, wives, children, homes.

MONTAGU, MARY WORTLEY, LADY, an English miscellaneous writer; born at London, May 16, 1689; died there, August 21, 1762. She was a daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, received an unusually thorough education, and was noted for her beauty and vivacity. In 1712 she was married to Edward Wortley Montagu, who in 1716 was sent as Minister to the Ottoman Porte. While in Turkey she noticed the practice of inoculation for the smallpox; tried it upon her infant son, and introduced it into England after her return in 1718. She resided in England until 1729, when she went to Italy, where she remained twenty years. Her husband remained in England, and they never saw each other again, though a friendly correspondence was kept up until his death, in 1761, after which she returned to England.

Lady Mary was a voluminous letter-writer all



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

through her life. Many of her letters were surreptitiously published soon after her death. A carefully edited edition by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, was published in 1837. The larger portion of the letters were written during her residence in Italy. About 1752 she began to amuse herself by writing a history of her own times, but burned each sheet as soon as it was written. A few pages of this history somehow escaped the flames, and were published by Lord Wharncliffe. They contain a clever account of the English Court at the accession of George I., in 1714.

GEORGE I. OF ENGLAND.

The king's character may be characterized in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition. He loved money, but he loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting. He was more properly dull than lazy; and would have been so well contented to remain in his little town of Hanover that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of people about him in that as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavored it. He was passively good-

natured, and wished all mankind to enjoy quiet, if they would let him do so.

The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his temper that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure in Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at threescore), without meddling in any of the affairs of the Electorate, content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honor of his visit when he had nothing else to do—which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England—who she thought were accustomed to use their kings barbarously—might chop off his head in the first fortnight, and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to spend his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women free from business.

But Madame Kilmansegge saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her services to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a postchaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the king, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her be called his mistress, or at least so great a favorite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

SMALL-POX INOCULATION.

Apropos of distemper, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here [at Adrianople.]

The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has the mind to have the small-pox. They make parties for this purpose; and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross. But this has a very ill effect, all of these wounds leaving little scars; and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty breakings out in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded there remains running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of anyone that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable part of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it.—*Letter, April 17, 1717.*

MONTAIGNE, MICHEL EYQUEM DE, a French essayist; born at the ancestral château of Montaigne, in Périgord, March 28, 1533; died there, September 11, 1592. In his infancy he was placed under a German tutor, who could not speak French, and was ordered to converse with him only in Latin, which language the boy spoke fluently at the age of six. He was sent to a school at Bordeaux, where he completed his academical course at the age of thirteen. At twenty-one he became a councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, resigning the post after holding it until 1570. For some years after he lived much at the French Court, and was a favorite with several successive monarchs. In 1571, at the age of thirty-eight, he retired to his château, and began the composition of his *Essays*, the only work by which he is at all known. These were first printed in 1580, and several times subsequently during his life. Of this edition he left two copies full of corrections and additions, which are incorporated in all subsequent editions.

His *Essays* have been a favorite with not a few thinkers, notable among whom is Ralph Waldo Emer-

son. A copy of Florio's translation, the only book known to have been owned by Shakespeare, is in the British Museum. A monument to him was inaugurated at Bordeaux in 1858.

Montaigne's Preface to the first edition of the *Essays* is as characteristic as any other part of them.

MONTAIGNE UPON HIMSELF.

This, Reader, is altogether without guile. It tells thee at the entrance of it that I had no view in publishing it but what was domestic and private. I have had no regard in it either to thy service or my own glory; my abilities are not equal to the execution of such a design. I have devoted it to the peculiar benefit of my kindred and friends; to the end that, that when they have lost me—which they will do very soon—they may see there what are some of my qualities and humors, and consequently that their remembrance of me may be preserved more lively and entire. Had I wished to court the favor of the public, I should have adorned myself with borrowed beauties; but I am desirous to appear in my plain, natural, ordinary dress, without study or artifice, for it is my own dear self that I paint. My faults will appear to the life, together with my imperfections, and my native form, as far as a respect to the public has permitted me. And if I had dwelt in those nations which are said to live still under the sweet liberty of the primitive laws of nature, I assure thee I should gladly have drawn my own portrait at full-length, and quite naked. Thus, Reader, I am myself the subject of my own Book: a subject too vain and frivolous to take up even thy spare time. Adieu, therefore.—*Preface to Essays.*

ON LIARS.

There is not a man whom it would so ill-become to boast of memory as myself; for I own that I have scarce any, and I do not think that in the world there is another that is so defective as mine. My other faculties

are all mean and common; but in this respect I think myself so singular and rare as to deserve a more than ordinary character.

Besides the inconvenience I naturally suffer from this defect of memory, (for, in truth, the necessary use of it considered, Plato might well call it a great and powerful goddess), in my country when they would signify that a man is void of sense, they say that he has no memory; and when I complain of the defect of mine they reprove me and do not think I am in earnest in accusing myself for a fool; for they do not discern the difference betwixt memory and understanding, in which they make me worse than I really am. . . .

It is not without reason said that he who has not a good memory should never offer to tell lies. I know very well that the grammarians distinguish between an "untruth" and a "lie." They say that to tell an untruth is to tell a thing that is false, which we ourselves, however, believe to be true; and that the Latin *mentire* (that is, *contra mentem ire*) means to go and act against the conscience; and that, therefore, this only touches those who speak contrary to what they know. Now these do either wholly invent a story out of their own heads, or else mar and disguise one that has a real foundation. When they disguise and alter, by often telling the same story, they can scarce avoid contradicting themselves, by reason that the real fact having first taken possession in the memory, and being there imprinted by the way of knowledge and science, it will ever be ready to present itself to the imagination, and to destroy falsehood, which cannot have no sure and settled a footing there as certainty; and because the circumstances which they first heard, evermore running in their minds, make them forget those that are forged or foisted in.—*Essay on Liars.*

OF THE INCONVENIENCE OF GREATNESS.

I disrelish all dominion, whether active or passive. . . . The most painful and difficult employment in the world, in my opinion, is worthily to discharge the

office of a king. I excuse more of their mistakes than men commonly do, in consideration of the intolerable weight of their function, which does astonish me. . . . 'Tis a pity a man should be so potent that all things must give way to him. Fortune therein sets you too remote from society, and places you in too great a solitude. The easiness and mean facility of making all things bow under you is an enemy to all sorts of pleasure. This is to slide, not to go; this is to sleep, not to live. Conceive man accompanied with omnipotency; you throw him into an abyss: he must beg disturbance and opposition as an alms. His being and his good is indigence. Their good qualities are dead and lost; for they are not to be perceived but by comparison, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praise, having their ears deafened with so continual and uniform an approbation. Have they to do with the meanest of all their subjects, they have no means to take any advantage of him; if he say, 'tis because he is my king, he thinks he has said enough to express that he therefore suffered himself to be overcome. This quality stifles and consumes the other true and essential qualities. They are involved in the royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themselves withal, but actions that directly concern themselves, and that merely respect the function of their place. 'Tis so much to be a king that he only is so by being so; the strange lustre that environs him conceals and shrouds him from us: our sight is there repelled and dissipated, being stopped and filled by this prevailing light. The senate awarded the prize of eloquence to Tiberius: he refused it, supposing that, though it had been just, he could derive no advantage from a judgment so partial, and that was so little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of honor, so do we soothe and authorize all their vices and defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation, also. Every one of Alexander's followers carried their heads on one side, as he did, and the flatterers of Dionysius ran against one another in his presence, stumbled at, and overturned whatever was under foot, to show that they were as purblind as he.

Natural imperfections have sometimes also served to recommend a man to favor. I have seen deafness affected: and, because the master hated his wife, Plutarch has seen his courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved; and, which is yet more, uncleanness and all manner of dissoluteness has been in fashion; as also disloyalty, blasphemies, cruelty, heresy, superstition, ir-religion, effeminacy, and worse, if worse there be. And by an example yet more dangerous than that of Mithridates' flatterers, who, by how much their master pretended to the honor of a good physician, came to him to have incision and cauteries made in their limbs; for these others suffered the soul, a more delicate and noble part, to be cauterized.

But to end where I began: the Emperor Adrian, disputing with the philosopher Favorinus about the interpretation of some word, Favorinus soon yielded him the victory; for which his friends rebuked him.—“You talk simply,” said he; “would you not have him wiser than I, who commands thirty legions?” Augustus wrote verses against Asinius Pollio, “and I,” said Pollio, “say nothing, for it is not prudence to write in contest with him who has power to proscribe:” and he had reason, for Dionysius, because he could not equal Philoxenus in poesy, and Plato in discourse, condemned one to the quarries, and sent the other to be sold for a slave into the island of Ægina.

MONTALEMBERT, CHARLES FORBES DE TRYON, a French historian, orator and publicist; born at London, May 29, 1810; died at Paris, March 13, 1870. He was of mingled Scottish and French descent. His father fought under Condé, and afterward served in the British army. On his return to France after the downfall of Napoleon, he was cre-

ated a peer, and was made Ambassador to Sweden in 1826. Montalembert completed his education at the University of Paris, and on his father's death succeeded to his title. He was not yet old enough to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and his first appearance before that body was when, having joined Lacordaire, De Lamennais, and others in their efforts to establish a school independent of State and University, he defended himself with eloquence against the charge of unlicensed teaching. He submitted to the papal disapproval of their efforts, and applied himself to complete his *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, which appeared in 1836. Faithful to the Roman Church, Montalembert was, for many years, a leader in the struggle against governmental monopoly in education, and wrote numerous pamphlets in furtherance of his views. On the downfall of Louis Philippe, he became a member of the Assembly, and strove to harmonize his loyalty to the Church with his adherence to the Republic. He accepted the Empire as well, but could not refrain from assailing the repressive policy of Louis Napoleon, and exposed himself to repeated prosecutions by his pamphlets. His parliamentary career ended in 1857, and in him the Assembly lost one of its most brilliant orators.

Montalembert's activity was not all expended upon pamphlets and contributions to reviews. He was the author of several works, the greatest of which, after his *Life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary*, are *The Monks of the West, from St. Benoît to St. Bernard* (1860-67); *The Political Future of England* (1855), an enthusiastic eulogy of the institutions of that country; *A Nation in Mourning: Poland in 1861*, and *A Free Church in a Free State* (1863).

COLUMBA ON IONA.

A voluntary exile, at the age of forty-two, from his native island, Columba embarked with his twelve companions in one of those great barks of osier covered with hide which the Celtic nations employed for their navigation. He landed upon a desert island situated on the north of the opening of that series of gulfs and lakes which, extending from the southwest to the northeast, cuts the Caledonian peninsula in two, and which at that period separated the still heathen Picts from the district occupied by the Irish Scots, who were partially Christianized. This isle, which he has made immortal, took from him the name of I-Colm-Kill (the island of Columb-Kill), but is better known under that of Iona. . . .

Nothing could be more sullen and sad than the aspect of this celebrated isle, where not a single tree has been able to resist either the blighting wind or the destroying hand of man. Only three miles in length by two in breadth, flat and low, bordered by gray rocks which scarcely rise above the level of the sea, and overshadowed by the high and sombre peaks of the great island of Mull, it has not even the wild beauty which is conferred upon the neighboring isles and shores by their basalt cliffs, which are often of prodigious height—or which belongs to the hills, often green and rounded at the summit, whose perpendicular sides are beaten incessantly by those Atlantic waves, which bury themselves in resounding caverns hollowed by the everlasting labors of the tumultuous sea. Upon the narrow surface of the island white stretches of sand alternate with scanty pastures, a few poor crops, and the turf-moors where the inhabitants find their fuel. Poor as the culture is, it seems everywhere resisted and disputed by the gneiss rocks, which continually crop out, and in some places form an almost inextricable labyrinth. The only attraction possessed by this sombre dwelling-place is the view of the sea, and of the mountains of Mull and the other islands, to the number of twenty or thirty, which

may be distinguished from the top of the northern hill of Iona. Among these is Staffa,, celebrated for the grotto of Fingal, which has been known only for about a century, and which, in the time of Columba, moaned and murmured in its solitary and unknown majesty, in the midst of that Hebridean archipelago which is at present haunted by so many curious admirers of the Highland shores and ruined feudal castles, which the great bard of our century has enshrined in the glory of his verse.*

The bay where Columba landed is still called the *bay of the osier bark*, *Port' a Churraich*; and a long mound is pointed out to strangers as representing the exact size of his boat, which was sixty feet long. The emigrant did not remain in this bay, which is situated in the middle of the isle; he went higher up, and, to find a little shelter from the great sea-winds, chose for his habitation the eastern shore, opposite the large island of Mull, which is separated from Iona only by a narrow channel of a mile in breadth, and whose highest mountains, situated more to the east, approach and almost identify themselves with the mountain-tops of Morven, which are continually veiled with clouds. It was there that the emigrants built their huts of branches, for the island was not then, as now, destitute of wood. When Columba had made up his mind to construct for himself and his people a settled establishment, the buildings of the new-born monastery were of the greatest simplicity. As in all Celtic constructions, walls of withes or branches, supported upon long wooden props, formed the principal element in their architecture. Climbing plants, especially ivy, interlacing itself in the interstices of the branches, at once ornamented and consolidated the modest shelter of the missionaries. The Irish built scarcely any churches of stone, and retained, up to the twelfth century, as St. Bernard testifies, the habit of building their churches of wood. But it was not for some years after their first establishment that the monks of Iona permitted themselves the luxury

* Scott, in the *Lord of the Isles*.

of a wooden church; and when they did so, great oaks, such as the sterile and wind-beaten soil of their islet could not produce, had to be brought for its construction from the neighboring shore. Thus the monastic capital of Scotland, and the centre of Christian civilization in the north of Great Britain, came into being thirteen centuries ago. . . .

Far from having any prevision of the glory of Iona, his soul was still swayed by a sentiment which never abandoned him—regret for his lost country. All his life he retained for Ireland the passionate tenderness of an exile, a love which displayed itself in the songs which have been preserved to us, and which date perhaps from the first moments of his exile. It is possible that their authenticity is not altogether beyond dispute; and that, like the poetic lamentations given forth by Fortunatus in the name of St. Radegund, they were composed by his disciples and contemporaries. But they have been too long repeated as his, and depict too well what must have passed in his heart to permit us to neglect them. . . . In one of his elegies he laments that he can no longer sail on the lakes and bays of his native island, nor hear the song of the swans with his friend Comgall. He laments above all to have been driven from Erin by his own fault, and because of the blood shed in his battles. He envies his friend Cormac, who can go back to his dear monastery at Durrow, and hear the wind sigh among the oaks, and the song of the blackbird and cuckoo. . . .

But it was not only in these elegies, repeated and retouched by Irish bards and monks, but at each instant of his life, in season and out of season, that his love and passionate longing for his native country burst forth in words and in musings; the narrative of his most trustworthy biographers are full of it. The most severe penance which he could imagine for the guiltiest sinners who came to confess to him was to impose upon them the same fate which he had voluntarily inflicted upon himself—never to set foot again upon Irish soil. But when, instead of forbidding to sinners all access to that beloved isle, he had to smother his envy of those who

had the right and happiness to go there at their pleasure, he dared scarcely trust himself to name its name; and when speaking to his guests, or to the monks who were to return to Ireland, he could only say to them, "You will return to the country that you love." — *The Monks of the West*.

MONTESQUIEU, CHARLES LOUIS DE SECONDAT, a French philosopher; born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689; died at Paris, February 10, 1755. He was noted during his youth for diligent studies in literature, philosophy, and jurisprudence. At the age of twenty he wrote a treatise maintaining that the paganism of the ancient philosophers did not merit eternal damnation. At twenty-five he was admitted to the Parliament of Bordeaux, of which he became president two years after, succeeding his uncle. He performed his magisterial duties with diligence, though devoting himself assiduously to literary studies. In 1721 he published the *Lettres Persanes*, purporting to have been written by a Persian traveling in France, the aim being to assail the then prevalent principles predominating in Church and State. In 1726 he resigned his magisterial position, and soon after began to travel in Europe for the purpose of collecting materials for an elaborate work on politics and jurisprudence. The first result of these extended studies was *Considerations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains* (1734). His great work, *De l'Esprit des Lois*, published in 1748, was the result of the labor of twenty years. Twenty-two editions of it were issued in eighteen months, and

it was speedily translated into most European languages. Among his minor works are *Dialogue de Sylla et d'Eucrate*; the *Temple de Cnide*, a romance of classical antiquity; and an *Essai sur le Gout*, written for the *Encyclopédie*. The best edition of his complete *Works* is that of Lequieu (8 vols., 1827).

THE THREE GREAT FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

I. *Of a Republic*.—It is natural for a Republic to have only a small territory; otherwise it cannot long subsist. In an extensive Republic there are men of large fortunes, and, consequently, of less moderation. There are trusts too considerable to be placed in any single subject; he has interests of his own. He soon begins to think that he may be happy and glorious by oppressing his fellow-citizens, and that he may raise himself to grandeur on the ruins of his country. In an extensive Republic the public good is sacrificed to a thousand private views; it is subordinate to exceptions, and depends on accidents. In a small one the interest of the public is more obvious, better understood, and more within the reach of every citizen; abuses have less extent, and, of course, are less protected.

The long continuance of the Republic of Sparta was owing to her having continued in the same extent of territory after all her wars. It was the spirit of the Greek Republics to be as contented with their territories as with their laws. Athens was first fired with ambition, and gave it to Lacedæmon; but it was an ambition rather of commanding a free people than of governing slaves; rather of directing than of breaking the union. All was lost upon the starting up of a monarchy—a government whose spirit is more turned to increase of dominion.

II. *Of a Monarchy*.—A monarchical state ought to be of moderate extent. Were it small, it would form itself into a Republic; were it very large, the nobility possessed of great estates, far from the eyes of the prince, with a private court of their own, and secure, moreover, from

sudden executions by the laws and manners of the country—such a nobility, I say, might throw off their allegiance, having nothing to fear from the too slow and too distant punishment. The sudden establishment of unlimited power is a remedy which in those cases may prevent a revolution. But how dreadful the remedy which, after the establishment of dominion, opens a new scene of misery. The rivers hasten to mingle their waters with the sea; and monarchies lose themselves in despotic power.

III. *Of a Despotism.*—A large empire supposes a despotic authority in the person who governs. It is necessary that the quickness of the prince's resolutions should make up for the distance of the places they are sent to; that fear should prevent the remissness of the distant government or magistrate; that the law should be derived from a single person, and should shift continually according to the accidents which incessantly multiply in a state in proportion to its extent.

General Conclusions.—If it be, therefore, the natural property of small states to be governed as a Republic, of middle ones to be subject to a monarch, and of large ones to be swayed by a despot—the conclusion is, that in order to preserve the principles of the established government, the state must be supported in the extent it has acquired, and that the spirit of this state will alter in proportion as it contracts or extends its limits.—*Translation of* NUGENT.

ONTGOMERY, FLORENCE, a British novelist, daughter of Admiral Sir Alexander Leslie Montgomery; born in 1847. She early displayed a taste for literature; and her first novel, *A Very Simple Story*, was published during her minority. This was followed in 1869 by *Misunderstood*,

and in 1872 by *Thrown Together*. *Thwarted, or Ducks' Eggs in a Hen's Nest*, appeared in 1874, and *Wild Mike and His Victim* in 1875. Her later works are *Seaforth* (1878); *Peggy, and Other Tales* (1880); *The Blue Veil* (1883); *Transformed* (1886); *The Fisherman's Daughter* (1888); *Colonel Norton* (1895); and *Prejudged* (1900).

AN INTERVIEW.

On a sofa near the open window, in all the weakness of early convalescence, Gilbert Ramsay was lying.

He was quite alone.

He was lying there in his weakness and his depression, thinking over his position, and trying to realize it: thinking sadly of his strength sapped, and his work come to an end.

It required all his faith and all his submission to face and to bow to the prospect before him.

His health was, for the time, wrecked. He was thrown back months in his work: his income could not stand the strain which had been put upon it, and his home was uninhabitable.

He and his family, the doctor said, must remove. It was imperative that they should do so.

And he himself must have change, rest, leisure, and other impossibilities, for many months.

All this had dawned upon him recently. He had been too ill to know much till now; too weak to be allowed to worry himself with thought of any kind.

But convalescence had now thoroughly set in, and the future must, and *would*, be thought out.

There was nothing now to hinder the rush of sad and depressing thoughts which were sweeping over him.

For the moment they overpowered him.

It was just then that a maid entered softly, and said that Mr. Ramsay from the Manor-House was below, and wished to know if he would see him.

The sick man visibly shrank into himself.

He recoiled from the thought for a moment. He felt

he could hardly bear it. A feeling of repugnance came over him, with which he felt powerless to contend.

"I *cannot*," he said to himself. He knew of course nothing that had passed all this time; not even that his brother had been living at the Manor-House. He knew his little boy to be with Mrs. Pryor, and he knew nothing further.

His brother meant to him only the John Ramsay of that painful and disappointing interview; and later on the John Ramsay who had totally ignored his appeal for help in averting the calamity which had since overwhelmed him.

He had been willing for long to think the best of his brother, and to put the most charitable construction on his behavior.

He had tried to give him credit for not having received, for having overlooked, or for not having taken in, the importance of his original communication. So after an interval he had written again, a more urgent letter than the first.

But when that second appeal met with the same treatment at his brother's hands he could deceive himself no longer.

He was forced to realize, however unwillingly, that his only blood-relation cared no more for him and his children than if they had been utter strangers; and that he was what he had half-suspected during their interview in London, a hard, cold, worldly, self-absorbed, miserly man.

There was no other conclusion to be drawn.

To a man like Gilbert Ramsay, who had lived so long *in* and *for* others: who had long ago dedicated his life to the service of his Master, which meant to the service of his fellow-men, this state of feeling was almost incomprehensible.

That state of insensibility to the affairs and feelings of others, in which it becomes at last an impossibility to detach yourself from yourself, and to throw yourself into other people, was to him unknown; he could not understand it. His brother and his brother's conduct was to him sealed books of an unfathomable mystery.

But he was a man of great toleration, and of unbiased judgment. He could always look on both sides of a question, and give each its due weight, even where it conflicted with his own view of the case.

He had, in the large manufacturing town in which he had spent half his life, come across every kind of character: and his knowledge of human nature was derived, not from books, but from the study of the living model itself.

He was always ready to make allowance for extenuating circumstances. It was not in his nature to condemn anyone unheard.

It was only for a few moments, therefore, that these feelings of repugnance overcame him.

His brother might still be able to explain away his conduct. His higher nature prevailed, and he said, very quietly, "Bring Mr. Ramsay up."

There was a short interval, and then the door was opened, and John Ramsay advanced to his brother's side.

Both were shy and constrained. Gilbert held out his hand, and John took it in silence.

Then, in a few faltering words, John Ramsay said what he had long made up his mind to say: told his brother how bitterly he regretted his conduct, and asked his forgiveness. Clearly this was not what Gilbert had expected.

He looked up surprised, and the brothers' eyes met; they gazed at each other.

Something in the softened expression of the face he was looking at struck the sick man, and he exclaimed: "Why, John! you look a different man to when I saw you last!"

John Ramsay's lips were unlocked now.

"All the child," he said huskily; and then in answer to his brother's wondering, puzzled look of inquiry, in a voice which faltered at first, but grew stronger as he went on, he told his tale—told how the pure influence of a beautiful little life, lived out daily before him in all its simplicity, all its earnestness, all its guilelessness, all its love and charity, had humanized him, softened him, raised him. He painted vividly the state in which he

had been previously living — heart, soul, and spirit, dead and buried — from which hideous incarceration the child had been the means of releasing him.

And he ended by begging his brother to show his forgiveness by allowing him to do anything and everything that was in his power for the future, both for himself and his family. And then he waited for his answer.

Gilbert Ramsay did not give it for some time.

He turned his head away to hide the tears that rose into his eyes.

He was more moved than he could almost bear in his present state of physical weakness by the thought of his child, and of all that that child had been the instrument, in God's hands, of accomplishing.

For a few minutes he could think of nothing else.

But he controlled his thoughts with a strong effort, for that was not, for the moment, the point on which he wished them to dwell. He continued to gaze thoughtfully out of the window, but his face grew calmer, and the current of his thoughts flowed into another channel. He was accustomed, as we said just now, to put himself (metaphorically) into other people's places, and to try to see things from their point of view; knowing well that from that stand-point other people's difficulties look very different to what they do from your own.

He was doing this now. He was trying to put himself into his brother's place at the time when his conduct seemed so heartless, so incomprehensible.

What had so puzzled and saddened him began to be more comprehensible. There came upon him a vivid realization of the state of utter desolation in which that brother had, according to his own showing, been living: the deeps and the darkness in which his heart and soul had been sunk.

He seemed to see it all with a flash. A man, who had quenched the Spirit, and was living with no hope, and without God in the world.

He had wondered much, but he wondered no longer. It all stood out clear.

He raised his eyes to his brother's face, and held out his hand, saying, "I see it all now: I understand." And,

he added, in a lower tone, as he took his brother's hand in his own still feeble grasp, "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner!*" — *Transformed.*

MONTGOMERY, JAMES, a British poet; born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1776; died at Sheffield, Yorkshire, April 30, 1854. He was sent to a school at Fulneck, Yorkshire, at the age of five, and began to write verses before he was ten. In 1786 he was placed under a tradesman at Mirfield, Yorkshire; after a year he ran away to Wash, where he took a similar position. This he held for five years, excepting eight months as a book-seller's clerk in London. In 1792 he removed to Sheffield to assist Joseph Gales in conducting the *Register*, a Liberal paper; this passed into his control two years later, and its name was changed to the *Iris*. He edited it till 1825. Under the oppressive laws of that era he was twice fined and imprisoned, in 1795 and 1796, the second time for an alleged seditious libel. His *Prison Amusements*, written in jail, appeared in 1797. It was followed by *The Wanderer of Switzerland* (1806); *The West Indies* (1809); *The World Before the Flood* (1812); *Greenland* (1819); *The Pelican Island* (1827). These longer pieces did not best exhibit his talents, and he wisely devoted most of his strength to lyrics, for which he had a graceful and effective talent. The amiability and purity of his character were reflected in his poems, which won great popularity, while he personally came to be greatly respected and beloved, especially in the religious world.

Always a Moravian, he was closely associated alike with the clergy of the English Church and with the Dissenting bodies, and his pen was at the service of every philanthropic and missionary movement. He is known most widely by his *Hymns*. He also published *Prose by a Poet, Lectures on Poetry and English Literature* (1830). In 1835 he was pensioned, and the same year declined the chair of rhetoric in Edinburgh University.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man — and who was he?
Mortal, howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast:
His bliss and woe — a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits rise and fall,
We know that these were left by him
For these are felt by all.

He suffered — but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed — but his delights are fled;
Had friends — his friends are now no more;
And foes — his foes are dead.

He loved — but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:

Oh, she was fair — but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was — whatever thou hast been;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye,
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him affords no other trace
Than this — There lived a man!

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Shall man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most
A momentary year?

There was a time — that time is past —
When, youth, I bloomed like thee;
A time will come — 'tis coming fast —
When thou shalt fade like me:

Like me, through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn:
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement plucked the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce filled her hour,
When she began to wane.

Close followed age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere?

I long to cast the chains away
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo — never free
Till Nature yields her breath;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And man is born in death.

• NIGHT.

Night is time for rest:
How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams:
The gay romance of life,
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When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife:
Ah, visions, less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil:
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield,
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep:
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch:
O'er ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care:
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think:
When from the eye the soul
Takes flight; and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray:
Our Saviour oft withdrew

To desert mountains far away;
So will His follower do,
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death:
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of Heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends. Such death be mine!

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown —
A whole eternity of love
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night;
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

MONTI, VINCENZO, an Italian poet; born near Ravenna, February 19, 1754; died at Milan, October 13, 1828. His father, a small landholder, destined him to agriculture, but he early distinguished himself in poetry and was sent to the University of Ferrara. The Cardinal Legate Borghese took him to Rome, where he was elected a member of the Arcadia, and made secretary to Luigi Braschi, the nephew of the Pope. In 1797 he went to Florence, and became secretary of the Directory of the Cisalpine Republic. The invasion of Suwarrow forced him to flee to France, where he was reduced to poverty. Returning to Italy after the battle of Marengo, he accepted a chair in the University of Pavia, which he held for three years. He was then called to Milan by Napoleon as assessor of the ministry of the interior, Court poet, knight of the Iron Crown, member of the Legion of Honor, and historiographer of the kingdom. When Napoleon was crowned King of Italy, in 1805, he celebrated the event by a poem of merit entitled *Il Beneficio*. He lost his offices at Napoleon's downfall, but was given a pension in 1815, because he had written, at the request of Milan, a poem in honor of the Emperor Francis Augustus, whom he described as "the wise, the just, the best of kings," who was "in war a whirlwind and in peace a zephyr." The Austrian Emperor said that Monti's muse was "mercenary, and cringing favor." The poet's pension was cut off, and he was forced to live on the charity of wealthy patrons of literature. Monti's fame rests on the *Bassvilliana*, written on the model of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in four cantos, and in *terza rima*. It

is founded on the murder of the French minister, Ugo Bassville, whose soul is supposed to wander over the French provinces and to behold the desolation caused by the Revolution, the death of Louis XVI., and the restoration of the Bourbons. The most admired episode is that of the ascent of Louis XVI. into heaven from the scaffold. This poem was translated into English by the Rev. Henry Boyd, in 1805. Monti wore a coat of many colors; for after having eulogized Louis XVI. in the *Bassvilliana*, he calls him a tyrant, and treats his memory with disrespect in his *Ode to Superstition*. His other works include the poems *Bardo delle Selva Nera* (1806); *Spada di Federico*, occasioned by the battle of Jena; *Palingenesi*, on the occupation of Spain by the French; *Ierozamia*; *Api Panacridi*, an idyl of the Nuptials of Cadmus; an edition of Dante's *Convito*; a translation of the *Satires* of Juvenal, and Homer's *Iliad*, and many tragedies. A complete edition of his works was published in Milan (8 vols., 1825-27).

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

As when the sun uprears himself among
The lesser dazzling substances, and drives
His eager steed along the fervid curve —

When in one only hue is painted all
The heavenly vault, and every other star
Is touched with pallor and doth veil its front,

So with sidereal splendor all aflame
Amid a thousand glad souls following,
High into Heaven arose that beauteous soul.

Smiled, as he passed them, the majestic,
Tremulous daughters of the light, and shook
Their glowing and dewy tresses as they moved.

He, among all with longing and with love
Beaming, ascended until he was come
Before the triune uncreated life.

There his flight ceases, there the heart, become
Aim of the threefold gaze divine, is stilled
And all the urgency of desire is lost;

There on his temples he receives the crown
Of living amaranth immortal, on
His cheek the kiss of everlasting peace.

And then we heard consonances and notes
Of an ineffable sweetness, and the orbs
Began again to move their starry wheels.

More swiftly yet the steeds that bore the day
Exulting flew, and with their mighty tread
Did beat the circuit of their airy way.

—*The Bassvilliana*; translation of
W. D. HOWELLS.

THE SOUL'S DOOM.

Hell had been vanquished in the battle fought;
The spirit of the abyss in sullen mood
Withdrew, his frightful talons clutching naught;

He roared like lion famishing for food;
The Eternal he blasphemed, and, as he fled,
Loud hissed around his brow the snaky brood.

Then timidly each opening pinion spread
The soul of Bassville, on new life to look,
Released from members with his heart's blood red.

Then on the mortal prison, just forsook,
The soul turned sudden back to gaze awhile,
And, still mistrustful, still in terror shook.

But the blessed angel, with a heavenly smile,
Cheering the soul it had been his to win
In dreadful battle waged 'gainst demon vile,

Said, "Welcome, happy spirit to thy kin!
Welcome unto that company, fair and brave,
To whom in Heaven remitted is each sin!

"Fear not; thou art not doomed to sip the wave
Of black Avernus, which who tastes, resigned
All hope of change, becomes the demon's slave.

But Heaven's high justice, nor in mercy blind,
Nor in severity scrupulous to gauge
Each blot, each wrinkle of the human mind,

Has written on the adamantine page
That thou no joys of paradise may'st know,
Till punished be of France the guilty rage.

Meanwhile, the wounds, the immensity of woe
That thou has helped to work, thou penitent,
Contemplating with tears o'er earth must go:

Thy sentence, that thine eyes be ceaseless bent
Upon flagitious France, of whose offence
The stench pollutes the very firmament."

— *The Bassvilliana*; translation of HENRY BOYD.

JORDAN.

I see the paths of impious Palestine;
I see old Jordan, as each shore he lavè,
Turbid and slow, toward the sea decline.

Here passed the ark o' th' covenant, and waves
Rolled backward reverent, and their secrets bared,
Leaving their gulfs and their profoundest caves.

Here folded all the flock, whose faith repaired
To Him, that Shepherd whom the all-hoping one
'Midst woods and rocks to the deaf world declared.

Him after labors long, the glorious Son,

The Lord of Nazareth, joined, and, quickly known,
Closed what his great precursor had begun.

Then sudden through the serene air there shone
A lamp, and lo! "This is My Son beloved!"
From the bright cloud a voice was heard to own.

River divine! which then electric moved
From out thy inmost bowers to kiss those feet,
Blessing thy waters with that sight approved:

Tell me, where did thy waves divided meet,
Enamored — and, ah! where upon thy shore
Were marked the footsteps of my Jesus sweet?

Tell me, where now the rose and lilies hoar,
Which, wheresoe'er the immortal footsteps trod,
Sprang fragrant from thy dewy emerald floor?

Alas! thou moanest loud, thy willows nod,
Thy gulfs in hollow murmurs seem to say .
That all thy joy to grief is changed by God.

Such wert thou not, O Jordan, when the sway
Of David's line, along thy listening flood,
Portentous signs from heaven confirmed each day.

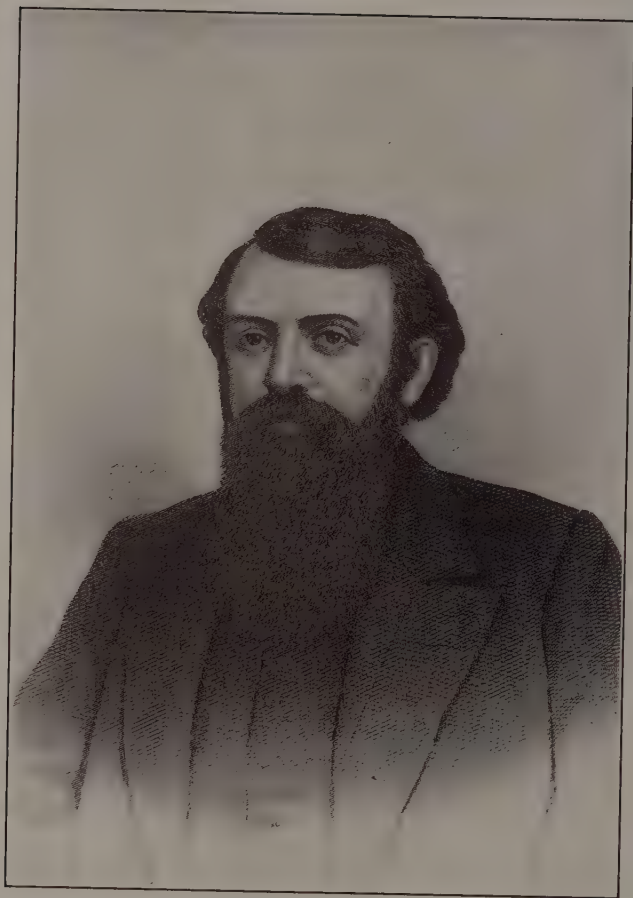
Then didst thou see how fierce the savage brood
Of haughty Midian and proud Moab's line,
Conquered and captive, on thy bridges stood.

Then Zion's warriors, 'listed round her shrine,
Gazed from their towers of strength, and viewed afar
The scattered hosts of the lost Philistines;

Whilst, terror of each giant conqueror,
Roared Judah's lion, leaping in his pride,
'Midst the wild pomp of their barbaric war.

But Salem's glory faded, as the tide
Of waves that ebb and flow, and naught remains
Save a scorned world for scoffers to deride.

—*The Bassvilliana*; translation of HENRY BOYD.



DWIGHT L. MOODY.

MOODY, DWIGHT LYMAN, an American evangelist; born at Northfield, Mass., February 5, 1837; died at East Northfield, Mass., December 22, 1899. He worked as clerk in Boston; and in 1856 he went to Chicago, where he engaged in missionary work among the poor. During the War he went to the front as an evangelist, and was afterward prominent in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in Chicago. Here a church was built for him; which, with his house, was destroyed in the fire of 1871. With Ira D. Sankey, the singer, he preached to large congregations in Great Britain in 1873-74, and in the United States in 1875; continuing his evangelistic work thereafter in both countries. He was the founder of two academies and a woman's training school at Northfield, and of a school for Bible study at Chicago. His published works include *Arrows and Anecdotes* (1877); *Heaven* (1880); *Secret Power* (1881); *The Way to God* (1884); *Bible Characters* (1888); *Sovereign Grace* (1891); *Sermons* (1894).

LOVE.

Since I became a father I have made this discovery — it took more love for God to give that Son to die than it did for that Son to die. Mothers, wouldn't you rather die than to see your own child die? I used to tell my mother, when I was a little boy, that I loved her most. And my little boy when he was about five years old would climb up on my knees and put his arms around my neck and say, "Papa, I love you the most." And the little fellow thought he did. But I tell you, since I have become a father I have found out that my love for my mother wasn't anything compared with my love for

my children. Supposing your little boy should see you in your coffin. He would feel grieved at the time, but his grief would soon wear away and be forgotten. But supposing you see your little boy in the coffin. Would you ever forget it? Do you think this mother right down here would ever forget that little thing sitting in her lap? Never; as long as memory lasted, she would remember that child. I cannot tell you anything about the love of God, but "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, my friends, let the love of God into your heart; don't lock your heart against it.

I see some children have come in. Let me tell them a story. When the gold fever broke out in 1846, there was a man in New England who had a wife and a little boy, and he wanted very much to go to California. The mother didn't want to have him go, but he promised that as soon as he got money he would send for her and the little boy. People then thought they were going to find gold and become suddenly very rich, but there were a great many that didn't get anything. This man wasn't so prosperous as he thought he was going to be, and when his letters came there was no check to take them to California. But one beautiful day the long-looked-for letter came, and they were to go to New York and take a beautiful Pacific steamer, and the man was to go down to meet them. After they had been out to sea a few days, all at once they heard on board that awful cry that is horrible to anyone on water, "Fire! Fire!" They set the pumps to work and did everything they could, but the fire gained upon them, and at last the captain gave the ship up. He ordered the lifeboats lowered, but there were not enough to take them on board. Among others were this mother and her little boy. The last lifeboat was pushing away, and she knew it was her last chance, and she asked them to take her and her little boy. But they said, "No, if we take them in we will all lose our lives. We can only take one of them." So they shouted back they could only take one. What did the mother do? Did she leave her little boy

and get into the lifeboat herself? Ah, no. No mother would do that. No, she just took her boy to her bosom and gave him a good hug and kiss and dropped him into the lifeboat. But just before the boat left, she said, "My boy, if you live to see your father, tell him I died for you." Now, I want to ask these children in this audience this question, What would you say if that boy when he grew to be a young man should speak contemptuously of that mother?

Christ made bare His arm and left the bosom of the Father and stooped from yonder throne to come down here to tell the world that He loved them, and all He wants in return is love. Make up your minds to-day that you are going to love Him because He loves you. Don't let anyone think he cannot begin now. You can begin this very minute if you will.

MOORE, CLEMENT CLARKE, an American educator and poet; born at New York, July 15, 1779; died at Newport, R. I., July 10, 1863. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1804. Later he studied theology and in 1821 he became a professor in the New York General Theological Seminary. He retained his position for nearly twenty-five years, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning—afterward changed to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. In 1844 he published a volume of *Poems*, and in 1850 *George Castriot, Surnamed Scandenburg, King of Albania*, condensed from a translation of Lavardin's biography of Castriot. He is best known as a writer by the poem *A Visit from St. Nicholas*.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there:
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack,
His eyes how they twinkled; his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know there was nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.”

FROM A FATHER TO HIS CHILDREN.

This semblance of your parent's time-worn face
Is but a sad bequest, my children dear;
Its youth and freshness gone, and in their place
The lines of care, the tracks of many a tear!

Let fond imagination's power supply
The void that baffles all the painter's art;
And when those mimic features meet your eye,
Then fancy that they speak a parent's heart.

Fancy those lips still utter sounds of praise
Or kind reproof that checks each wayward will,
The warning voice, or precepts that may raise
Your thoughts above this treacherous world of ill.

And thus shall Art attain her loftiest power;
To noblest purpose shall her efforts tend:
Not the companion of an idle hour,
But Virtue's handmaid and Religion's friend.

MOORE, FRANK FRANKFORT, a British novelist and dramatist; born at Limerick, Ireland, May 15, 1855. After receiving his education in Belfast, he set out for South Africa, where he traveled for some time. Before returning to Ireland he visited many parts of India and Burmah, and, subsequently South America, communicating the results of his observations to several newspapers and magazines. After publishing a volume of poems, entitled *Flying from a Shadow*, he turned his attention to fiction and journalism. His first novel, *Sojourners Together*, published in 1875 was followed in the next year by *Where the Rail Runs*; *Told by the Sea* in 1877; *Mate of the Jessica*, in 1878, and *Daireen*, in 1879. After writing a number of novels which appeared as serials, he produced a volume of adventure, entitled *The Mutiny on the Albatross*, which was so successful that he at once took a foremost place as a writer of this class of fiction. *The Fate of the Black Swan*; *Will's Voyages*; *The Great Orion*; *Under Hatches*; *Tre, Pol, and Pen*; *Fireflies and Mosquitoes*; *Highways and High Seas*; *the Slaver of Zanzibar*; *Coral and Cocoanut*; *The Ice Prison*; *Sailing and Sealing*; *From the Bush to the Breakers* and *The Two Clippers* appeared in rapid succession. In 1893, abandoning journalism, he produced his novel, *I Forbid the Banns*. This was followed by *A Grey Eye or So*, which was even more successful. *One Fair Daughter*; *They Call it Love*; *Two in the Bush*; *The Secret of the Court*; *The Sale of a Soul*; *Phyllis of Philistia*; *As Black as He's Painted*; *The Jessamy Bride* (1896); *Nell Gwyn* (1900); *The Conscience of Coralie* (1901), and *Love*

Alone is Lord (1905), have more recently appeared from his pen, together with many magazine articles and a large volume embracing his journalistic experience, entitled *A Journalist's Note Book*.

As a dramatist, Mr. Moore is best known by *Moth and Flame* (1887); *Forgotten* (1889); *The Queen's Room* (1891); *The Wayflower* (1892); *A March Hare* (1893), and *Kitty Cline* (1895).

IN GOOD COMPANY.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we have eaten an excellent dinner, we are a company of intelligent men — although I allow that we should have no difficulty in proving that we are so if it became known that we sat down with a Scotchman — and now pray do not mar the self-satisfaction which intelligent men experience after dining, by making assertions based on ignorance and maintained by sophistry."

"Why, sir," cried Goldsmith, "I doubt if the self-satisfaction of even the most intelligent of men — whom I take to be myself — is interfered with by any demonstration of an inferior intellect on the part of another."

Edmund Burke laughed, understanding the meaning of the twinkle in Goldsmith's eye. Sir Joshua Reynolds, having reproduced — with some care — that twinkle, turned the bell of his ear-trumpet with a smile in the direction of Johnson; but Boswell and Garrick sat with solemn faces. The former showed that he was more impressed than ever with the conviction that Goldsmith was the most blatantly conceited of mankind, and the latter — as Burke perceived in a moment — was solemn in mimicry of Boswell's solemnity. When Johnson had given a roll or two on his chair and had pursed out his lips in the act of speaking, Boswell turned an eager face towards him, putting his left hand behind his ear so that he might not lose a word that might fall from his oracle. Upon Garrick's face was precisely the same expression, but it was his right hand that he put behind his ear.

Goldsmith and Burke laughed together at the mar-

vellous imitation of the Scotchman by the actor, and at exactly the same instant the conscious and unconscious comedians on the other side of the table turned their heads in the direction first of Goldsmith, then of Burke. Both faces were identical as regards expression. It was the expression of a man who is greatly grieved. Then, with the exactitude of two automatic figures worked by the same machinery, they turned their heads again toward Johnson.

"Sir," said Johnson, "your endeavor to evade the consequences of maintaining a silly argument by thrusting forward a question touching upon mankind in general, suggests an assumption on your part that my intelligence is of an inferior order to your own, and that, sir, I cannot permit to pass unrebuked."

"Nay, sir," cried Boswell, eagerly, "I cannot believe that Dr. Goldsmith's intention was so monstrous."

"And the very fact of your believing that, sir, amounts almost to a positive proof that the contrary is the case," roared Johnson.

"Pray, sir, do not condemn me on such evidence," said Goldsmith.

"Men have been hanged on less," remarked Burke. "But, to return to the original matter, I should like to know upon what facts ——"

"Ah, sir, to introduce facts into any controversy on a point of art would indeed be a departure," said Goldsmith solemnly. "I cannot countenance a proceeding which threatens to strangle the imagination."

"And you require yours to be particularly healthy just now, Doctor. Did you not tell us that you were about to write a Natural History?" said Garrick.

"Well, I remarked that I had got paid for doing so — that's not just the same thing," laughed Goldsmith.

"Ah, the money is in hand; the Natural History is left to the imagination," said Reynolds. "That is the most satisfactory arrangement."

"Yes, for the author," said Burke. "Some time ago it was the book which was in hand, and the payment was left to the imagination."

"These sallies are all very well in their way," said

Garrick, "but their brilliance tends to blind us to the real issue of the question that Dr. Goldsmith introduced, which I take it was, Why should not acting be included among the arts? As a matter of course, the question possesses no more than a casual interest to any of the gentlemen present, with the exception of Mr. Burke and myself. I am an actor and Mr. Burke is a statesman — another branch of the same profession — and therefore we are vitally concerned in the settlement of the question."

"The matter never rose to the dignity of being a question, sir," said Johnson. "It must be apparent to the humblest intelligence — nay, even to Boswell's — that acting is a trick, not a profession — a diversion, not an art. I am ashamed of Dr. Goldsmith for having contended to the contrary."

"It must only have been in sport, sir," said Boswell, mildly.

"Sir, Dr. Goldsmith may have earned reprobation," cried Johnson, "but he has been guilty of nothing so heinous as to deserve the punishment of having you as his advocate."

"Oh, sir, surely Mr. Boswell is the best one in the world to pronounce an opinion as to what was said in sport, and what in earnest," said Goldsmith. "His fine sense of humor —"

"Sir, have you seen the picture which he got painted of himself on his return from Corsica?" shouted Johnson.

"Gentlemen, these diversions may be well enough for you," said Garrick, "but in my ears they sound as the jests of the crowd must in the ears of a wretch on his way to Tyburn. Think, sirs, of the position occupied by Mr. Burke and myself at the present moment. Are we to be branded as outcasts because we happen to be actors?"

"Undoubtedly you at least are, Davy," cried Johnson. "And good enough for you too, you rascal!"

"And, for my part, I would rather be an outcast with David Garrick than become chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury," said Goldsmith.

"Dr. Goldsmith, let me tell you that it is unbecoming

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in you, who have relations in the church, to make such an assertion," said Johnson sternly. "What, sir, does friendship occupy a place before religion in your estimation?"

"The Archbishop could easily get another chaplain, sir, but whither could the stage look for another Garrick?" said Goldsmith.

"Psha! Sir, the puppets which we saw last week in Panton street delighted the town more than ever Mr. Garrick did," cried Johnson; and when he perceived that Garrick colored at this sally of his, he lay back in his chair and roared with laughter.

Reynolds took snuff.

"Dr. Goldsmith said he could act as adroitly as the best of the puppets—I heard him myself," said Boswell.

"That was only his vain boasting which you have so frequently noted with that acuteness of observation that makes you the envy of our circle," said Burke. "You understand the Irish temperament perfectly, Mr. Boswell. But to resort to the original point raised by Goldsmith; surely, Dr. Johnson, you will allow that an actor of genius is at least on a level with a musician of genius."

"Sir, I will allow that he is on a level with a fiddler, if that will satisfy you," replied Johnson.

"Surely, sir, you must allow that Mr. Garrick's act is superior to that of Signor Piozzi, whom we heard play at Dr. Burney's," said Burke.

"Yes, sir; David Garrick has the good luck to be an Englishman, and Piozzi the ill luck to be an Italian," replied Johnson. "Sir, 't is no use affecting to maintain that you regard acting as on a level with the arts. I will not put an affront upon your intelligence by supposing that you actually believe what your words would imply."

"You can take your choice, Mr. Burke," said Goldsmith: "whether you will have the affront put upon your intelligence or your sincerity."

"I am sorry that I am compelled to leave the company for a space, just as there seems to be some chance of the argument becoming really interesting to me person-

ally," said Garrick, rising; "but the fact is that I rashly made an engagement for this hour. I shall be gone for perhaps twenty minutes, and meantime you may be able to come to some agreement on a matter which, I repeat, is one of vital importance to Mr. Burke and myself; and so, sirs, farewell, for the present."

He gave one of those bows of his, to witness which was a liberal education in the days when grace was an art, and left the room.

"If Mr. Garrick's bow does not prove my point, no argument that I can bring forward will produce any impression upon you, sir," said Goldsmith.

"The dog is well enough," said Johnson, "but he has need to be kept in his place, and I believe that there is no one whose attempts to keep him in his place he will tolerate as he does mine."

"And what do you suppose is Mr. Garrick's place, sir?" asked Goldsmith. "Do you believe that if we were all to stand on one another's shoulders, as certain acrobats do, with Garrick on the shoulder of the topmost man, we should succeed in keeping him in his proper place?"

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "your question is as ridiculous as anything you have said to-night, and to say so much, sir, is, let me tell you, to say a good deal."

"What a pity it is that honest Goldsmith is so persistent in his attempts to shine," whispered Boswell to Burke.

"'Tis a great pity, truly, that a lark should try to make its voice heard in the neighborhood of a Niagara," said Burke.

"Pray, sir, what is a Niagara?" asked Boswell.

"A Niagara?" said Burke. "Better ask Dr. Goldsmith; he alluded to it in his latest poem. Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Boswell wishes to know what a Niagara is."

"Sir," said Goldsmith, who had caught every word of the conversation in undertone. "Sir, Niagara is the Dr. Johnson of the New World.—*The Jessamy Bride*. (Copyright 1896, by HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY).

MOORE, GEORGE, a British novelist; born in Ireland in 1853. He studied art in London, and then completed his education in France. His first literary work was contained in two volumes of quasi-French verse, *Flowers of Passion* (1877) and *Pagan Poems* (1881). He then essayed fiction and allied himself with the French realistic or naturalistic school. His novels and other works include *A Modern Lover* (1883); *A Mummer's Wife* (1884); *Literature at Nurse* (1885); *A Drama in Muslin* (1886); *Parnell and His Island* (1887); *Mere Accident* (1887); *Confessions of a Young Man* (1888); *Spring Days* (1888); *Miss Fletcher* (1889); *Impressions and Opinions* (1890); *Vain Fortune* (1890); *Modern Painting* (1893); *The Strike at Arlingford* (1893); *Esther Waters* (1894); *Celibates* (1895); *Evelyn Inness* (1898); *Bending the Bough* (1900); *Sister Teresa* (1901), and *The Untilled Field* (1903).

Esther Waters produced a profound sensation both in Great Britain and the United States, owing to the brutal realism of the story. It awakened wide discussion for several years.

ADORATION.

The door was thrown open, and Esther was wheeled into the passage. She was like a convalescent plant trying to lift its leaves to the strengthening light, but within this twilight of nature the thought of another life, now in the world, grew momentarily more distinct. "Where is my boy?" she said. "Give him to me."

The nurse entered, and answered, "Here." A pulp of red flesh rolled up in flannel was laid alongside of her. Its eyes were open; it looked at her, and her flesh filled

with a sense of happiness so deep and so intense that she was like one enchanted. When she took the child in her arms she thought she must die of happiness. She did not hear the nurse speak, nor did she understand her when she took the baby from her arms and laid it alongside on the pillow, saying, "You must let the little thing sleep; you must try to sleep yourself."

Her personal self seemed entirely withdrawn; she existed like an atmosphere about the baby, an impersonal emanation of love. She lay absorbed in this life of her life, this flesh of her flesh, unconscious of herself as a sponge in warm sea-water. She touched this pulp of life, and was thrilled, and once more her senses swooned with love. She opened her eyes and looked again; it was still there. She remembered that the nurse had said it was a boy. She must see her boy, and her hands, working as in a dream, unwound him, and, delirious with love, she gazed until he awoke and cried. She tried to hush him and to infold him, but her strength failed; she could not help him, and fear came lest he should die. She strove to reach her hands to him, but all her strength had gone from her, and his cries sounded hollow in her weak brain. Then the nurse came and said:

"See what you have done; the poor child is all uncovered; no wonder he is crying. I will wrap him up, and you must not interfere with him again." But no sooner had the nurse turned her back than Esther had her child back in her arms. She did not sleep. She could not sleep for thinking of him, and the long night passed in adoration.—*Esther Waters.*

MOTHER AND SON.

At twelve o'clock Esther and Mrs. Barfield walked out on the lawn. A loud wind came up from the sea, and it shook the evergreens as if it were angry with them. A rook carried a stick to the tops of the tall trees, and the women drew their cloaks about them. The train passed across the vista, and the women wondered how long it would take Jack to walk from the station. Then another rook stooped to the edge of the plantation, gathered a

twig, and carried it away. The wind was rough; it caught the evergreens underneath and blew them out like umbrellas; the grass had not yet begun to grow, and the gray sea harmonized with the gray-green land. The women waited on the windy lawn, their skirts blown against their legs, keeping their hats on with difficulty. It was too cold for standing still. They turned and walked a few steps toward the house, and then looked round.

A tall soldier came through the gate. He wore a long red cloak, and a small cap jauntily set on the side of his close-clipped head. Esther uttered a little exclamation and ran to meet him. He took his mother in his arms, kissed her, and they walked toward Mrs. Barfield together. All was forgotten in the happiness of the moment—the long fight for his life, and the possibility that any moment might declare him to be mere food for powder and shot. She was only conscious that she had accomplished her woman's work—she had brought him up to man's estate, and that was sufficient reward. What a fine fellow he was! She did not know he was so handsome, and blushing with pleasure and pride, she glanced shyly at him out of the corners of her eyes as she introduced him to her mistress.

"This is my son, ma'am."

Mrs. Barfield held out her hand to the young soldier.

"I have heard a great deal about you from your mother."

"And I of you, ma'am. You've been very kind to my mother. I don't know how to thank you. . . ."—
Esther Waters.

MOORE, JOHN, a British physician, novelist and essayist; born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1729; died at Richmond, Surrey, January 21, 1802. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and studied medicine under Dr. John Gordon. In 1747 he accompanied as surgeon the Duke of Argyle's regiment to Flanders, and his attention in the military hospitals at Maestricht brought him the post of surgeon to the regiment of the Earl of Albemarle, quartered at Flushing under command of General Braddock. In 1748 he studied medicine in London, and went to Paris, where he became surgeon to the household of the Earl of Albemarle, then British Ambassador at Versailles. Subsequently he practiced for many years in Glasgow as physician and surgeon. From 1772 till 1779 he was traveling companion to the Duke of Hamilton, and on his return to Great Britain he settled in London, where he began his literary career. His most important novel, *Zeluco* (1786), is the history of a Sicilian nobleman, who possesses every advantage of birth and fortune, but is rendered miserable through the selfishness and depravity of his nature. His *Life and Manners, Chiefly in England*, appeared in 1796; *The Works of Tobias Smollett, M.D., With a Memoir of his Life, to which is prefixed a View of the Commencement and Progress of Romance*, in 1797, and *Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character and Manners in various countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality*, in 1800. An edition of Dr. Moore's works, with a memoir, was published by Dr. Robert Anderson in 1820. Among them are *A View of Society and Manners in*

France, Switzerland, and Germany (1779); *A View of Society and Manners in Italy* (1781); *Medical Sketches, in Two Parts* (1785); *A Journal during a residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December, 1792* (1793-94); *A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution* (1795), and *Edward, Various Views of Human Nature taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England* (1796).

AN UNQUIET HEART.

The following morning early, Bertram, understanding that Zeluco was awake, entered his room to inquire how he was. Being then pretty easy and refreshed by sleep, he begged that Bertram would sit by his bedside; and as the story of Antonio had made some impression on him, he began to make more inquiry concerning him; after a few questions he said to Bertram, "on the whole, I perceive that this Savoyard has put you to a considerable deal of expense as well as trouble."

"I have already been amply repaid," said Bertram, "but I still expect an additional recompense."

"I understand the fellow *had nothing*," said Zeluco.

"He has both a father and a mother," replied Bertram, "very honest people, as I have been told; they live at Chambéry, which is in my way home to Geneva; the poor, old couple have been miserable on account of their son's misfortune. I shall have the pleasure of restoring him to them — only think, signor, what satisfaction I shall have; their old hearts will be ready to burst with joy. I often anticipate, in my imagination, the scene of their first meeting — why, signor, a single scene of that kind is worth all the five acts of dull, selfish life."

"You enter into these people's happiness as if it were your own," said Zeluco.

"A great part of it will be my own," said Bertram, "I question if any of the three will be happier than myself. You must have often felt, signor, what a pleas-

ing sensation being the author of happiness conveys to the heart."

Zeluco seemed distressed, and made no reply.

"I fear your wound gives you pain," said Bertram.

"Not at all," said Zeluco. "And this is the only recompense you expect?"

"It is all I would accept from man," replied Bertram; "the consciousness of a good action is delightful when performed, and is also a source of pleasing recollection through life. Would to God I had more of them to boast of! Being conscious of but few makes me perhaps too vain of this."

"You have reason to be vain, indeed," said Zeluco.

"I am certain at least," rejoined Bertram, "that I should have been lower in my eyes had I acted otherwise — yet I make no doubt but you, and many others would have done the same thing with less hesitation than I showed."

Zeluco groaned.

"I am heartily sorry to see you in so much pain," said Bertram, "shall I call the surgeon?"

"No, no," cried Zeluco, "the surgeon cannot relieve me."

"I fear talking does you harm; I'll leave —"

"Pray stay," said Zeluco, "I shall be worse when you go. Tell me, my friend, what fortune have you?"

Bertram named a very moderate sum. "And with this you are happy!" exclaimed Zeluco.

"With this I am contented," replied Bertram, "and I am happy in many other particulars — riches cannot give happiness."

"I'll be sworn they cannot," said Zeluco, "yet I am surprised that you, who have been abroad in the world, and have seen extensive scenes of life, could be contented with so little."

"Perhaps," replied Bertram, "the circumstance you mention has contributed to it; for limited as my circumstances always were, I saw multitudes of my fellow-creatures in every country where I have been much poorer than myself; but what had more influence than anything in keeping me from discontent, was the re-

membrance of a maxim often repeated to me by my excellent father."

"What is that maxim?" said Zeluco.

"When you are disposed to be vain of your mental acquirements, Bertram," said he, "look up to those who are more accomplished than yourself, that you may be fired with emulation. But when you feel dissatisfied with your circumstances, look down on those beneath you, that you may learn contentment."

"But even of the small pittance you mention," said Zeluco, "you allowed a considerable portion to your father."

"For that I can claim no merit," said Bertram, "it is only a proof that I am not a monster. Ingratitude to a parent is the height of profligacy, including almost every kind of wickedness."

Zeluco started as if he had been stung by a serpent; the recollection of his own behavior to his mother rushed on his mind with all the bitterness of remorse.

"I really am grieved, signor," said Bertram, in a sympathizing tone of voice, "to see you suffer so much."

"I do indeed suffer," said Zeluco, after a long and painful pause.

"I am sincerely sorry for it," resumed Bertram; "I wish I knew what would give you relief, but the medical people will be here soon—they perhaps—"

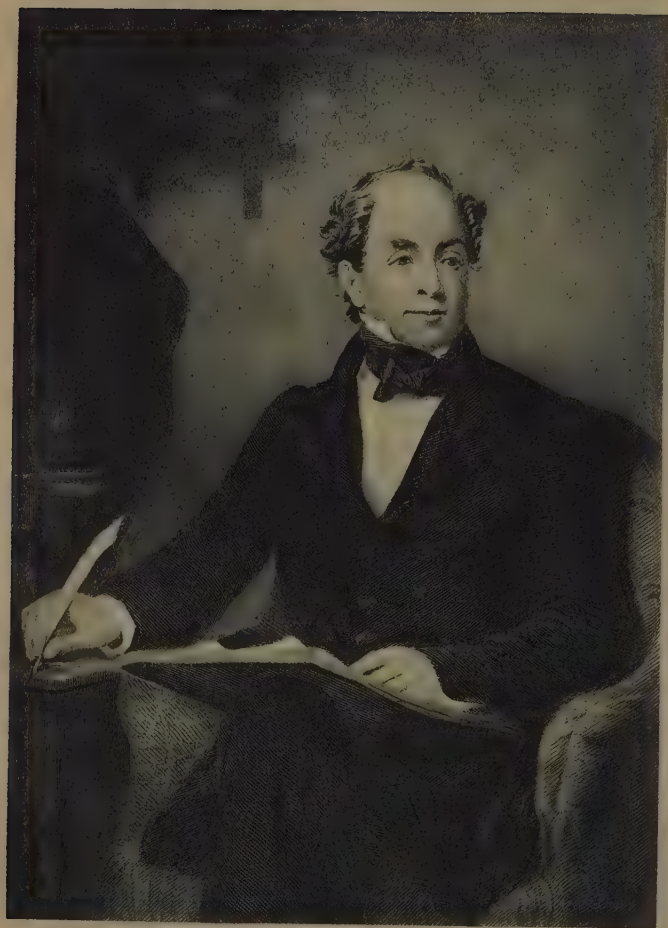
"No, no," interrupted Zeluco, "they cannot relieve me."

"I hope, my good sir," continued Bertram, taking him by the hand, "that after the next dressing your wound will become easier."

"My wound *is* easier," said Zeluco, with a voice of anguish, "but I have deeper wounds which their skill cannot reach."

"Alas!" said Bertram, "some mental affliction, the loss of some dear friend, perhaps, cut off by a similar but more fatal accident than what has now befallen you. Have patience, my good sir," continued he, "reflection, and the soothing hand of time—"

"I tell you," interrupted Zeluco, in the accent of despair, "that I never had a friend; that time develops



fresh sources of sorrow to me; and reflection drives me to madness."

Bertram, being greatly shocked, made no reply; and Zeluco, after a considerable interval, having recollected himself, said, with apparent composure, "I have been feverish and restless; I know not what I say; but the pain seems now to abate, and I feel myself drowsy. Pray, my good friend, leave me—perhaps I may get a little sleep before the surgeon arrives." When Zeluco found himself alone—"Happy man!" said he, with a deep sigh, "who can look back with pleasure and self-approbation, and forward with tranquillity and hope."
—Zeluco.

MOORE, THOMAS, an Irish poet; born at Dublin, May 28, 1779; died at Sloperton, Wiltshire, February 25, 1852. After studying at the Dublin University, he was entered at the Middle Temple, London, in 1799, and the next year began his literary career by publishing a brilliant but free translation of the *Odes of Anacreon*. The *Poetical Works of Thomas Little* followed in 1802. In 1803 Moore went to Bermuda as Registrar to the Admiralty; this post he soon committed to a deputy, by whose misconduct he lost heavily. A tour through the United States and Canada gave material for several of his best poems, included in *Epistles, Odes, etc.*, 1806. In 1811 he married Miss Dyke, an actress of many attractions and high character. In 1817 and 1822 he spent some time in Paris, but his principal residence was in London. He was a brilliant talker and a good singer, and much sought in society. An ardent Irishman, he helped the Whig cause by many political squibs and

satires, as *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Postbag* (1813); *Fables for the Holy Alliance* (1823); *Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, etc.* (1829). *The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818) and *Rhymes on the Road* (1823) are equally light. His fame has a better foundation in *Irish Melodies*, which appeared in nine numbers, from 1807 to 1834; in *National Airs*, six numbers at different dates; *Sacred Songs* (1816-24); *Loves of the Angels* (1823); *Lalla Rookh* (1817), which was pronounced "more Eastern than the East itself." As a song-writer Moore has never been surpassed. No one expects depth of thought or feeling from him; but in the region of superficial sentiment, amatory elegance, and airy wit he is unequalled. His prose works also were of importance. *The Epicurean* (1827) is an exquisite classical romance, as poetical as his poems; *Memories of Captain Rock* (1824) is a history of Ireland. Three serious biographies followed: the *Life of R. B. Sheridan* (1825), of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (1831), and of *Byron* (1831). *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion* (1833) and *History of Ireland* (1835) proved, what had been shown again and again, his patriotism. In allowing the destruction of Byron's autobiography, which had been intrusted to him, he yielded to pressure from that poet's friends, against his own judgment and interests. He had been paid 2,000 guineas by Murray for the manuscript, and this sum he returned, refusing reimbursement afterward from Byron's family. *Alciphron* (1840) was his last publication. His later years witnessed a decay of his faculties.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells;
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives,
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream:
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard of purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blushed to hear
 The one loved name.

No — that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odor fled
 As soon as shed;

'Twas morning's wingèd dream;
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream;
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted.
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me.
But while her eyes were on me
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No — vain, alas! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known,
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morn-
 ing,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in
 burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
 Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
 Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
 cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

ILLUSION.

This world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There's nothing true but heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even;
And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb —
 There's nothing bright but heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but heaven!

RECOLLECTION.

Oft, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me
 The smiles, the tears,
 Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

MORE, HANNAH, an English moralist; born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, February 2, 1745; died at Clifton, September 7, 1833. She was the fourth among five daughters of a school-master at Stapleton, near Bristol. The eldest, who attended a French school in Bristol, spending every Saturday and Sunday at home, taught her sisters what she had learned from week to week. At the age of twenty-one, Mary, the eldest sister, established a young ladies' school in Bristol, with one sister as assistant, another as housekeeper, and the youngest two, Hannah and Martha, as pupils. The school flourished year after year, and at seventeen Hannah wrote a play, *The Search after Happiness*, which was enacted by the pupils of the school, and also in many another similar institution. Five years afterward she went to London, where she became a great favorite in the best literary society, which numbered such men as Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and Garrick. She afterward devoted herself to the cause of female education, and wrote many books relating more or less directly to this subject. By her writings she earned some £30,000, one-third of which she bequeathed to charitable purposes. Her principal writings are *The Search After Happiness* (1773); *The Inflexible Captive* (1774); *Sir Eldred of the Bower* and *The Bleeding Rock*, two legendary poems (1775); *Percy*, a tragedy (1777) *The Fatal Falsehood* (1779); *Sacred Dramas* (1782); *Florio*, a satirical tale (1786); *Thoughts on the Manners of the Great* (1788); *Religion of the Fashionable World* (1791). In 1795 she set up at Bath a monthly periodical entitled the

Cheap Repository, consisting mainly of moral tales, in prose and verse, written by herself, among which is the well-known *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. Her later works are *Hints Toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess*, a kind of manual for the training of the Princess Charlotte (1805); *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* (1809); *Practical Piety* (1811); *Christian Morals* (1812); *Essay on the Character of St. Paul* (1815); *Modern Sketches* (1819); *The Spirit of Prayer* (1824). *The Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Hannah More*, edited by William Roberts, were published in 1834, and the *Correspondence of Hannah More with Zachary Macaulay*, in 1860. This correspondence has much to do with the lad whom the world came to know as Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Horace Walpole said that Hannah More was not only one of the cleverest of women, but one of the best. "Her writings," said he, "promote virtue; and their repeated editions prove their utility and worth."

ACCURACY IN LANGUAGE.

It is no worthless part of education, even in a religious view, to study the precise meaning of words, and the appropriate signification of language. To this end I know no better method than to accustom young persons very early to a habit of defining common words and things; for, as definition seems to be at the root of correctness, to be accustomed to define English words in English would improve the understanding more than barely to know what these words are called in French, Italian, or Latin. Or, rather, one use of learning other languages is because definition is often involved in etymology; that is since many English words take their derivation from foreign or ancient languages, they cannot be so accurately understood without some knowl-

edge of those languages; but precision of any kind, either moral or philological, too seldom finds its way into the education of women.

It is perhaps going out of my province to observe that it might be well if young men, also, before they entered on the world, were to be furnished with correct definitions of certain words, the use of which is become rather ambiguous; or rather they should be instructed in the *double sense* of modern phraseology. For instance, they should be provided with a good definition of the word "honor" in the fashionable sense, showing what vices it includes and what virtues it does not include; the term "good company," which even the courtly Petronius of our days has defined as something including not a few immoral and disreputable characters; "religion," which in the various senses assigned it by the world sometimes means superstition, sometimes fanaticism, and sometimes a mere disposition to attend on any form of worship; the word "goodness," which is made to mean everything that is not notoriously bad; and sometimes even that, too, if what is notoriously bad be accompanied by good humor, pleasing manners, and a little alms-giving. By these means they would go forth armed against many of the false opinions which, through the abuse or ambiguous meaning of words, pass so current in the world. . . .

It may be thought ridiculous to assert that morals have any connection with the purity of language, or that the precision of truth may be violated through defect of critical exactness in the three degrees of comparison; yet how frequently do we hear from the dealers in superlatives, of "most admirable, super-excellent, and quite perfect" people, who, to plain persons, not bred in the school of exaggeration, would appear mere common characters, not rising above the level of mediocrity! By this negligence in the just application of words, we shall be as much misled by these trope-and-figure ladies when they degrade as when they panegyrize; for to a plain and sober judgment a tradesman may not be "the most good-for-nothing fellow that ever existed" merely because it was impossible for him to

execute in an hour an order which required a week; a lady may not be "the most hideous fright the world ever saw," though the make of her gown may have been obsolete for a month; nor may one's young friend's father be "a monster of cruelty," though he may be a quiet gentleman who does not choose to live at watering-places, but likes to have his daughter stay at home with him in the country.—*The Model System of Female Education.*

THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
 Beguiling time with friendly chat;
 They touched upon the price of meat,
 So high a weaver scarce could eat.
 "What with my brats and sickly wife,"
 Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
 So hard my work, so poor my fare,
 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
 How glorious is the rich man's state!
 His house so fine! his wealth so great!
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
 Why all to him? why none to me?
 In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
 In spite of what the parson preaches,
 This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
 Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
 Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
 'Tis all confused and hard and strange;
 The good are troubled and oppressed
 And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
 Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
 Parts of His ways alone we know,
 'Tis all that man can see below,
 See'st thou that carpet, not half-done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
 Behold the wild confusion there,
 So rude the mass it makes one stare.
 A stranger, ignorant of the trade,

Would say, no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits.
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

As when we view these shreds and ends
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some schemes of God.
No plan, no pattern, can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.
What now seems random strokes will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll
grumble

That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight.
For my own carpet sets me right."

MORE, SIR THOMAS, an English statesman and historian; born at London, February 7, 1478; died there July 6, 1535. He was the son of Sir John More, one of the justices of the court of the King's Bench. In 1497 he went to Oxford, where he studied Greek—a language the study of which was just beginning to revive—and here he formed an intimate friendship with Erasmus. From Oxford he went to London, where he studied law, and at the same time lectured upon St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* at St. Lawrence's Church. Having in due time been called to the bar, he soon rose to eminence in the profession, and acquired a lucrative practice. He was called to Parliament by Henry VII., and firmly opposed some arbitrary measures which were projected by the King. After the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509, More was prominently employed in various important positions. In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons; in 1525 was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in 1529 succeeded Cardinal Wolsey as Lord Chancellor. He resigned the chancellorship in 1533, because he would not abet the King in his project of a divorce from Queen Catherine, in order that he might marry Anne Boleyn, who was already his mistress. In 1534 he was commanded to swear obedience to the Act of Succession, by which the crown was secured to the offspring of Anne Boleyn. Upon his refusal, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained more than a year. On July 1, 1535, he was brought before the high commission, charged with "traitorously imagining and attempting to deprive the King of his title

as supreme head of the Church." The trial was a summary one; More was found guilty and sentenced to death by beheading; and the sentence was executed on the fifth day after the arraignment. More was an earnest Catholic, and his official proceedings for the suppression of heresy have been sharply impugned.

As an author More is chiefly known by his *Utopia* (1516), and his fragmentary *History of Richard III.*, first published long after his death (1641). The *History of Richard III.* is reckoned as the earliest example of classical English prose. The following passage exhibits More's English style. By simply modernizing the orthography it would pass for pure English of our own time.

CHARACTER OF RICHARD III.

Richarde, the thirde, sonne, of Richarde, Duke of York, was in witte and courage egall with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse farre vnder them bothe; little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, ener frowarde. None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposition was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sometime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parsons, either of hardinesse or polytike order: free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboue hys power liberali; with large giftes hee get him vnstedfaste friendshippe for whiche he was fain to pil and spoyle in other places, and get him stedfaste hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynance, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whome hee thoughte to kyll; dispitious and

cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew; he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slewe with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knowledge of the king, whiche would vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

Utopia was written in Latin. Of the translations into English the best is that of Bishop Burnet (1683). *Utopia* (Gr. *Eu-topos*, "Good Place") is an account of an imaginary commonwealth situated upon an island discovered by one of the companions of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom More professed to have derived the account.

THE CHIEF TOWN OF UTOPIA.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground: its figure is almost square, for from one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles from Amaurot, in a small spring at first; but other brooks fall into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest. As it runs by Amaurot, it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean: between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows every six hours, with a strong current. The tide comes up for about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that for some miles the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a

bridge cast over the river, not of timbers, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that ships without any hindrance lie all along the side of the town. There is likewise another river that runs by it which, though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it, and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain-head of this river, which springs a little without the town, that so, if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, or poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets, and for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain-water, which supplies the want of the other. The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad: there lie gardens behind all their houses; these are large but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets; so that every house hath both a door to the street, and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered, and so finely kept, that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who

vie with each other; and there is indeed nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant.

Their houses are three stories high; the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick; and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat, and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows. They use also in their windows a thin linen cloth that keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

SOME IDEALS OF THE UTOPIANS.

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself.

They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind in which nature teaches us delight a pleasure.

And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures.

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind: and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure than to be obliged to indulge it.

And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and, by consequence, in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which anyone may see would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relinquish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure, and as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much lon-

ger; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued but as they are necessary.

Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper, gifts of nature do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

This is their notion of virtue and of pleasure; they think that no man's reason can carry him to a truer idea of them, unless some discovery from heaven should inspire him with sublime notions. I have not now the leisure to examine whether they think right or wrong in this matter; nor do I judge it necessary, for I have only undertaken to give you an account of their constitution, but not to defend all their principles.—*Translation of* BURNET.

MORGAN, SYDNEY OWENSON, LADY, an Irish novelist; born at Dublin about 1783; died at London, April 14, 1859. She was the daughter of an actor of some literary accomplishments and in 1812 was married to Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, Commissioner of the Fisheries in Ireland. They spent many years in traveling, and as a result of several years' residence in France and Italy she published, in 1817, a review of the social state of France, for which her husband wrote four appendices, and a simi-

lar work on Italy (1821). Lady Morgan was noted especially for her brilliant conversation. Her works include *O'Donnell* (1814); *Florence Macarthy* (1816); *The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa* (1824); *Absenteeism* (1825); *The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys* (1827); *Book of the Boudoir*, containing autobiographical notes (1829); *Dramatic Scenes from Real Life* (1833); *The Princess or the Beguine* (1835); *Woman and Her Master* (1840); *Passages from my Autobiography* (1858), and, with Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, a collection of essays and miscellanies entitled *The Book Without a Name* (1841).

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN THE ANCIENT WORLD.

While religion adopted woman into her mythology as best symbolizing the expression of moral and intellectual qualities of wisdom, chastity, justice, of all the charities, and all the graces of life, even the soul itself, in its most spiritual essence, was presented to human sense by a feminine form. Each different state had its favorite and foundress-goddess. Cecrops brought from Egypt the female divinity of Sais, the Minerva of Athens. Ephesus was devoted to the worship of Diana; and it is a curious circumstance, also, that to a female deity the Greeks assigned the invention of agriculture, and its natural consequence, the formation of a legal code; the first and the most characteristic excellences of the human race. It is highly probable, indeed, that this mythology, in its origin, might not have been a direct and specific homage offered to the sex, but rather an inevitable consequence of certain leading conceptions concerning nature and its operations; but it is obvious that, in the subsequent filling out of their religious system, the Greeks dwelt with a passionate enthusiasm on that portion of their mythology, and it is still more certain that their apotheosis of womanhood, whatever might have been its cause, must have exercised a powerful influence favor-

able to the sex over the imaginative minds of the Grecian population.

In all the higher functions of religious worship, the administration of woman, by a natural consequence, was sought and accepted; and, as priestess, and as pythoness, she officiated at those altars where Phidias and Praxiteles had elevated her effigies, as fittest to represent the attributes ascribed to the deities of the national Pantheon.

While woman was thus honored on earth as the symbol of all beneficence and wisdom, even her human interests became subjects of divine interference; and Apollo is made to speed his arrows into the Greek camp to avenge the wrongs of the beautiful daughter of Chryseus. Woman was, in fact, the moving principle of the heroic times of Greece; and Helen and Briseis armed men and gods alike in their quarrels and their wrongs.

But when fable passed away, history states that Athens owed her first glimpse of freedom to a conspiracy, of which woman was the soul and the depository. It was the mistress of Harmodius who wreathed the dagger with myrtle that freed Athens from the tyranny of her "*Jove-descended kings*." Worthy of the great cause by which her name is immortalized, she proved that women knew how to conspire, to be silent, and to die.

The wars of Megara and the Peloponnesus were instigated by a woman's passions, and carried on at her suggestions. The Thebans and the Phocians called their ten years' war "sacred" (as other unholy wars have since been deemed), of which a woman's wrongs were the sole cause; and if the wife of an Asiatic despot armed Persia against the liberties of Greece, the triumph of the free was in part attributed to the influence of the Corinthian women with the god whom they implored. The heroic achievements of the Argive women are equally commemorated for their important consequences, and and it is an historical fact that the most inspired of their poetesses was the bravest of their champions and the most devoted of their patriots.

The female genius of Greece was, indeed, always found on the side of the free. It was not to follow Phaon that Sappho fled to Sicily; but, having engaged

with him in the confederacy against Pittacus, they were banished together. It was for this that the coins of Mytilene bore the impression of her image; and that her patriotism and her poetry became alike immortal.

In all the great public events of Greece, the influence of the female mind may be detected, even where, under particular institutions, her presence was forbidden. When Pythagoras, in his desire to make proselytes of the ignorant, and extend the influence of his sect, opened his first school of philosophy in Italy, the "friend of wisdom" was accompanied by female disciples. His wife and daughter taught in his classes; and fifteen other women of high capacities and attainments. His pupils gave grace to stern truths, and became the persuasive missionaries of doctrines which preached restraint over the passions, and the supremacy of reason in all things. But women were not only admitted into the schools of philosophy; the philosophers sometimes attended upon theirs. Aspasia, who improved the eloquence, while she perverted the politics, of Pericles, lisped her Atticisms in the ears of Socrates, till she became rather his teacher than his disciple. The bright eyes of Hipparata long followed the compass of Euclid, while her lips solved with a smile the problem which had cost many an aching brow its premature furrow to comprehend. Leontium was painted by the artist Theodorus, meditating the temperate doctrines of Epicurus, which she afterward expounded in such Greek as excited the envy and admiration of Cicero, who considered her style a model. Even the women of the people, who had not learned to read, affected a purism in their dialect, worthy of the academy; and, from the critical acumen of the Athenian apple-women there was no appeal. The arts, too, stood no less indebted to female taste for patronage than to female grace for inspiration. The noblest work of Praxiteles was purchased by the most beautiful of his models, and that with the generous intention of adorning her own native city Corinth owed the most splendid of her architectural edifices to the liberality of one woman; and Thebes, ruined by Alexander, might have been rebuilt by another, but that her pride

dictated an epigram which the jealousy of man considered and rejected as an epigram.—*Woman and Her Master.*

MORLEY, HENRY, an English editor and biographer; born at London, September 15, 1822; died at Isle of Wight, May 14, 1894. He was the son of Henry Morley of Midhurst, Sussex, and was educated at the Moravian School, Neu-wied-on-the-Rhine. From 1844 to 1848 he practised medicine at Madeley, Shropshire, and afterward kept school at Liscard, near Birkenhead, Liverpool, for two years. In 1851 he removed to London, where he was Dickens's assistant in editing *Household Words* in 1851-55, joint editor of the *Examiner* in 1856-59, and sole editor of the latter in 1859-64. From 1857 to 1865 he was English Lecturer at King's College, and was an active promoter of the association for the education of women formed in connection with that college in 1869. From 1865 to 1889 he was Professor of English Language and Literature at the University College, London. In 1870-75 he was Examiner in English Language, History, and Literature to the University of London. From 1878 to 1889 he was professor of this department at Queen's College, London. In 1882 he was made Principal of the University Hall, London. The University of Edinburgh gave him the degree of LL.D. in 1879. He published *How to Make Home Unhealthy* (1850); *A Defence of Ignorance* (1851); *Life of Palissy, the Potter* (1852); *Life of Jerome Cardan* (1854); *Life of Cornelius Agrippa* (1856); *Gossip and Memoirs of Bartholo-*

mew Fair (1857); *Fairy Tales* (1859, 1860); *English Writers Before Chaucer* (1864); *Journal of a London Playgoer from 1857 to 1866* (1866); *Sketches of Russian Life* (1866); *From Chaucer to Dunbar* (1867); *The King and the Commons: Cavalier and Puritan Song* (1868); *Tables of English Literature* (1870); *Life of Clement Marot and Other Studies* (1870); *A First Sketch of English Literature* (1873, 9th ed., 1882); *A Library of English Literature* (1874-80); *Library of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria* (1881); *English Writers* (6 vols., 1886-92); and an edition of Steele's and Addison's *Spectator* (1868).

WALTER MAP.

The traveler seaward, over inland hill and plain, wearied at times by the long stretches of flat moor that he must cross upon his way, knows by the freshened breeze when he comes near the coast, and at the first sight of the distant water draws a glad breath and believes that he can smell the sea. So maybe now with us, when the large, wholesome spirit of English Chaucer, toward whom we are traveling, flashes suddenly upon us from afar as we cross the high ground where dwells Walter Map. It is Gerald de Barri's friend, the Archdeacon of Oxford, the same pleasant and courteous Walter Map, who called Gerald's attention to the fact that his own less valuable works were widely read because they were written in the vernacular, while Gerald's better Latin books found few learned enough to do them justice. Walter Map was no trivial jester, although the misreading of a piece of his most scathing satire has attached to him the cant name of "the jovial Archdeacon."

Undoubtedly he had a lively wit, could make even an abbot blush, and send table companions out of doors to explode in laughter at his broad, contemptuous jest against a blasphemous hypocrisy. He was a wit some-

what on Chaucer's pattern, ready against cowed hypocrites, and striking, as Chaucer often did, after the manner of his time, with a coarse jest out of the strength of a clean heart. It was the wit, also, of a true poet. Among the high dignitaries of the Roman Church he was an entirely orthodox divine, and looked down from the heights of theological scholarship upon what seemed to him the ignorant piety of the Waldenses. But the first church reform concerned church morals more nearly than theology, and in this sense, by his Latin verse and prose, Walter Map represents the chief of the Reformers before Wyclif. In French, then the vernacular tongue of English literature, he it was who gave a soul to the Arthurian romances, writing, most probably, the Latin original of Robert Borron's introductory romance of the Saint Graal, and certainly Lancelot of the Lake, the Quest of the Saint Graal, and the Mort Artus. Unassuming as Chaucer and, before Chaucer, the man of highest genius in our literature, Map was a frank man of the world, with ready sympathies, a winning courtesy, warm friendships, and well-planted hatreds. Born on the Marches of Wales about the year 1137, of a family that had done good service to King Henry II., both before and after his accession, Walter Map studied in the University of Paris, where he saw town and gown riots. These were at some date after the marriage of Louis VII. with Constance of Castile in 1154, because one of the household of that queen lost his hand for damaging in that riot the head of a priest. Map attended in or soon after the year 1160 the school of the English theologian, Girard la Pucelle, who in that year began to teach in Paris. On his return to England Map was in intimate relations with Archbishop Becket, and as he was in King Henry's service, this must have been before there was a wide breach between king and archbishop. Possibly he joined the court while Henry was in France, and returned with him to England in January, 1163. The king was no mean scholar, and had a sound relish of wit. Map, by birth, character, and attainments, was qualified to stand high and make friends.

Walter Map was in attendance on the king during his war with his sons. He was sent to the court of Louis

VII. of France, the father of Philip Augustus, and there received as an intimate guest. Louis, called Le Jeune, who in Becket's lifetime had espoused his cause against King Henry, and who, after Becket's death, obtained from the Pope the laying of an interdict on Henry's French dominions, had fomented the rebellion against their father of the princes Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard. But he made peace with Henry about a year after the beginning of that war, and shortly before his death in 1180 made a pilgrimage to Thomas à Becket's shrine in Canterbury. A mission to a French king having such relations with the English Government would have been confided by Henry only to a man in whose tact and shrewdness he could place the highest trust. Map was a churchman, too, and a man who had known Saint Thomas à Becket.

There is singular tact shown always in Map's manner of teaching, and something far higher than the mere professional impulse to lead other men to put a soul into their daily thoughts. So courteous and cheerful, so pleasantly at home in the world, full of good stories, quick at repartee, all seem to have acknowledged his rare genius, and relished his society without regarding it as that of a preacher. His less earnest comrades never felt that the mainspring of his power was a sacred earnestness. They laughed when he flashed his witty scorn at a wine-bibbing Goliath bishop, and they were right, although they did not look far down into the pure, spiritual nature of their pleasant friend, who drew Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, for his ideal. When Map preaches as he writes, his sermon is but a few lines long, and it is fastened upon some worldly incident of which the interest is strong. Probably many chapters of Map's commonplace book were, like his poems, copied and circulated when the occasion was fresh that produced them. — *English Writers.*

MORLEY, JOHN, an English statesman, critic and biographer; born at Blackburn, Lancashire, December 24, 1838. He was graduated from Oxford in 1859, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1883 he was elected to Parliament as an advanced Liberal by the borough of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He presided over the great conference of Liberals held at Leeds in October, 1883. He was editor of the *Literary Gazette*, which was afterward called the *Parthenon*; of the *Fortnightly Review* in 1867-82; of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1880-83; of *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1883-85; Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1886 and 1892; and was elected to Parliament in 1883. His books include *Edmund Burke* (1867); *Critical Miscellanies* (1871-1877); *Voltaire* (1872); *On Compromise* (1874); *Rousseau* (1876); *Diderot and the Encyclopædists* (2 vols., 1878); *The Life of Richard Cobden* (1881); *Aphorisms* (1887); *Life of Walpole* (1889); *Studies in Literature* (1891); *Oliver Cromwell* (1900), and *Life of Gladstone* (1903).

EDUCATION OF THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

It has been said that Rousseau founds all morality upon personal interest, perhaps even more specially than Helvetius himself, who was supposed to have revealed all the world's secret. The accusation is just. Emilius will enter adult life without the germs of that social conscience which animates a man with all the associations of duty and right, of gratitude for the past and resolute hope for the future, in face of the great body of which he finds himself a part. "I observe," says Rousseau, "that in the modern ages men have no hold upon one another save through force and interest, while the ancients, on the other

hand, acted much more by persuasion and the affections of the soul." The reason was that with the ancients, supposing them to be the Greeks and Romans, the social conscience was so much wider in its scope than the comparatively narrow fragment of duty which is supposed to come under the sacred power of conscience in the more complex and less closely contained organization of a modern state. The neighbors to whom a man owed duty in those times comprehended all the members of his state; the neighbors of the modern preacher of duty are either the few persons with whom each of us is brought into actual and palpable contact, or else the whole multitude of dwellers on the earth — a conception that for many ages to come will remain with the majority of men and women too vague to exert an energetic and concentrating influence upon action, and will lead them no further than a watery, uncolored, and nerveless cosmopolitanism.

What the young need to have taught to them in this too little cultivated region is that they are born not mere atoms floating independent and apart for a season through a terraqueous medium, and sucking up as much more than their share of nourishment as they can seize; nor citizens of the world with no more definite duty than to keep their feelings toward all their fellows in a steady simmer of blank complacency; but soldiers in a host, citizens of a polity whose boundaries are not set down in maps, members of a church the handwriting of whose ordinances is not in the hieroglyphs of idle mystery, nor its hope and recompense in the lands beyond death. They need to be taught that they owe a share of their energies to the great struggle which is in ceaseless progress in all societies in an endless variety of forms, between new truth and old prejudice, between love of self or class and solicitous passion for justice, between the obstructive indolence and inertia of the many and the generous mental activity of the few. This is the sphere and definition of the social conscience: the good causes of enlightenment and justice in all lands. Here is the church militant, in which we should early seek to enroll the young, and the true state, to which they should be taught that they owe the duties of active and arduous citizenship; these are the struggles with

which the modern instructor should associate those virtues of fortitude, tenacity, silent patience, outspoken energy, readiness to assert ourselves and readiness to efface ourselves, willingness to suffer and resolution to inflict suffering, which men of old knew how to show for their gods, or their sovereign, or even out of mere love of adventure or the yet unworthier love of gain. But the ideal of Emilius was an ideal of quietism: to possess his own soul in patience, with a suppressed intelligence, a suppressed sociality, without a single spark of generous emulation in the course of strong-fibred virtue or a single thrill of heroical pursuit after so much as one great, forlorn cause.

If it once comes to him, in reading these parallels of the famous ancients, to desire to be another rather than himself, were this other Socrates, were he Cato, you have missed the mark; he who begins to make himself a stranger to himself is not long before he forgets himself altogether! But if a man only nurses the conception of his own personality, for the sake of keeping his own peace and self-contained comfort at a glow of easy warmth, assuredly the best thing that can befall him is that he should perish, lest his example should infect others with the same base contagion. Excessive personality militant is often wholesome, excessive personality that only hugs itself is under all circumstances chief among unclean things. Thus even Rousseau's finest monument of moral enthusiasm is fatally tarnished by the cold, damp breath of isolation, and the very book which contained so many elements of new life for a state was at bottom the apotheosis of social despair. — *Rousseau*.

MORRIS, CHARLES, an American critic, and compiler; born at Chester, Pa., October 1, 1833. He was educated in the public and private schools of Chester, and removed to Philadelphia in 1857. His books include *A Manual of Classical Literature* (1881); *Half-Hours with American History* (1887); *Half-Hours with the Best Foreign Authors* (1888); *Half-Hours with the Best Humorous Authors* (1889); *The Aryan Race* (1889); *An Elementary History of the United States* (1890); *Civilization: a Historical Review of its Elements* (1890); *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table* (1891); *Tales from the Dramatists* (1893); *Historical Tales* (4 vols., 1893).

THE ARYAN LITERATURE.

If now we enter upon Aryan ground we find ourselves at once upon loftier peaks of thought, and in a higher and purer atmosphere. Almost everywhere epic poetry makes its appearance at an early stage of literary cultivation as the true usher to the later and more practical branches of literature. These antique epic creations of the Aryans may be briefly summarized. As in philosophy, so in poetry, India and Greece take the lead; the *Ramayana* vying, though at a much lower level of art, with the *Iliad* of Greece. Of the two ancient epics of the Hindus, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the former is the older, while it is more the work of a single hand, and shows few signs of that epic confluence of legend which strongly characterizes the latter. And of the two the *Ramayana* is the more mythological, the *Mahabharata* the more historical in character.

Legend credits Northern India in these early days with two great dynasties of kings, known respectively as the solar and the lunar dynasties. The *Ramayana*

describes the adventures of a hero of the solar race. Rama, the hero, is a lineal descendant of the god of the sun, and is himself adored as an incarnation of Vishnu. Everywhere in the poem we find ourselves on mythological ground, and the only historical indication it contains is that of the extension of the Aryan conquest southward toward Ceylon. The story describes the banishment of Rama from his hereditary realm, and his long wanderings through the southern plains. His wife, Sita, is seized by Ravana, the giant ruler of Ceylon. Rama, assisted by Sugriva, the king of the monkeys, makes a miraculous conquest of this island, slays its demon ruler, and recovers his wife, the poem ending with his restoration to his ancestral throne.

The style of this poem is of a high grade of merit, and it takes a lofty rank among works of the human imagination. In the first two sections there is little of extravagant fiction, though in the third the beauty of its descriptions is marred by wild exaggerations. It is evidently in the main the work of one hand, not a welding of several disjointed fragments. There are few episodes, while the whole latter portion is one unbroken narrative, and there is shown throughout an unvarying skill and poetical power and facility. It is credited to a single poet, Valmiki. This name signifies "white-ant-hill," and it is very doubtful if it represents a historical personage. However that be, the *Ramayana* is a homogeneous and striking outcome of ancient thought.

The *Mahabharata* is a work of a very different character. It is rather a storehouse of poetic legends than a single poem, and is evidently a work of many authors, treating subjects of the greatest diversity. It is of later date than the *Ramayana*, and more human in its interest, but is far below it in epic completeness and unity. Yet it is not without its central story, though this has almost been lost under the flood of episodes. It is the epic of the heroes of the lunar dynasty, the descendants of the gods of the moon, as the *Ramayana* is the heroic song of the solar race. Bharata, the first universal monarch, who brought all kingdoms "under one umbrella," has a lineal descendant, Kuru, who has two sons,

of whom one leaves a hundred children, the other but five. The fathers dying, the kingdom is equitably divided among these sons, the five Pandavas and the hundred Kauravas. The latter grow envious, wish to gain possession of the whole, and propose to play a game of dice for the kingdom. The Pandavas lose in this strange fling for a kingdom; but the Kauravas agree to restore their cousins to their share in the throne if they will pass twelve years in a forest and the thirteenth year in undiscoverable disguise. This penance is performed; but the Kauravas evade their promise, and a great war ensues, in which the Pandavas ultimately triumph. Whether this war indicates some actual event or not, is questionable; but this part of the work is well performed, the characters of the five Pandavas are finely drawn, and many of the battle-scenes strikingly animated.

But this main theme forms but a minor portion of the work. It is full of episodes of the most varied character, and contains old poetical versions of nearly all the ancient Hindu legends, with treatises on customs, laws, and religion, in fact, nearly all that was known to the Hindus outside the Vedas. The main story is so constantly interrupted that it winds through the episodes "like a pathway through an Indian forest." Some of those episodes are said to be of "rare and touching beauty," while the work, as a whole, has every variety of style, dry philosophy beside ardent love-scenes, and details of laws and customs followed by scenes of battle and bloodshed. Many of the stories are repeated in other words, and the whole mass, containing more than one hundred thousand verses, seems like a compilation of many generations of Hindu literary work. Yet withal it is a product of high merit and lofty intellectual conception.—*The Aryan Race*.

MORRIS, GEORGE POPE, an American journalist and poet; born at Philadelphia, October 10, 1802; died at New York, July 6, 1864. In 1823, with Samuel Woodworth, he founded the *New York Mirror*; N. P. Willis soon becoming associated with them. The journal was continued until 1842, and in the following year Morris and Willis started the *New Mirror*, which several times changed its name, lastly, in 1846, to the *Home Journal*. In 1842 Morris published a volume of prose sketches entitled *The Little Frenchman and His Water Lots*; in 1837 he produced *Briercliff*, a successful drama, and in 1842 he wrote the *libretto* of an opera, *The Maid of Saxony*. He is best known as a song-writer. A complete edition of his *Poetical Works* was published in 1860.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played;
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
And let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave;
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began, my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear;
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen fair realms of the earth,
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!

But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart.

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain-air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave —
Within our borders find.

MORRIS, SIR LEWIS, a British poet; born at Carmarthen, Wales, in 1833. He was graduated from Jesus College, Oxford, in 1855, as Chancellor's Prizeman, and as first class in classics. He was called to the bar in 1861, and practiced chiefly as a conveyancer until 1880. In that year he was appointed on a committee to inquire into education in Wales, and was made justice of the peace for his native county of Carmarthen, and took up his residence at his seat at Penbryn House. His poems, all of which were originally published anonymously, as the works of "A New Author," are *Songs of Two Worlds*, in three series (1871, 1874, 1875); *The Epic of Hades* (1878); *Gwen: a Drama in Monologue* (1878); *The Ode of Life* (1880); *Songs Unsung* (1883); *Songs of Britain* (1887); *A Vision of Saints* (1890); *Poetical Works* (1890), and *Harvest Tide* (1901).

THE TREASURE OF HOPE.

O fair Bird, singing in the woods
To the rising and the setting sun,
Does ever any throb of pain
Thrill through thee ere thy song be done:
Because the Summer fleets so fast;
Because the Autumn fades so soon;
Because the deadly Winter treads
So closely on the steps of June?

O sweet Maid, opening like a rose
In Love's mysterious, honeyed air,
Dost think sometimes the day will come
When thou shalt be no longer fair:
When love will leave thee, and pass on
To younger and to brighter eyes;
And thou shalt live unloved, alone,
A dull life, only dowered with sighs?

O brave Youth, panting for the fight,
To conquer wrong and win thee fame,
Dost see thyself grown old and spent,
And thine a still unhonored name:
When all thy hopes have come to naught,
And all thy fair schemes droop and pine,
And Wrong uplifts her hydra heads
To fall to stronger hearts than thine?

Nay; Song and Love and lofty Aims
May never be where Faith is not;
Strong souls within the Present life,
The Future veiled—the Past forgot:
Grasping what *is*, with hands of steel
They bend what *shall be* to their will;
And, blind alike to doubt and dread,
The End, for which they are, fulfil.

IT SHALL BE WELL.

If thou shalt be in heart a child,
 Forgiving, tender, meek, and mild,
 Though with light stains of earth defiled,
 O Soul, it shall be well.

It shall be well with thee indeed,
 Whate'er thy tongue, thy race, thy creed,
 Thou shalt not lose thy fitting meed;
 It surely shall be well.

Nor where, nor how, nor when, we know,
 Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
 We may but whisper, faint and low,
 It shall be surely well.

It shall be well with thee, O Soul,
 Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
 Though sun and moon forget to roll:
 O Soul, it shall be well.

DEAR LITTLE HAND.

Dear little Hand that clasps my own,
 Embrowned with toil and seamed with strife —
 Pink little fingers, not yet grown
 To the poor strength of after-life:
 Dear little Hand!

Dear little Eyes which smile on mine,
 With the fresh peep of morning light,
 Now April-wet with tears, or fine
 With dews of pity, or laughing bright:
 Dear little Eyes!

Dear little Voice, whose broken speech
 All eloquent utterance can transcend;
 Sweet childish wisdom, strong to reach
 A holier deep than love or friend:
 Dear little Voice!

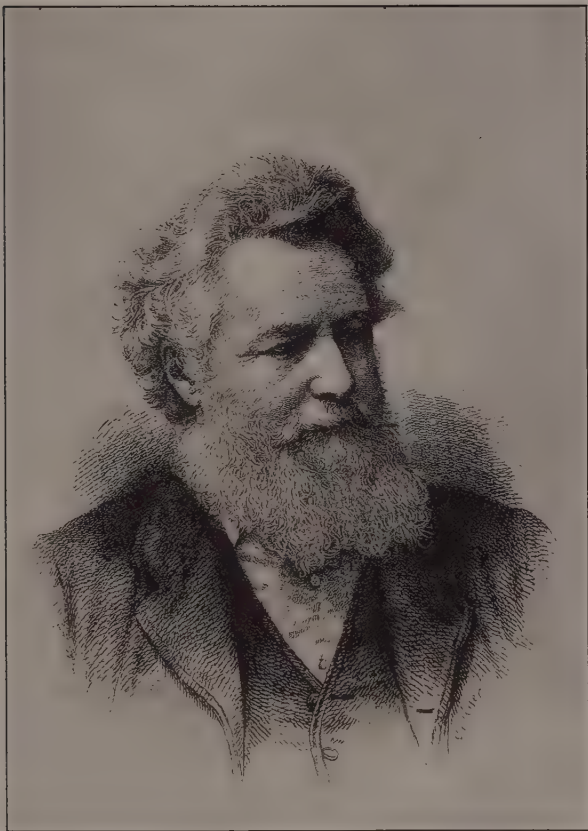
Dear little Life! my care to keep
From every spot and stain of sin;
Sweet soul foredoomed, for joy or pain,
To struggle with and — which? to fall or win?
Dread mystical Life!

SONG AND SUFFERING.

Only suffering draws,
The inner heart of song and can elicit
The perfumes of the soul. 'Twere not enough
To fail, for that were happiness to him
Who ever upward looks with reverent eye
And seeks but to admire. So, since the race
Of bards soars highest; as who seek to show
Ourselves as in a glass; therefore it comes
That suffering weds with song, from the blind bard,
Who solaced his blank darkness with his verse
Through all the story of neglect and scorn,
Necessity, sheer hunger, early death,
Which smite the ranks of song. Not only those
Who hold clear echoes of the voice divine
Are honorable — they are blest, indeed,
Whate'er the world has held — but those who hear
Some fair, faint echoes, though the crowd be deaf,
And see the white gods' garments on the hills,
Which the crowd sees not, though they may not find
Fit music for their visions; they are blest,
Not pitiable. Not from arrogant pride
Nor over-boldness fail they who have striven
To tell what they have heard, yet find no voice
For such high message. More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honors and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills,
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods.

— *The Epic of Hades.*

ORRIS, WILLIAM, an English poet and artist; born at Walthamstow, Essex, March 24, 1834; died at London, October 3, 1896. He was educated at Marlborough College and at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1858 he published *The Defence of Guinevere*. In 1863 he established a business in stained glass and decorations. The labors of this successful establishment he varied with poetical composition, winning fame by *The Life and Death of Jason* (1867) and *The Earthly Paradise* (1869-70). These were followed by *Love Is Enough, or the Freeing of Pharamond, a Morality* (1873); *The Æneid of Virgil done into English Verse* (1876); *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung* and *The Fall of the Nibelungs* (1877). With Eiríkr Magnússon he translated from the Icelandic *The Story of Grettir the Strong* (1869); *The Story of the Volsungs and the Nibelungs* (1870), and *Three Northern Love Stories* (1875). Five lectures delivered in 1878-81 appeared as *Hopes and Fears for Art* (1882). Morris also published *Aims of Art* (1887); *Signs of Change* (1888); *The Roots of the Mountains* (1889); *The Tale of the House of the Wolfings*, an epic in prose and verse (1890); *The Glittering Plain* (1891); *Poems by the Way* (1892); *News from Nowhere* (1892); *Socialism* (1893); *The Wood Beyond the World* (1894); *The Well at the World's End* (1896). He also translated the *Odyssey* into English. *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* was published posthumously in 1897. In 1890 Morris established the Kelmscott Press, at Hammersmith, and published exquisitely printed editions of classical English authors, as well as of his own writings.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

AN IDLE SINGER.

Of heaven or hell I have no power to sing.
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years;
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when, aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die —
Remember me a little, then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care,
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
 If ye will read aright and pardon me,
 Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
 Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
 Where tossed about all hearts of men must be,
 Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
 Not the poor singer of an empty day.
 — *The Earthly Paradise.*

ALCESTIS.

"Oh, me, the bitterness of God and fate!
 A little time ago we two were one;
 I had not lost him, though his life was done,
 For still he was in me — but now alone
 Through the thick darkness must my soul make moan,
 For I must die; how can I live to bear
 An empty heart about, the nurse of fear?
 How can I live to die some other tide,
 And, dying, hear my loveless name outcried
 About the portals of that weary land
 Whereby my shadowy feet should come to stand?

"Alcestis! O Alcestis! hadst thou known
 That thou one day shouldst thus be left alone,
 How hast thou borne a living soul to love!
 Hadst thou not rather lifted hands to Jove,
 To turn thy heart to stone, thy front to brass,
 That through this wondrous world thy soul might pass
 Well pleased and careless, as Diana goes
 Through the thick woods, all pitiless of those
 Her shafts smite down? Alas! how could it be?
 Can a god give a god's delights to thee?

"Nay, rather, Jove, but give me once again,
 If for one moment only, that sweet pain
 Of love I had while still I thought to live!
 Ah! wilt thou not, since unto thee I give
 My life, my hope? But thou — I come to thee,
 Thou sleepest: Oh, wake not, nor speak to me!

In silence let my last hour pass away,
And men forget my feeble, bitter day."
—*The Earthly Paradise.*

ANDROMEDA AND PERSEUS.

Then on a rock smoothed by the washing sea
They sat and eyed each other lovingly,
And few words at the first the maiden said,
So wrapped was she in the goodlihead
Of her new life made doubly happy now:
For her alone the sea-breeze seemed to blow,
For her in music did the white surf fall,
For her alone the wheeling birds did call
Over the shallows, and the sky for her
Was set with white clouds, far away and clear:
E'en as her love, this strong and lovely one
Who held her hand, was but for her alone.
—*The Earthly Paradise.*

SEPTEMBER.

Oh, come at last, to whom the springtide's hope
Looked far through blossoms, what hast thou for
me?

Green grows the grass upon the dewy slope
Beneath thy gold-hung, grey-leaved apple-tree
Moveless, even as the autumn fain would be
That shades its sad eyes from the rising sun
And weeps at eve because the day is done.

What vision wilt thou give me, autumn morn,
To make thy pensive sweetness more complete?
What tale, ne'er to be told of folk unborn?
What images of gray-clad damsels sweet
Shall cross thy sword with dainty, noiseless feet?
What nameless, shamefast longings made alive,
Soft-eyed September, will thy sad heart give?

Look long, O longing eyes, and look in vain!
Strain idly, aching heart, and yet be wise,

And hope no more for things to come again
 That thou beheldest once with careless eyes?
 Like a new-awakened man thou art, who tries
 To dream again the dream that made him glad
 When in his arms his loving love he had.
 — *The Earthly Paradise.*

SIR GALAHAD.

A Christmas Mystery.

It is the longest night in all the year,
 Near on the day when the Lord Christ was born;
 Six hours ago I came and sat down here,
 And ponder'd sadly, wearied and forlorn.

The winter wind that pass'd the chapel door,
 Sang out a moody tune, that went right well
 With mine own thoughts: I look'd down on the floor,
 Between my feet, until I heard a bell

Sound a long way off through the forest deep,
 And toll on steadily; a drowsiness
 Came on me, so that I fell half asleep,
 As I sat there not moving: less and less

I saw the melted snow that hung in beads
 Upon my steel-shoes; less and less I saw
 Between the tiles the bunches of small weeds:
 Heartless and stupid, with no touch of awe

Upon me, half-shut eyes upon the ground,
 I thought; O Galahad! the days go by,
 Stop and east up now that which you have found,
 So sorely have you wrought and painfully.

Night after night your horse treads down alone
 The sere damp fern, night after night you sit
 Holding the bridle like a man of stone,
 Dismal, unfriended, what comes of it.

And what if Palomydes also ride,
And over many a mountain and bare heath
Follow the questing beast with none beside?
Is he not able still to hold his breath

With thoughts of Iseult? doth he not grow pale
With weary striving, to seem best of all
To her, "as she is best," he saith? to fail
Is nothing to him, he can never fall.

Yea, what if Father Lancelot ride out,
Can he not think of Guenevere's arms, round
Warm and lithe, about his neck, and shout
Till all the place grows joyful with the sound?

And when he lists can often see her face,
And think, "Next month I kiss you, or next week,
And still you think of me:" therefore the place
Grows very pleasant, whatsoever he seek.

But me, who ride alone, some carle shall find
Dead in my arms in the half-melted snow,
When all unkindly with the shifting wind,
The thaw comes on at Candlemas: I know

Indeed what they will say: "This Galahad
If he had lived had been a right good knight;
Ah! poor chaste body!" but they will be glad,
Not most alone, but all, when in their sight

That very evening in their scarlet sleeves
The gay-dressed minstrels sing; no maid will talk
Of sitting on my tomb, until the leaves,
Grown big upon the bushes of the walk,

East of the Palace-pleasaunce, make it hard
To see the minster therefrom: well-a-day!
Before the trees by autumn were well bared,
I saw a damozel with gentle play,

Within that very walk say last farewell
To her dear knight, just riding out to find
(Why should I choke to say it?) the Sangreal,
And their last kisses sunk into my mind.

.
In this way I,

With sleepy face bent to the chapel floor,
Kept musing half-asleep, till suddenly
A sharp bell rang from close beside the door,
And I leapt up when something pass'd me by.

Shrill ringing going with it, still half blind
I stagger'd after, a great sense of awe
At every step kept gathering on my mind,
Thereat I have no marvel, for I saw

One sitting on the altar as a throne,
Whose face no man could say he did not know,
And though the bell still rang, he sat alone,
With raiment half blood-red, half white as snow.

Right so I fell upon the floor and knelt,
Not as one kneels in Church when Mass is said,
But in a heap, quite nerveless, for I felt
The first time what a thing was perfect dread.

But mightily the gentle voice came down:
"Rise up, and look and listen, Galahad,
Good knight of God, for you will see no frown
Upon my face; I come to make you glad.

"For that you say that you are all alone,
I will be with you always, and fear not
You are uncared for, though no maiden moan
Above your empty tomb; for Lancelot,

He in good time shall be my servant too,
Meantime, take note whose sword first made him
knight,
And who has loved him alway, yea, and who
Still trusts him alway, though in all men's sight,

He is just what you know, O Galahad,
This love is happy even as you say,
But would you for a little time be glad,
To make ME sorry long day after day?

Her warm arms round his neck half throttle Me,
The hot love-tears burn deep like spots of lead,
Yea, and the years pass quick: right dismally
Will Lancelot at one time hang his head;

Yea, old and shrivell'd he shall win my love.
Poor Palomydes fretting out his soul!
Not always is he able, son, to move
His love, and do it honor: needs must roll

The proudest destrier some times in the dust,
And then 'tis weary work; he strives beside
Seem better than he is, so that his trust
Is always on what chances may betide;

And so he wears away, my servant, too,
When all these things are gone, and wretchedly
He sits and longs to moan for Iseult, who
Is no care now to Palomydes: see,

O good son Galahad, upon this day,
Now even, all these things are on your side,
But these you fight not for; look up, I say,
And see how I can love you, for no pride

Closes your eyes, no vain lust keeps them down.
See now you have ME always; following
That holy vision, Galahad, go on,
Until at last you come to ME to sing

In Heaven always, and to walk around
The garden where I am:" he ceased, my face
And wretched body fell upon the ground;
And when I looked again the holy place
Was empty;

THE FLITTING OF THE WAR-ARROW.

Tells the tale that it was an evening of summer, when the wheat was in the ear, but yet green; and the neat herds were done driving the milch kine to the byre, and the horseherds and the shepherds had made the night-shift, and the outgoers were riding two by two and one by one through the lanes between the wheat and the rye toward the meadow. Round the cots of the thralls were gathered knots of men and women, both thralls and free-men, some talking together, some hearkening a song or a tale, some singing and some dancing together; and the children gambolling about from group to group with their shrill and tuneless voices, like young throstles who have not yet learned the song of their race. With these were mingled dogs, dun of color, long of limb, sharp-nosed, gaunt and great; they took little heed of the children as they pulled them about in their play, but lay down or loitered about, as though they had forgotten the chase and the wild-wood.

Merry was the folk with that fair tide, and the promise of the harvest, and the joy of life, and there was no weapon among them so close to the houses, save here and there the boar-spear of some herdman or herdwoman late come from the meadow.

Tall, and for the most part comely, were both men and women; the most of them light-haired and gray-eyed, with cheek-bones somewhat high; white of skin but for the sun's burning, and the wind's parching, and whereas they were tanned of a very ruddy and cheerful hue. But the thralls were some of them of a shorter and darker breed, black-haired also and dark-eyed, lighter of limb; sometimes better knit, but sometimes crookeder of leg and knottier of arm. But some also were of build and hue not much unlike to the freemen; and these doubtless came of some other folk of the Goths which had given way in battle before the Men of the Mark, either they or their fathers. Moreover, some of the freemen were unlike their fellows and kindred, being slenderer and closer knit, and black-haired, but gray-eyed withal; and

amongst these were one or two who exceeded in beauty all others of the House.

Now the sun was set, and the gloaming was at point to begin, and the shadowless twilight lay upon the earth. The nightingales on the borders of the wood sang ceaselessly from the scattered hazel-trees above the green sward where the grass was cropped down close by the nibbling of the rabbits; but in spite of their song and the divers voices of the men-folk about the houses, it was an evening on which sounds from aloof can be well heard, since noises carry far at such tides.

Suddenly, they who were on the edge of those throngs and were the less noisy, held themselves as if to listen; and a group that had gathered about a minstrel to hear his story fell hearkening also round about the silenced and hearkening tale-teller; some of the dancers and singers noted them, and in their turn stayed the dance, and kept silence to hearken; and so from group to group spread the change till all were straining their eyes to hearken the tidings. Already the men of the night-shift had heard it, and the shepherds of them had turned about, and were trotting smartly back through the lanes of the tall wheat, but the horseherds were now scarce seen on the darkening meadows, as they galloped on fast toward their herds to drive home the stallions. For what they had heard was the tidings of war.

There was a sound in the air as of an humble-bee close to the ear of one lying on a grassy bank; or whiles as of a cow afar in the meadow lowing in the afternoon when milking-time draws nigh; but it was ever shriller than the one, and fuller than the other; for it changed at whiles, though after the first sound of it, it did not rise or fall, because the eve was windless. You might hear at once that for all it was afar, it was a great and mighty sound; nor did any that hearkened doubt what it was but all knew it for the blast of the great war-horn of the Elkins, whose Roof lay up Mirkwood-water next to the Roof of the Wolfings.

So those little throngs broke up at once; and all the freemen, and of the thralls a good many flocked, both men and women, to the Man's-door of the hall, and

streamed in quietly and with little talk, as men knowing that they should hear all in due season.

Within under the Hall-Sun, amidst the woven stories of time past, sat the elders and chief warriors on the dais, and amidst of all a big, strong man of forty winters, his dark beard a little grizzled, his eyes big and gray. Before him on the board lay the great war-horn of the Wolfings carved out of a tusk of a sea-whale of the North, and with many devices on it, and the Wolf amidst them all; its golden mouthpiece and rim wrought finely with flowers. There it abode the blowing until the spoken word of some messenger should set forth the tidings borne on the air by the horn of the Elks.

But the name of the dark-haired chief was Thiodolf (to wit, Folk-wolf), and he was deemed the wisest man of the Wolfings and the best man of his bands, and of heart the most dauntless. Beside him sat the fair woman called Hall-Sun; for she was his foster-daughter before men's eyes; and she was black-haired and gray-eyed like to her fosterer, and never woman fashioned fairer; she was young of years, scarce twenty winters old. There sat the chiefs and elders on the dais, and round about stood the kindred intermingled with the thralls, and no man spake, for they were awaiting sure and certain tidings: and when all were come in who had a mind to, there was so great a silence in the hall, that the song of the nightingales on the wood-edge sounded clear and loud therein, and even the clink of the bats about the upper windows could be heard. Then, amidst the hush of men-folk and the sounds of the life of the earth came another sound that made all turn their eyes toward the door; and this was the pad-pad of someone running on the trodden and summer-dried ground anigh the hall; it stopped for a moment at the Man's-door, and the door opened, and the throng parted, making way for the man that entered and came hastily up to the midst of the table that stood on the dais athwart the hall, and stood there panting, holding forth in his outstretched hand something which not all could see in the dimness of the hall-twilight, but which all knew nevertheless. The man was young, lithe, and slender,

and had no raiment but linen breeches round his middle and skin shoes on his feet. As he stood there gathering his breath for speech, Thiodolf stood up and poured mead into a drinking-horn and held it out toward the new-comer, and spake, but in rhyme and measure:

“Welcome, thou evening farer, and holy be thine head,
Since thou hast sought unto us in the heart of the Wolf-
ing’s stead;
Drink now of the horn of the mighty, and call a health if
thou wilt
O’er the eddies of the mead-horn to the washing out of
guilt.
For thou com’st to the peace of the Wolfings, and our very
guest thou art,
And meseems as I behold thee that I look on a child of the
Hart.”

But the man put the horn from him with a hasty hand,
and none said another word to him until he had gotten
his breath again; and then he said:

“All hail, ye Wood-Wolf’s children! nought may I drink
the wine,
For the mouth and the maw that I carry this eve are
nought of mine!
And my feet are the feet of the people, since the world
went forth that tide,
O Elf here of the Hartings, no longer shalt thou bide
In any house of the Markmen than to speak the word and
wend
Till all men know the tidings, and thine errand hath an
end.
Behold, O Wolves, the token, and say if it be true!
I bear the shaft of battle that is four-wise cloven through,
And its each end dipped in the blood-stream, both the iron
and the horn,
And its midmost scathed with the fire; and the word that
I have borne
Along with this war-token is, Wolfings of the Mark,
Whenso ye see the war-shaft, by the daylight or the dark,

Busk ye to battle faring, and leave all work undone,
Save the gathering for the hand-play at the rising of the
sun.

Three days hence is the hoisting, and thither bear along
Your wains and your kine for the slaughter, lest the
journey should be long.

For great is the Folk, saith the tidings, that against the
Markmen come,

In a far-off land is their dwelling, whenso they sit at home,
And Welsh is their tongue, and we wot not of the word
that is in their mouth,

As they march a-many together from the cities of the
South."

Therewith he held up yet for a minute the token of the
war-arrows, ragged and burnt and bloody; and turning
about with it in his hand went his way through the open
door, none hindering; and when he was gone, it was as
if the token were still in the air there against the heads
of the living men, and the heads of the woven warriors,
so intently had all gazed at it; and none doubted the
tidings or the token. Then said Thiodolf:

"Forth will we Wolfing children, and cast a sound abroad:
The mouth of the sea-beast's weapon shall speak the
battle-word;

And ye warriors hearken and hasten and dight the weed
of war,

And then to acre and meadow wend ye adown no more,
For this work shall be for the women to drive our neat
from the mead,

And to yoke the wains, and to load them as the men of
war have need."

Out then they streamed from the Hall, and no man was
left therein save the fair Hall-Sun, sitting under the
lamp whose name she bore. But to the highest of the
slope they went, where was a mound made higher by
man's handiwork; thereon stood Thiodolf and handled
the horn, turning his face toward the downward course
of Mirkwood-water; and he set the horn to his lips, and

blew a long blast, and then again, and yet again the third time; and all the sounds of the gathering night were hushed under the sounds of the roaring of the war-horn of the Wolfings; and the kin of the Beamings heard it as they sat in their hall, and they sat there ready to hearken to the bearer of the tidings who should follow on the sound of the war-blast.—*Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*

THE STAY-AT-HOME PEOPLE.

But the stay-at-home people who had come down with them to the meadow lingered long in that place; and much foreboding there was among them of evil to come; and of the old folk, some remembered tales of the past days of the Markmen, and how they had come from the ends of the earth, and the mountains where none dwell now but the gods of their kindreds; and many of these tales told of their woes and their wars as they went from river to river and from wildwood to wildwood before they had established their houses in the Mark, and fallen to dwelling there season by season and year by year, whether the days were good or ill. And it fell into their hearts that now at last may happen was their abiding wearing out to an end, and that the day should soon be when they should have to bear the Hall-Sun through the wildwood, and seek a new dwelling-place afar from the troubling of these newly arisen Welsh foemen.

And so those of them who could not rid themselves of this foreboding were somewhat heavier of heart than their wont was when the House went to the War. For long had they abided there in the Mark, and the life was sweet to them which they knew, and the life which they knew not was bitter to them.—*Tale of the House of the Wolfings.*

MORRISON, ARTHUR, an English novelist and essayist; born at London in 1863. He was for several years secretary to a charity-trust in the east end of London, where he studied the life and character of the lower classes and thus came to write *Tales of Mean Streets* (1895), a book that made him famous on two continents. His later works include *A Child of the Jago* (1896); *Martin Hewett, Investigator* (1896); *The Darrington Deed-box* (1897); *To London Town* (1899); *The Red Triangle* (1903), and *The Hole in the Wall* (1904). The last-named story is one of the most powerful and dramatic novels of the present day. "The Hole in the Wall" is the name of a public-house in Wapping, frequented by sailors, long-shoremen, and the loafers of Ratcliffe Highway. A stolen pocket-book, containing £800 in bank-notes, is entrusted by a thief of the locality to his pal to sell to the landlord of "The Hole in the Wall." This is the episode upon which the story is based.

ON THE STAIRS.

The house had been "genteel." When trade was prospering in the East End, and the ship-fitter or block-maker thought it no shame to live in the parish where his workshop lay, such a master had lived here. Now, it was a tall, solid, well-bricked, ugly house, grimy and paintless in the joinery, cracked and patched in the windows; where the front door stood open all day long, and the womankind sat on the steps, talking of sickness and deaths and the cost of things; and treacherous holes lurked in the carpet of road-soil on the stairs and in the passage. For when eight families live in a house, nobody buys a door-mat, and the street was one of those streets

that are always muddy. It smelled, too, of many things, none of them pleasant (one was fried fish); but for all that it was not a slum.

Three flights up, a gaunt woman with bare forearms stayed on her way to listen at a door which, opening, let out a warm, fetid waft from a close sick-room. A bent and tottering old woman stood on the threshold, holding the door behind her.

"An' is 'e no better now, Mrs. Curtis?" the gaunt woman asked, with a nod at the opening.

The old woman shook her head, and pulled the door closer. Her jaw waggled loosely in her withered chaps: "Nor won't be, till 'e's gone." Then after a certain pause: "'E's goin'," she said.

"Don't doctor give no 'ope?"

"Lor' bless ye, I don't want to ast no doctors," Mrs. Curtis replied, with something not unlike a chuckle. "I've seed too many on 'em. The boy's a-goin' fast; I can see that. An' then"—she gave the handle another tug, and whispered—"he's been called." She nodded amain. "Three seprit knocks at the bed-head las' night; an' I know what *that* means!"

The gaunt woman raised her brows, and nodded. "Ah, well," she said, "we all on us comes to it some day, sooner or later. An' it's often a 'appy release."

The two looked into space beyond each other, the elder with a nod and a croak. Presently the other pursued: "'E's been a very good son, ain't 'e?"

"Ay, ay—well enough son to me," responded the old woman, a little pœvishly; "an' I'll 'ave 'im put away decent, though there's on'y the Union for me after. I can do that, thank Gawd!" she added, meditatively, as, chin on fist, she stared into the thickening dark over the stairs.

"When I lost my pore 'usband," said the gaunt woman, with a certain brightening, "I give 'im a 'andsome funeral. 'E was a Odd Feller, an' I got twelve pound. I 'ad a oak caufin an' a open 'earse. There was a kerridge for the fam'ly an' one for 'is mates—two 'orses each, an' feathers, an' mutes; an' it went the furtherst way round to the cimitry. 'Wotever 'appens, Mrs. Manders,' says the undertaker, 'you'll feel as you're treated 'im proper; nobody

can't reproach you over that.' An' they couldn't. 'E was a good 'usband to me, an' I buried 'im respectable."

The gaunt woman exulted. The old, old story of Manders's funeral fell upon the other one's ears with a freshened interest, and she mumbled her gums ruminantly. "Bob'll 'ave a 'ansome buryin', too," she said. "I can make it up, with the insurance money, an' this, an' that. On'y I dunno about mutes. It's a expense."

In the East End, when a woman has not enough money to buy a thing much desired, she does not say so in plain words; she says the thing is an "expense," or a "great expense." It means the same thing, but it sounds better. Mrs. Curtis had reckoned her resources, and found that mutes would be an "expense." At a cheap funeral mutes cost half a sovereign and their liquor. Mrs. Manders said as much.

"Yus, yus, 'arf a sovereign," the old woman assented. Within, the sick man feebly beat the floor with a stick. "I'm a-comin'," she cried, shrilly; "yus, 'arf a sovereign, but it's a lot, an' I don't see 'ow I'm to do it—not at present." She reached for the door-handle again, but stopped and added, by after-thought: "Unless I don't 'ave no ploods."

"It 'ud be a pity not to 'ave ploods. I 'ad—"

There were footsteps on the stairs; then a stumble and a testy word. Mrs. Curtis peered over into the gathering dark. "Is it the doctor, sir?" she asked. It was the doctor's assistant; and Mrs. Manders tramped up to the next landing as the door of the sick-room took him in.

For five minutes the stairs were darker than ever. Then the assistant, a very young man, came out again, followed by the old woman with a candle. Mrs. Manders listened in the upper dark. "He's sinking fast," said the assistant. "He *must* have a stimulant. Doctor Mansell ordered port wine. Where is it?" Mrs. Curtis mumbled dolorously. "I tell you he *must* have it," he averred with unprofessional emphasis (his qualification was only a month old). "The man can't take solid food, and his strength must be kept up somehow. Another day may make all the difference. Is it because you can't afford it?"

"It's a expense — sich a expense, doctor," the old woman pleaded. "An' wot with 'arf-pints o' milk an'—" She grew inarticulate, and mumbled dismally.

"But he must have it, Mrs. Curtis, if it's your last shilling; it's the only way. If you mean you absolutely haven't the money—" And he paused a little awkwardly. He was not a wealthy young man — wealthy young men do not devil for East End doctors — but he was conscious of a certain haul of sixpences at nap the night before; and, being inexperienced, he did not foresee the career of persecution whereon he was entering at his own expense and of his own motion. He produced five shillings: "If you absolutely haven't the money, why — take this and get a bottle — good. Not at a public-house. But mind, *at once*. He should have had it before."

It would have interested him, as a matter of coincidence, to know that his principal had been guilty of the self-same indiscretion — even the amount was identical — on that landing the day before. But, as Mrs. Curtis said nothing of this, he floundered down the stair and out into the wetter mud, pondering whether or not the beloved son of a Congregational minister might take full credit for a deed of charity on the proceeds of sixpenny nap. But Mrs. Curtis puffed her wrinkles, and shook her head sagaciously as she carried in her candle. From the room came a clink as of money falling into a teapot. And Mrs. Manders went about her business.

The door was shut, and the stair a pit of blackness. Twice a lodger passed down, and up and down, and still it did not open. Men and women walked on the lower flights, and out at the door, and in again. From the street a shout or a snatch of laughter floated up the pit. On the pavement footsteps rang crisper and fewer, and from the bottom passage there were sounds of stagger and sprawl. A demented old clock buzzed divers hours at random, and was rebuked every twenty minutes by the regular tread of a policeman on his beat. Finally, somebody shut the street-door with a great bang, and the street was muffled. A key turned inside the door on the landing, but that was all. A feeble light shone for hours along the crack below, and then went out. The crazy old

clock went buzzing on, but nothing left that room all night. Nothing that opened the door. . . .

When next the key turned, it was to Mrs. Manders's knock, in the full morning; and soon the two women came out on the landing together, Mrs. Curtis with a shapeless clump of bonnet. "Ah, 'e's a lovely corpse," said Mrs. Manders. "Like wax. So was my 'usband."

"I must be stirrin'," croaked the old woman, "an' go about the insurance an' the measurin' an' that. There's lots to do."

"Ah, there is. 'Oo are you goin' to 'ave — Wilkins? I 'ad Wilkins. Better than Kedge, I think; Kedge's mutes dresses rusty, an' their trousis is frayed. If you was thinkin' of 'avin' mutes —"

"Yus, yus" — with a palsied nodding — "I'm a-goin' to 'ave mutes; I can do it respectable, thank Gawd!"

"And the ploods?"

"Ay, yus, and the ploods too. They ain't sich a great expense, after all." — *Tales of Mean Streets.*

MORSE, JEDEDIAH, an American clergyman and historian; born at Woodstock, Conn., August 23, 1761; died at New Haven, June 9, 1826. He was graduated from Yale in 1783; was tutor there from 1786 to 1789, when he was installed pastor of a Congregational church at Charlestown, Mass. He bore a part in the theological controversies of the time, and, in 1805, founded the *Panoplist*, a religious magazine. He resigned his pastorate in 1820, and was commissioned by Government to visit the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and investigate their condition. Two years later he made an exhaustive report, forming a volume of four hundred closely printed pages. He was the earliest American geographer,

commencing his work in this capacity with a small volume printed in 1784. This was followed year by year with larger geographies and gazetteers. He also wrote a compendious *History of New England* (1804); *Annals of the American Revolution* (1824), and from time to time published nearly thirty *Sermons and Addresses*. One of his sons, Samuel F. B. Morse (1797-1872), was the originator of electric telegraphing. Another son, Sidney E. Morse (1794-1871), was the founder of the New York *Observer*.

THE AMERICAN INDIANS IN 1820.

The nature of the subject precludes accuracy. No individual can visit the whole territory inhabited by the Indians, and personally make the necessary inquiries. Even this, could it be done, would not prevent mistakes. Information is derived from many sources, on which different degrees of reliance are to be placed. No standard of spelling and pronouncing Indian names has yet been agreed upon, though we have several learned and able dissertations on this subject. The same tribes are called by different names by the French, English, and Spaniards, and even by the Indians themselves. The Winnebago tribe, for example, is called by the French *Puant*; by the Sioux, *Ho-ton-ka*; among themselves their name is *O-sun-gu-lap*. The Fox tribe is called by Chippewas, *Oh-tah-gah-mie*; by the Sauks or Sacs, *Mus-quah-kie*; by the Sioux, *Mich-en-dicker*; by the Winnebagoes, *Ozsher-a-ka*; by the French, *Renard*; and so of others. Our acquaintance with many tribes is but commencing, and with many more we have only the uncertain information of travellers who have barely passed through, or only near their villages. I can only say that I have been fully aware of these difficulties, and have met them with diligence and fidelity; and have employed my best and most assiduous endeavors to lay before the Government as full and correct a view of the numbers and actual situation of the whole Indian population within their

jurisdiction as my information and materials would admit. It is a subject indeed in which accuracy is not now required. Enough is given for present use, enough to show us our object with sufficient distinctness, and to commence our operations for the attainment of it. Our advances in knowledge of the names, numbers, and situation of the Western tribes will keep pace with the advances of our operations. We shall always know enough on the subject to enable us to do *present duty*.—*Introduction to Report on the Indians.*

SECURING ALLIES.

Captain Church attended General Winslow as a volunteer in the Narragansett expedition, waxed valiant in fight, rushed into the fort, was badly wounded by two balls, and, though unable to stand, refused to be carried off, till the enemy were driven from their shelter. . . .

Soon after his return, he removed his family from Duxbury to Rhode Island, for their greater security, intending to engage in agricultural labor; but he no sooner took a tool in his hand than he cut off one finger, and badly wounded another. He pleasantly said he thought he was wrong in leaving the war, and would return to war again. Accordingly, he went to Plymouth, agreed with the Government, and returned to raise men. Passing Seconet Point, he spoke with some Indians on the rocks, and appointed an interview with Awashonks, and some of her principal men. At Rhode Island he requested a permit to hold the treaty. They told him he was mad, that the rogues would certainly kill him. At length they consented he should go, and take only two friendly Indians with him; but they would give him no written permit. Buying a roll of tobacco and a bottle of rum, he visited his family, who were almost overwhelmed with apprehensions of danger; yet he obtained their consent, and . . . proceeded on his embassy. Landing at Seconet, he was kindly received by the queen and a few attendants, according to previous appointment. But walking from the water to find a convenient place to

sit down, a great body of Indians, who had been concealed in the tall grass, rose up and surrounded them, armed with hatchets, guns, and spears; their faces painted, and hair trimmed in style of war. The sight was terrible, and doubtless our gentleman was surprised; yet he retained his presence of mind, and calmly said to the queen, "When people treat of peace, they lay aside their arms." Perceiving that the savages looked surly, he added, "they might only carry their guns at a small distance for formality." Thus he managed them, by showing neither fear nor jealousy. Laying aside their guns they sat down. He then affably drank, and circulated his rum and tobacco. They soon engaged "that they would submit to the Government of Plymouth, and serve them in what they were able, if their lives might be spared and none of them transported out of the country." They were soon ordered to Sandwich, where Church visited them, after going to Plymouth for liberty of employing them as soldiers. Arriving at Sandwich, he and his attendants were conducted to a shelter, open on one side, where Awashonks and her chief soon paid him a visit, and the multitude made the air ring with their shouts. Near the open side of the shelter, a huge pile of dry pine was soon raised, which, after supper, was set on fire. The Indians gathered round, Awashonks, with her oldest people, kneeling down, formed the first circle, next to the fire; all the stout men, standing up, made the next; the rabble surrounded them in another circle. The chief warrior then stepped between the circles and the fire with a spear in one hand and a hatchet in the other, dancing round, and fighting the fire. Calling over the tribes of Indians who were hostile to the English, at the mention of each tribe he would draw out and fight a new fire-brand. Finishing the fight with the brand, he would bow and thank it. So he proceeded, naming and fighting all the tribes and nations. Sticking down his weapons, he retired, and a second performed the same dance, fighting with new fury. When half-a-dozen chiefs had thus acted their parts, the captain of the guard told Mr. Church they had been making soldiers for him, that this was "all one swearing them." Having in this manner

engaged all the stout men, Awashonks and her captains came to Mr. Church and said, "Now we are all engaged to fight for the English. You may call forth all, or any part of us, at any time, as you have occasion to fight the enemy." They then presented him with a fine firelock. He accepted their offer, took a number of their men, and the next morning, before light, marched for Plymouth, where, July 24, 1676, he received a commission and reinforcement to fight the enemy.—*Annals of the American Revolution*.

ORSE, JOHN TORREY, an American biographer and historian; born at Boston, Mass., January 9, 1840. He was graduated from Harvard in 1860, was lecturer of history there in 1876-79, and in 1876 became overseer of that university. He served one term in the Massachusetts Legislature. For two years he edited with Henry Cabot Lodge the *International Review*, to which he contributed various articles. His works include *Treatise on the Law Relating to Banks and Banking* (1870); *Law of Arbitration and Award* (1872); *Famous Trials* (1874); *Life of Alexander Hamilton* (1876), and *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes* (1896). Mr. Morse has edited a series of lives of American statesmen, and is the author of the volumes on *John Quincy Adams* (1883); *Thomas Jefferson* (1883); *John Adams* (1884); *Abraham Lincoln* (1893).

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In his conscientious way he [John Quincy Adams] was faithful and industrious to a rare degree. He was never absent and seldom late; he bore unflinchingly

the burden of severe committee work, and shirked no toil on the plea of age or infirmity. He attended closely to all the business of the House; carefully formed his opinions on every question; never failed to vote except for cause; and always had sufficient reason independent of party allegiance to sustain his vote. Living in the age of oratory, he earned the name of "the old man eloquent." Yet he was not an orator in the sense in which Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were orators. He was not a rhetorician; he had neither grace of manner nor a fine presence, neither an imposing delivery nor even pleasing tones. On the contrary he was exceptionally lacking in all these qualities.

When he entered Congress he had been for much more than a third of a century zealously gathering knowledge in public affairs, and during his career in that body every year swelled the already vast accumulation. Moreover, listeners were always sure to get a bold and honest utterance and often pretty keen words from him, and he never spoke to an inattentive audience or to a thin house. Whether pleased or incensed by what he said, the Representatives at least always listened to it. He was by nature a hard fighter, and by the circumstances of his course in Congress this quality was stimulated to such a degree that parliamentary history does not show his equal as a gladiator. His power of invective was extraordinary, and he was untiring in the use of it. Theoretically he disapproved of sarcasm, but practically he could not refrain from it. Men winced and cowered before his milder attacks, became sometimes dumb, sometimes furious with mad rage before his fiercer assaults. Such struggles evidently gave him pleasure, and there was scarce a back in Congress that did not at one time or another feel the score of his cutting lash; though it was the Southerners and the Northern allies of the Southerners whom chiefly he singled out for torture. He was irritable and quick to wrath; he himself constantly speaks of the infirmity of his temper, and in his many conflicts his principal concern was to keep it in control. His enemies often referred to it and twitted him with it. Of alliances he was careless, and friendships he had al-

most none. But in the creation of enmities he was terribly successful. Not so much at first, but increasingly as years went on, a state of ceaseless, vigilant hostility became his normal condition. From the time when he fairly entered upon the long struggle against slavery, he enjoyed few peaceful days in the House. But he seemed to thrive upon the warfare, and to be never so well pleased as when he was bandying hot words with slave-holders and the Northern supporters of slave-holders. When the air of the House was thick with crimination and abuse he seemed to suck in fresh vigor and spirit from the hate-laden atmosphere. When invectives fell around him in showers, he screamed back his retaliation with untiring rapidity and marvellous dexterity of aim. No odds could appall him. With his back set firm against a solid moral principle, it was his joy to strike out at a multitude of foes. They lost their heads as well as their tempers, but in the extremest moments of excitement and anger, Mr. Adams's brain seemed to work with machine-like coolness and accuracy. With flushed face, streaming eyes, animated gesticulation, and cracking voice, he always retained perfect mastery of all his intellectual faculties. He thus became a terrible antagonist, whom all feared, yet fearing could not refrain from attacking, so bitterly and incessantly did he choose to exert his wonderful power of exasperation. Few men could throw an opponent into wild, blind fury with such speed and certainty as he could; and he does not conceal the malicious gratification which such feats brought to him. A leader of such fighting capacity, so courageous, with such a magazine of experience and information, and with a character so irreproachable, could have won brilliant victories in public life at the head of even a small band of devoted followers. But Mr. Adams never had, and apparently never wanted followers. Other prominent public men were brought not only into collision but into comparison with their contemporaries. But Mr. Adams's individuality was so strong that he can be compared with no one. It was not an individuality of genius nor to any remarkable extent of mental qualities; but rather an individuality of character.—*John Quincy Adams.*

 MOSCHUS, a Greek poet who flourished at Syracuse, in Sicily, about 160 B.C. He was probably a contemporary of Theocritus, and certainly a pupil of Bion. Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus form the Syracusan school of pastoral poetry, and their works are usually printed together in one small volume. The extant works of Moschus consist of four Idyls and a few fragments. The *Elegy upon Bion* — about half of which is here given — was evidently in Milton's mind when he composed his *Lycidas*.

ELEGY FOR BION.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Wail, let me hear you wail, ye woodland glades, and wail
 Ye Dorian streams; ye rivers all for Bion weep,
 Bion, the loved. All ye green things of earth lament;
 Mourn him, ye groves; and sadly breathe yourselves away,
 Ye clustered flowers; redden, ye roses, in your grief;
 Wax red, ye anemones; and thou, hyacinth,
 In sad tone lisp the letters upon thee inscribed,
 And to thy tinted petals add a deeper *Ai!*
 For he is dead — the most beloved singer — dead.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Ye nightingales, that 'mid the shaking leaves lament;
 To the Sicilian founts of Arethusa tell
 That Bion, the loved swain, is dead, and that with him
 The song hath ceased — expired the Dorian minstrelsy.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Who now upon thy pipe shall play, O trebly mourned?
 Who now upon thy pipe shall dare to place his lips?
 For still thy lips are breathing — still their breath survives;

Echo among the reeds still feeds upon thy notes.
 To Pan shall I present thy pipe? Nay, for perchance
 Even he would fearful be to touch his lips thereto,
 Lest, after thee, he but the second prize should win.

Begin, Sicilian Muses now begin the dirge.

This, Meles, thou most musical of rivers, this
 Is thy second sorrow, this thy newest love,
 Of old thou didst thy Homer lose; men say that thou
 Didst wail thy goodly son with floods of falling tears,
 And the salt sea didst with thy lamentation fill;
 And now again dost thou bemoan another son,
 And with another sorrow thou dost waste away.
 They both were lovers of the fountains: Homer quaffed
 From the Pegasean fount, from Arethusa
 Bion was wont to drink. One sang of Thetis's son,
 And the Atridæ, of Tyndaraus's daughter sang.
 But not of warlike deeds or tears the other sang;
 Tending his herds, of Pan he sang; of herdsmen sang.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Each famous city mourns thee, Bion, mourn all towns:
 Ascia for thee more than for her Hesiod grieves;
 Bœotian Hylas doth far less for Pindar wail;
 Not for Alcæus did sweet Lesbos so much mourn,
 Nor the fair Ceian town her bard, Simonides;
 For thee, more than for Archilochus, Paros moans;
 Instead of Sappho's, Mytilene sings thy songs.
 For thee Sicilidas, the pride of Samos, weeps;
 Once — smiling Lycidas, now deep lamenting, groans
 With the Cydonians, Philetus wails at Cos
 Beside the river Halys; Theocritus weeps
 Among the Syracusans. But for thee I raise
 The sad Ausonian strain: I who no stranger am
 To thy loved rural song; who am inheritor
 Of that sweet Dorian minstrelsy which thou didst teach
 Thy pupils. To others thou didst indeed bequeath
 Thy wealth; but unto me, more honored, left thy song.

Begin, Sicilian Muses, now begin the dirge.

Ai! Ai! The mallows in the garden lying dead,
Or the green parsley, or the anise, crisp and sweet,
They have another life, and in the coming year
Spring forth. But we, the great, the valiant, or the wise
Of men, when once we die, within the hollow ground
We sleep the still, the endless, unawakening sleep.
Thou likewise shall voiceless lie; while the Nymphs
ordain

That the hoarse frog shall croak on eternally.

— *Translation of* ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

SEA AND SHORE.

When winds that move not its calm surface sweep
The azure sea, I love the land no more,
The smiles of the serene and tranquil deep
Tempt my unquiet mind. But when the roar
Of ocean's gray abyss resounds, and foam
Gathers upon the sea, and vast waves burst,
I turn from the drear aspect to the home
Of earth and its deep woods, where, interspersed,
When winds blow loud, pines make sweet melody.
Whose house is some lone bark, whose toil the sea,
Whose prey the wandering fish, an evil lot
Has chosen. But I my languid limbs will fling
Beneath the plane, where the brook, murmuring.
Moves the calm spirit, but disturbs it not.

— *Translation of* PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

M OSEN, JULIUS, a German poet and dramatist;
born at Marieney, Voigtland, Saxony, July
8, 1803; died at Oldenburg, October 10,
1867. He was privately educated at home until the
age of fourteen; then at the gymnasium of Plauen;

and afterward at the University of Jena. He traveled in Italy in 1824; and in 1826 he made a special visit to Florence and Venice. In the following year he went to Leipsic, where he passed his examination in law at the university. He went home for a while; but seeing little prospect of earning a living at the law, and being reduced to extreme poverty, he became very despondent. The July Revolution, however, aroused him, and he went back to Leipsic and got out his novel *George Venlot*. He held a public office in Kohren from 1831 to 1834, when he removed to Dresden to practice law. In 1844 he was appointed official playwright at the Court theatre of Oldenburg, where he spent the rest of his life. His best-known poem is *Ahasver* (1838), a philosophical treatment of the legend of the Wandering Jew. His *Gedichte* were published in 1836. Of his philosophical historical dramas the best are *Die Bräute von Florenz* *Der Sohn des Fürsten Kaiser Otto III.*; *Heinrich der Finkler*; *Cola Rienzi*, and *Herzog Bernhard von Weimar*. In these, his ideas concerning the philosophy of history are illustrated by the representative personages of the plays.

THE STATUE ABOVE THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

Forms of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle, wound about him,
As their robes the sowers wind,
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
Oh, were I like him exalted,
I would be, like him, a child.

And my songs — green leaves and blossoms —
Up to heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSS-BILL.

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy-rood!"

And that bird is called the cross-bill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

MÖSER, JUSTUS, a German historian and essayist; born at Osnabrücke, December 14, 1720; died January 8, 1794. He studied jurisprudence at Jena and Göttingen, where he gave much attention also to modern languages and literatures. He occupied a number of very important governmental offices. He was an ardent and sincere lover of the Fatherland, and has been called the father of modern German historiography. Before his time the history of Germany had been generally made up of names and dates of battles and of reigning houses; but Möser wrote from the standpoint of an observer of the progress of the laws, customs, habits, and conditions of the people. In 1768 he published his famous *Osnabrückische Geschichte*, in which he recommended to students of history the careful investigation of the antiquities of Germany. Another of his most influential works was a collection of essays which he issued in 1774 under the title *Patriotische Phantasien*.

A HAPPY OLD COUPLE.

A love which seeks to conquer and a love which has conquered are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero; it excites in him fear, hope, desire; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover; he has not like him to fear, to hope, and to desire; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be a conquest. The best husband is also the most useful and active member of society. The necessity for occupation

and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly, by the silver brook or under the beech-tree. When we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him, by having mind of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

MOSS, THOMAS, an English poet; born in 1740; died in 1808. He was minister of Brierly Hill and of Trentham, Staffordshire. In 1769 he published a volume of miscellaneous *Poems*, and in 1783 a poem entitled *The Imperfection of Human Enjoyment*. Of the poems in his first volume, one, *The Beggar*, has been given a place in most of the English anthologies.

When his poem beginning "Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!" had been for some time published without credit being given to the author, a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who signed himself "Salophiensis," issued the following letter under date November 16, 1790: "Permit me to render justice to an injured poet. The little poem called *The Beggar's Petition*, well known for its beautiful and pathetic simplicity, has, by the force of its intrinsic merit, found its way into almost every collection which has been made for several years past; but, what I think a great injustice to the author, has always been inserted without a name. Whilst every admirer of genuine poetry is delighted with its beauties, the author's name is only known in the circle of his friends. I wish, therefore, to publish to the world that it was written by the Rev. Thomas Moss, minister of Brierly Hill Chapel, in the parish of King's Swinford, in the County of Stafford."

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;

Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect, drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes — why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn.
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter — once the comfort of my age! —
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife — sweet soother of my care! —

Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell — lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;

Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

MOTHERWELL, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Glasgow, October 13, 1797; died there, November 1, 1835. His father soon removed from Glasgow to Edinburgh, where the boy was placed in the High School in 1808. The next year he was sent to an uncle, an iron founder of Paisley. Here he studied in the grammar-school until he was fifteen years old, when he entered the office of the Sheriff-clerk. In 1819 he was appointed Sheriff-clerk Deputy of the county of Renfrew. He retained the office for ten years, giving his leisure to editorial work and to poetry. He published *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of poems, some of which were original, in 1819, and *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, in 1827. The following year he edited the *Paisley Advertiser*, and in 1830 was invited to take charge of the *Glasgow Courier*. He retained the editorship of this paper until his death. In 1832 he published a collection of his poems, with the title, *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule!
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows o'er my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit each other weel,
'Twas then we twa did part,
Sweet time, sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on a laigh bink
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down o'er ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye, how we hung our heads,
How cheeks burnt red wi' shame,

Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
 We cleeked thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
 (The scule then skail't at noon,)
 When we ran off to speel the braes,—
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head runs round and round about,
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule time and o' thee.
 O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
 O lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like summer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
 The deavin' dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burnside,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees,
 And we with Nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn,
 For hours thegither sat
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled down your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,

When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled — unsung !

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye have been to me?
O, tell me, gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed .
O' bygane days and me !

I'VE PLUCKED THE BERRY.

I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut
from the tree,
But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me;
I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly
peer
With their wild eyes like glittering beads, to note if
harm were near;
I passed them by and blessed them all; I felt that it was
good

To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home is in
the wood.

And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth
sing,

He pecks his swelling breast and neck and trims his little
wing,

He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on
that spray,

I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay;
Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with sum-
mer gladness,

It has been aching many a day with measures full of
sadness!

WHAT IS GLORY? WHAT IS FAME?

What is Glory? What is Fame?

The echo of a long-lost name;

A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;

The shadow of an arrant naught;

A flower that blossoms for a day,

Dying next morrow;

A stream that hurries on its way,

Singing of sorrow;

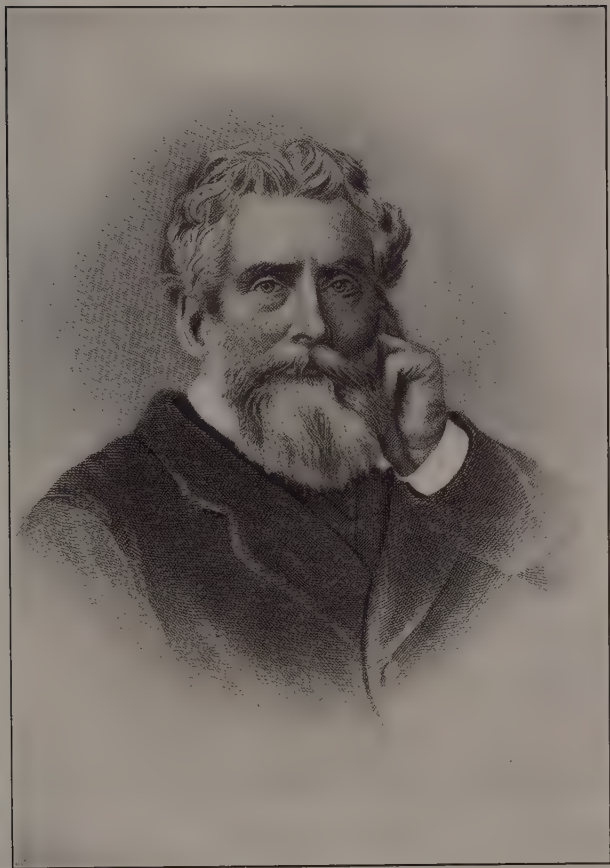
The last drop of a bootless shower,

Shed on a sere and leafless bower;

A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast,—

This is the World's fame at the best!

OTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP, an American his-
torian; born at Dorchester, Mass., April 15,
1814; died at Dorset, England, May 29,
1877. He entered Harvard College at the age of thir-
teen, and was graduated four years afterward. He
then studied in the German universities of Berlin and



JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

Göttingen, where he became intimate with Bismarck, with whom he maintained friendly relations during his whole life. He wrote two novels, *Morton's Hope* (1839), and *Merry Mount* not long after, though it was not published until 1849. He had become convinced that history, not novel-writing, was his vocation, and as early as 1846 had begun to collect materials for a history of Holland. He went to Europe to gather further materials; and it was ten years before his first history, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, was ready for the press. In 1861, shortly after the publication of the first two volumes of his *History of the United Netherlands*, he was appointed United States Minister to Austria, a position which he held until 1867. In 1869 he was appointed United States Minister to England, but was recalled in the following year. Besides the two novels already mentioned, and many contributions to periodicals, mostly of a historical character, Mr. Motley's works are *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (1856); *History of the United Netherlands* (Vols. I., II., 1860; Vols. III., IV., 1867), and *Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland* (1874). *John Lothrop Motley, a Memoir*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, was published in 1878; and a selection from his *Correspondence*, edited by George William Curtis, in 1889.

LONG LIVE THE BEGGARS.

Brederode invited the confederates to a magnificent repast which he had ordered to be prepared in the Culemburg mansion. Three hundred guests sat down, upon the 8th of April, 1566, to this luxurious banquet, which was destined to become historical. The board glittered with silver and gold, the wine circulated with more than its usual rapidity among the band of noble bacchanals.

There was an earnest discussion as to an appropriate name to be given to the confederacy. Should they call themselves the "Society of Concord," the "Restorers of Lost Liberty," or by what other title should the league be baptized?

Brederode was, however, already prepared to settle the question. He knew the value of a popular and original name; he possessed the instinct by which adroit partisans in every age have been accustomed to convert the reproachful epithets of their opponents into watchwords of honor, and he had already made his preparations for a startling theatrical effect. Suddenly, amid the din of voices, he arose, with all his theatrical powers at command. He recounted to the company the observations which the Seigneur de Berlaymont was reported to have made to the Regent, Duchess of Parma, up the presentation of the "Request," and the name which he had thought fit to apply to them collectively.* Most of the gentlemen then heard the memorable sarcasm for the first time. Great was the indignation of all that the State Counsellor should have dared to stigmatize as beggars a band of gentlemen with the best blood of the land in their veins. Brederode, on the contrary, smoothing their anger, assured them that nothing could be more fortunate. "They call us beggars," said he; "let us accept the name. We will contend with the Inquisition, but remain loyal to the King, even till compelled to wear the beggar's sack."

He then beckoned to one of the pages, who brought him a leathern wallet such as was worn at that day by professional mendicants, together with a large wooden bowl, which also formed part of their regular appurtenances. Brederode immediately hung the wallet around his neck, filled the bowl with wine, lifted it with both hands, and drained it at a draught. "Long live the Beggars!" he cried, as he wiped his beard, and set the bowl down. "*Vivent les Gueulx!*" Then, for the first time, from

* "What, Madame, is it possible that your Highness can entertain fears of these miserable beggars (*gueulx*)? By the living God, if my advice were taken, their Request should have a cudgel for a commentary, and we make them go down the steps of the palace a great deal faster than they mounted them."

the lips of those reckless nobles, rose the famous cry which was so often to ring over land and sea, amid blazing cities, on blood-stained decks, through the smoke and carnage of many a stricken field.

The speech of Brederode was hailed with deafening shouts of applause. The count then threw the wallet around the neck of his nearest neighbor, and handed him the wooden bowl. Each guest, in turn, donned the mendicant's knapsack. Pushing aside his golden goblet, each filled the beggar's bowl to the brim, and drained it to the beggar's health. Roars of laughter, and shouts of "*Vivent les Gueulx!*" shook the walls of the stately mansion, as they were doomed never to shake again. The "shibboleth" was invented. The conjuration which they had been anxiously seeking was found. Their enemies had provided them with a spell which was to prove, in after days, potent enough to start a spirit from palace or hovel, forest or wave, as the deeds of the "Wild Beggars," the "Wood Beggars," and the "Beggars of the Sea," taught Philip at last to understand the nation which he had driven to madness.—*Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

ALVA'S "BLOOD COUNCIL."

In a despatch of September 9, 1567, the Duke of Alva announced to Philip his determination to establish a new Council for the trial of crimes committed during the recent period of troubles. This wonderful tribunal was accordingly created with the least possible delay. It was called the "Council of Troubles," but it soon acquired the terrible name, by which it will be forever known in history, of the "Blood Council." It superseded all other institutions. Every court, from those of the municipal magistrates up to those of the supreme councils of the provinces, was forbidden to take cognizance in future of any cause growing out of the late troubles.

The constitution of this suddenly created court was of a twofold nature. It defined and it punished the crime of treason. The definitions, couched in eighteen articles, declared it to be treason to have delivered or signed any petition against the new Bishops, the Inquisition, or the

Edicts; to have tolerated public preaching under any circumstances; to have omitted resistance to the image-breakers, to the field-preaching, or to the presentation of the Request by the nobles; and, "either, through sympathy or surprise," to have asserted that the king did not possess the right to deprive the provinces of their liberties or to have maintained that the present tribunal was bound to respect, in any manner, any laws or any charters.

In these brief and simple — but common — terms was the crime of high treason defined. The punishment was still more briefly and comprehensively stated: for it was instant death in all cases. So well did this new and terrible engine perform its work, that in less than three months from the time of its erection eighteen hundred human beings had suffered death by its summary proceedings; some of the highest, the noblest, and the most virtuous in the land among the number. Nor had it then manifested the slightest indication of falling in its dread career.— *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

ASSASSINATION OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in a very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved hat of dark felt, with a silken cord around the crown, such as had been worn by the "Beggars" in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggars' medals with the motto, "*Fidèle jusqu' à la besace*;" while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide-slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport, which the Prince directed his secretary to make out for him.

At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the

ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the court-yard. The vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch sunk deep in the wall, and completely in shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window half way up the flight.

The Prince came from the dining-room and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence upon the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound: "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" These were the last words he ever spake, save that when his sister immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master-of-horse had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.—*Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

At the time of the assassination of William of Orange, a small, dull, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding underjaw, and a dreary visage, was sitting day after day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours out of every twenty-four, at a writing-table covered with despatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain. A clerk or two

noiselessly opening and shutting the door from time to time, fetching fresh bundles of letters and taking away others—all written and composed by secretaries or high functionaries, and all to be scrawled over in the margin by the diligent old man, in a big school-boy's hand and style—if every school-boy, even in the sixteenth century, could write so illegibly or express himself so awkwardly; couriers in every court-yard, arriving from or departing for the uttermost parts of the earth—Asia, Africa, America, Europe—to fetch and carry these interminable despatches, which contained the irresponsible commands of this one individual, and were freighted with the doom and destiny of countless millions of the world's inhabitants.

Such was the system of government against which the Netherlands had protested and revolted. It was a system under which their fields had been made desolate; their cities burned and pillaged; their men hanged, burned, drowned, or hacked in pieces; their women subjected to every outrage; and to put an end to which they had been devoting their treasures and their blood for nearly the length of one generation. It was a system, too, which, among other results, had brought about the death of William of Orange, the foremost statesman of Europe, and had nearly effected simultaneously the murder of Elizabeth of England, the most eminent sovereign of the world. The industrious Philip, safe and tranquil in the depth of the Escorial, saying his prayers three times a day with exemplary regularity, had just sent three bullets through the body of William the Silent at his dining-room door in Delft. "Had it only been done two years earlier," observed the patient old man, "much trouble might have been spared me, but it's better late than never."

Invisible as the Grand Lama of Tibet, clothed with power as extensive and absolute as had ever been wielded by the most imperial Cæsar, Philip the Prudent, as he grew feebler in mind and body, seemed to become more gluttonous of work; more ambitious to extend his sceptre over lands which he had never seen or dreamed of seeing; more fixed in his determination to annihilate that monster

Protestantism which it had been the business of his life to combat; more eager to put to death every human creature, whether anointed monarch or humble artisan, that defended heresy or opposed his progress to universal monarchy. — *United Netherlands.*

THE EXECUTION OF BARNEVELD.

It was not to a merry-making that the soldiers were marching and counter-marching, and the citizens thronging so eagerly from every street and alley toward the old castle at The Hague, on the morning of May 13, 1619. By four o'clock the Outer and Inner Courts had been lined with detachments of the guards of Prince Maurice of Orange, Stadtholder of the United Dutch Provinces and companies of other regiments, to the number of 1,200 men.

In front of the lower window, with its Gothic archway hastily converted into a door, a shapeless platform of rough unhewn planks had that night been rudely patched together. This was the scaffold. A slight railing around it served to protect it from the crowd, and a heap of sand had been thrown upon it. A squalid, unclean box of unplanned boards lay on the scaffold; it had been made some time before as the coffin of a Frenchman, who had been convicted of murder, but had been pardoned at the last moment. Upon this coffin sat two common soldiers of ruffianly aspect, playing at dice, and betting whether the Lord or the Devil would get the soul of Barneveld. Many a foul and ribald jest at the expense of the prisoner was exchanged between these gamblers and a few townsmen who were grouped about at that early hour.

The great mass of spectators had forced their way by daybreak into the Hall itself, to hear the sentence, so that the Inner Court-yard had remained comparatively empty. At last, at half-past nine o'clock, a shout arose. "There he comes!" and the populace flowed out from the Hall of Judgment into the Court-yard, like a tidal wave. In an instant the Inner Court was filled with more than three thousand spectators.

The old statesman, leaning upon his staff, walked out

upon the scaffold, and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, "O God! what does man come to at last!" Then he said bitterly once more, "This, then, is the reward of forty years' service done to the State!"

La Motte, who attended him, said, fervently: "It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God."

"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" said Barneveld, looking around him.

The Provost said he would send for one: but the old man knelt at once. His servant, who waited upon him as composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held him by the arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man shed a single tear on the scaffold.

La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, Barneveld remaining upon his knees. He then rose, and said to John Franken: "See that he does not come near me," pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background, grasping his long, double-handled sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. "Make haste; make haste!" said his master.

The statesman then came forward, and said, in a loud, firm voice, to the people, "Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally; and as such I shall die." The crowd was perfectly silent. He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went toward the sand, saying, "Christ be my guide! O Lord, my heavenly Father, receive my spirit!"

As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the Provost said, "My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face." He knelt accordingly with his face toward his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner, "Be quick about it. Be quick." The executioner then struck off his head at a single blow. — *Life of John of Barneveld.*



LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

MOULTON, ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER, an American novelist and poet; born at Pomfret, Conn., April 10, 1835. At fifteen she began to contribute to periodicals, under the name of "Ellen Louise." In 1854 she published *This, That, and the Other*, a volume made of stories, essays, and poems. In 1855 she married William Moulton of Boston. She thereafter contributed largely, in prose and verse, to various periodicals. Her books include *Juno Clifford*, a novel (1855); *My Third Book* (1859); *Bed-Time Stories* (1873); *Some Women's Hearts* (1874); *More Bed-Time Stories* (1875); *Poems* (1877); *Swallow Flights and Other Poems* (1878); *New Bed-Time Stories* (1880); *Random Rambles* (1881); *Firelight Stories* (1883); *Ourselves and Our Neighbors* (1887); *In the Garden of Dreams* (1890); *Stories Told at Twilight* (1890); *Swallow Flights*, poems (1892); *Lazy Tours in Spain and Elsewhere* (1896); *At the Wind's Will* (1899), and *Firelight Stories* (1903).

THE LONDON CABBY.

Shall I ever forget my first solitary experience of the tender mercies of a London cabby? I had been there two weeks, perhaps, and had been driven here and there in friendly company; but at last I was to venture forth alone. It was a Sunday afternoon—a lovely June day, which should have produced a melting mood even in the hard heart of a cabby. I had been bidden to an informal five o'clock tea at the house of a certain poet in a certain quiet "road" among the many "roads" of Kensington. An American friend put me sadly but hopefully into a hansom. I asked him how much I was to pay, and was told eighteen pence. I always ask this question by way of

precaution; but I have found since that there is usually a sad discrepancy of opinion between my friend at the beginning and the driver at the end of the route; however, I had not learned this fact at that early epoch.

"Eighteenpence," said my friend. "I think you'll be all right; but if there's any trouble, you know, you must ask for his number, and I'll have him up for you to-morrow."

I thought he was pretty well "up" already. Indeed the upness, if I may coin a word, of the driver is the most extraordinary thing about a hansom.

I heard my friend announce the street and number of my destination, and the sweet little cherub that sat up aloft make reply:

"The lady knows where she's a-going', don't she?" And then we drove away. To me the drive did not seem long. As I have said, it was a day in June,

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

I could not see much of the sky, however, but I caught, when I strained my eyes upward, glimpses of a great, deep, blue dome, with white clouds drifting across it now and then, like the wings of gigantic birds. As we got a little out of the thick of the town the sweet breath of roses from gardens in bloom filled the air; in the gentle breeze the tree-boughs waved lazily; there was everywhere a brooding warmth and peace which I pleased my democratic heart by thinking that cabby must also enjoy.

Was he not grateful to me, I wondered, for taking him a little off his accustomed tract into these pleasant paths?

Suddenly my reverie was broken by his voice. He had opened the trap in the roof, and was calling down to me from his perch:

"Which o' them turns, ma'am?"

I had never been in Kensington before. I looked on in front, and down the cross street at each side. Instinct failed me; I had not even a conjecture to hazard. I answered mildly, "Why, I don't know, I'm sure."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? well then, I'm sure

I don't. The gentleman said as *you* knew where you was a-goin', or I wouldn't a took you."

Then I spoke severely. The dignity of a free-born American asserted itself. I said:

"I am not driving this cab. I wish to go to 163 Blank Road, but it is not my business to find the way. You can ask the first policeman you see." But the peace of the June afternoon was over. It seemed to me that the very hansom moved sullenly.

We kept bringing up with a jerk at some corner, while cabby shouted out his inquiry, and then we went on again. At last we reached Blank Road. I saw the name on a street sign and soon we drew up before 163. I extracted eighteenpence from my purse, and handed it with sweet serenity to my charioteer. Words fail me to describe the contempt upon his expressive countenance. He turned the money over in his hand and looked at it, as a naturalist might at a curious insect. At length he demanded, in a tone which implied great self-control on his part, —

"Will you tell me what this 'ere money is fur?"

"It is your fare," I said, with a smile which should have melted his heart, but didn't.

"My fare, is it?" and his voice rose to a wild shriek. "My fare, is it? And you take me away, on a Sunday afternoon, from a beat where I was gettin' a dozen fares an hour, and bring me to this God-forsaken place, and then offer me one-and-six-pence! My fare! I ought to 'ave a crown; and a 'alf crown is the very least as I'll take."

I took out another silver shilling, and handed it to him; but I felt that I had the dignity of an American to maintain. I remembered what my friend had told me, and I said, loftily:

"And now I will take your number, if you please."

"Yes, I'll give you my number. Oh, yes, you shall 'ave my number! and welcome!" and he tore off from somewhere a sort of tin plate with figures on it.

I had been accustomed to the printed slip which every French *cocher* hands you without asking; and it occurred to me that this metal card was rather clumsy, and that if he carried many such about with him they must somewhat

weigh down his pocket; but I knew that England was a country where they believed in making things solid and durable, and I supposed it was quite natural that cabbies should present their passengers with metal numbers instead of paper ones; so holding the thing gingerly in my hand, I marched tranquilly up the steps of my friend's house.

I have seen in Italy and elsewhere various pictures of the descent of the fallen and condemned, but I think even Michelangelo might have caught a new inspiration from the descent of my cabby. He plunged — I can think of no other word — down from his height, tore the badge from my trembling fingers, and shook his hard and brawny fist within the eighth of an inch of my tip-tilted nose.

"'Ow dare you," he screamed, "'ow dare you be makin' hoff with my badge? I'll 'ave *you* up, hif you don't mind your heye."

And, indeed, I thought my eye very likely to need minding. But he mounted his perch again, badge in hand, and poured out imprecations like a flood, while I pulled frantically at bell and knocker. When at last I was in my friend's drawing-room, I told my troublous tale.

"Oh, I hope you have his number?" said my host.

"No; he took it away, as I am telling you."

"Oh, but don't you remember it? — you should have taken it down with a pencil."

Then I discovered what my mistake had been. — *Random Rambles.*

NEXT YEAR.

The lark is singing gayly in the meadow, the sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;

But she is gone, the music of whose talking was sweeter than the voice of summer rills.

Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and think of her blue eyes;

Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments; 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, and fall in thought to tangling up her hair;

And sometimes round the sinless lips of childhood breaks
 forth a smile, such as she used to wear;
 But never any pleasant thing, around, above us, seems to
 me like her love —
 More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us,
 more constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning, she meets
 me not on any summer eve,
 But once at night I heard a low voice calling — "Oh,
 faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
 Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow,
 I shall not hear their tone;
 But she in the dim, far-off country of the stranger will
 walk no more alone.

IN THE RANKS.

His death-blow struck him there in the ranks —
 There in the ranks, with his face to the foe:
 Did his dying lips mutter curses or thanks?
 No one will know.

Still he marched on — he with the rest —
 Still he marched on, with his face to the foe,
 To the day's bitter business sternly address:
 Dead — did they know?

When the day was over, the fierce fight was done,
 His cheeks were red with the summer glow,
 And they crowned him there with their laurels won:
 Dead — did he know?

Laurels or roses all one to him now;
 What to a dead man is glory or glow?
 Rose-wreaths for love, or a crown on his brow?
 Dead — does he know?

And yet you will see him march on with the rest —
 No man of them all makes a more gallant show —
 In the thick of the tumult jostled and prest:
 Dead — would you know?

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

How shall I here her placid picture paint
 With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
 Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
 Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
 Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
 Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
 Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
 And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.

So I have seen her, in my darkest days
 And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
 Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
 Asking for strength, and sure it would be given;
 Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise —
 So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.
 — *In the Garden of Dreams.*

MUDIE, ROBERT, a British scientist; born in Forfarshire, Scotland, in 1777; died at London in 1842. He was self-educated, and in 1802 was appointed Professor of Gaelic and Teacher of Drawing at Inverness Academy. In 1820 he went to London, and became a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. He published many popular works, including books on natural history and astronomy. Among his works are *The British Naturalist* (1828); *Feathered Tribes of the British Islands* (1833); *The Elements; the Heavens, the Earth, the Air, the Sea* (1837); *Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature* (1839); *Man as a Moral and Accountable Being*,

Man in His Physical Structure and Adaptation, and Man in His Relations to Society (1840).

THE SKYLARK.

The skylark, or, as is more accurately expressed by the specific name, the "field-lark" (only that name has been misapplied to the field-pippit), is the most universal of the British songsters. It inhabits near the dwellings of man, rather than in the bleak wastes, because neither the seeds nor the insects which are produced in these are suited for it; but it inhabits the peopled districts abundantly in all their variety of latitude, soil, and climate; and though it may have been previously unknown there, when man has turned the furrow on the waste, and replaced the heath, the moss and the rush by a more kindly vegetation, the lark is sure to come with its song of gratitude, to *reveillée* him to the field betimes, and cheer his labors the livelong day. Larks, from their vast numbers, flock much and fly far in the winter, and flock more to the uplands in the middle of England, where much rain usually falls in the summer, than to the dryer and warmer places near the shores; but so true as they are to their time, that, be it in the south, the centre, or the north, the lark is always ready, on the first gleamy day of the year, to mount to its watch-tower, in the upper sky, and proclaim the coming of the vernal season. It is, in fact, more joyant in the sun, more inspirable by the life which the solar influence diffuses through the atmosphere, than almost any other creature: not a spring air can sport, not a breeze of morn can play, not an exhalation of freshness from opening bud or softening clod can ascend, without note of it being taken and proclaimed by this all-sentient index to the progress of nature. And the form and manner of the indication are as delightful as the principle is true. The lark rises not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps; with passes between, it turns upward like a vapor, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that, as other vapors do. Its course is a spiral, gradually

enlarging; and seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column (or, funnel, rather), which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eye with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapor, it diffuses itself in the exact proportion as the density, or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the very same proportion. Of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such it must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and when that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.

The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent is also worthy of notice. When the volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its altitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and even if it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel includes either an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Everyone in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none or next to none from the mandibles of the bill. The wind-pipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs because of the air-cells and breathing-tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even their bones) are furnished.

But those diffused breathing organs must act with less freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion; that is when ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the tracheo is the more required for the purpose of breathing. The skylark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song.—*Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.*

MÜGGE, THEODOR, a German novelist; born at Berlin, November 8, 1806; died there, February 18, 1861. He was intended for a mercantile life, which he abandoned with the design of serving in Peru under Bolivar. He got no farther than London, where he learned that the Spaniards had been expelled from Peru. Returning to Berlin, he studied philosophy and history, with the view of fitting himself for a professorship in the university. The publication by him in 1831 of *France and the Last Bourbons*, and *England and Reform*, put an end to his hopes of advancement in the university, and the expression of his political views in pamphlets and newspapers led to his arrest and prosecution. In 1850 he founded a Liberal paper, the *National Journal*, of which he edited the department of literary criticism, besides for several years having general editorial charge. He wrote a great number of sketches, tales, and novels, which have been collected in thirty-three volumes. Among them are *A Picture of Life* (1829); *The Chevalier* (1835); *Sketches and Tales* (1836); *Stories and Essays* (1838); *Toussaint l'Ouverture* (1840); *The Provost of Sylt* (1851); *Christmas Eve*

(1853); *The Eldest Son of the Family* (1853), and *Afraja* (1854).

ON A STRANGE COAST.

It was with no friendly glance that John of Marstrand looked upon the savage coasts, and the foaming sea as he stepped out of the cabin. The damp fog flew so violently about him, and beat in such heavy drops upon his face and clothes, that he shuddered with cold, and closely buttoned up his coat; then he nodded to the helmsman, who, to the salutations of the morning, added some good-natured remark, which the wind carried away before it could reach the ear.

"What do you think now of this country?" said the helmsman, with a proud, inquiring glance, as the young nobleman approached him. "Is it not magnificent? See, there is the promontory of Kunnen, and directly beyond sweeps the polar circle; farther to the left, in the deep Grimmfjord, you can perceive the gigantic Jökuln islands, which, in ice-pyramids, seemed to run far down into the sea. When the morning sunbeams strike upon them, they glow like molten silver. There is the way to the Salten — you have certainly heard of the salt stream? And here on this side of those low rocks, you will soon discover the Westfjord. The Westfjord! Do you hear, man? the great fjord with its fishes! Hurrah! What say you? Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

"Foolish Björnarne!" exclaimed John with a jesting smile; "you seem to think we are entering into paradise. You talk as if these gloomy, snow-covered crags bloomed with almond-trees; as if this stormy, icy sea were fanned by the softest zephyrs, and its miserable, oil-reeking, fish-swarms were fragrant with perfume." He turned to the south, and continued, with a suppressed sigh, "No tree, no bush, no flower, no green leaf, no singing-bird, nor blade of grass waving to the breeze. Nothing but horror, darkness, fog, storms, rocks, and the raging sea."

"If the land is so displeasing to you, you better have remained where you were."

The young Dane looked upon the helmsman, and the

expression of his countenance revealed the answer which he gently murmured. "If," whispered he, between his teeth, "I were not obliged to seek my fortune in these wilds, cursed would be the plank which carried me hither."

A melancholy silence, and the manner in which he buried his face in his hands, moved the boasting Björnarné. "You must not," said he, "give yourself up to such sad thoughts—it is not so dreary here as it seems. When the summer comes, the barley ripens even in Tromsøe; flowers bloom in the gardens; currants and blackberries grow luxuriantly in all the clefts and ravines; and upon the fielders the mountain-bramble covers the earth for miles with purple and scarlet. You must learn to know and love the land where you have chosen to dwell. I would not change it for any other in the world; for there is none more beautiful or better to be found."

Provoked by the derisive smile of the Dane, he proudly proceeded: "Boast as you please of your trees and plains; have you such rocks, such fiords, and such a prolific sea? Have you bears and reindeers to hunt? Have you a fishery like this, where, with every haul of the seine, millions of creatures are drawn from the deep; where twenty thousand men, for months, lead a joyous life upon the heaving billows?"

"No, good Björnarné, we do not, indeed, possess all this," replied John of Marstrand, with a depreciating sneer.

"You shall see it," exclaimed the Norseman joyfully. "The fog is falling, and if you could hear, you would already now, in the roar of the waves, understand the strange sound which rushes through the Westfiord.

"There, before us, lies Ostraagoen; here is the old wife of Salten, and over there the old man with the white head. There, now, you catch a glimpse of his hat. There rise the peaks of Hindöen, there gleam the glaciers of Tjelloen, and now comes the sun; look up!"

And as he spoke, the illuminating orb triumphantly broke through the thick veil of cloud, and, as with a magic spell, lit up a countless array of islands, rocks, and gulfs. The Westfiord opened before the astonished vision of the Dane, and exhibited land and sea in all their glory

and splendor. Upon one side lay the coast of Norway, with its snowy summits. Salten loomed up behind, with its needle-like peaks, stretching with their inaccessible, ice-covered declivities into the heavens, and its ravines and abysses half-concealed in gloom. Upon the other side, six miles to the seaward of the Westfiord, extended a chain of dark island far into the bosom of the ocean—a granite wall against which the ocean, in its most savage fury, for thousands of years had dashed its billows. Innumerable perpendicular pinnacles rose from this insular labyrinth—black, weather-beaten, and torn to their base by the tempests. Their bold summits were veiled by long lines of clouds, and from the gleaming beds of snow the wondering blue eyes of Jökuln turned to the swelling floods of the fiord, which, with their thousand white teeth, bit the bow of the yacht, shook it like a reed, and drew it into the abyss.

“Look there, now, how beautiful it is!” cried Björnarne, with a shout. “There are the Loffoden Islands. For twenty miles the view extends over land and sea, and all is grand and glorious. See the gray head of Vaagöen, how it beams in gold! Look how the old woman of Salten nods to him, in her ruddy mantle! Once they were two giants, children of night, a loving pair, who have here been transformed into rock, and must eternally remain such. Observe how the breakers leap against the rocks, in silvery columns; and see the vast circle of cliffs, whose extent no one has measured, upon which no human foot has ever trod, and where only the eagle, the cormorant, the falcon, and the gull have mounted. See the red-chested *skarfe* there on the cragis, and the sea-geese, how they plunge into the green waves, followed by screaming flocks of gulls and falcons! Thither the herring-shoals are attracted by the scent of prey. Above, the sky is clear and tranquil; and the fresh sparkling air awakens all the energies. Is not all this beautiful and is it not the most sublime spectacle that the human eye can behold?”—*Afraja; translation of* EDWARD JOY MORRIS.

MUHLENBERG, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, an American clergyman and hymnologist; born at Philadelphia, September 16, 1796; died at New York, April 8, 1877. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1814; took orders in the Episcopal Church, and in 1821 became rector of St. James's Church, Lancaster, Pa. In 1828 he founded a school at Flushing, Long Island, which he conducted until 1845, when he became rector of the Free Church of the Holy Communion, New York. He was active in establishing St. Luke's Hospital, which was opened in 1859, he being its first pastor and superintendent, retaining that position until his death. He published many tracts, sermons, and hymns.

The following account of the introduction of *I Would Not Live Alway* in the Episcopal collection is from the *Evangelical Catholic*, a weekly paper conducted for a time by Dr. Muhlenberg himself: "It was written without the remotest idea that any portion of it would ever be employed in the devotions of the Church. The hymn was at first rejected by the committee, of which the unknown author was a member, who, upon a satirical criticism being made of it, earnestly voted against its adoption. It was admitted on the importunate application of Dr. Onderdonk to the bishops on the committee."

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I would not live alway — live alway below,
Oh, no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
 Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of
 God,

Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
 While brethren and friends are all hastening home,
 Like a spirit unblest, o'er the earth would I roam?

I would not live alway. I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 Where, seeking for peace, we but hover around,
 Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
 Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
 Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair;
 And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
 Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway — thus fettered by sin,
 Temptation without, and corruption within;
 In a moment of strength if I sever the chain
 Scarce the victory's mine e'er I'm captive again.
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
 And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
 The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
 But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway. No, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
 Where He deigned to sleep I'll, too, bow my head;
 Oh, peaceful the slumbers on that hallowed bed!
 And then the glad dawn to follow that night,
 When the sunlight of glory shall beam on my sight,
 When the full matin song, as the sleepers arise
 To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway — away from his God,
 Away from yon Heaven, his blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
 Where saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;

While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That Heavenly music! What is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in the air;
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold!
The King all arrayed in His beauty behold!
Oh, give me, oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above!
Aye, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore!

 ULFORD, ELISHA, an American clergyman; born at Montrose, Pa., November 19, 1833; died at Cambridge, Mass., December 9, 1885. He was graduated from Yale in 1855; studied theology in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, and at Halle and Heidelberg, Germany, and entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1859. From 1861 to 1864 he had charge of parishes at Darien, Conn., and South Orange, N. J. For the next thirteen years he lived in Montrose, unconnected with any parish. In 1877 he became rector of a church at Freundsville, Pa. He retained his parish until 1881, when he went to Cambridge, as Lecturer on Apologetics in the Episcopal Theological School. He published two notable works: *The Nation the Foundation of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States* (1870), and *The Republic of God an Institute of Theology* (1881).

RIGHTS.

Rights have their correspondence in duties; they may be arbitrarily separated, but it cannot be without the defect or the distortion of the one or the other. Since rights have a moral content, to every right a duty corresponds; but it does not follow that a right corresponds also to every duty, since there are immediate duties in the relations of life, as, for instance, the duty of a child to its parents.

Rights and duties have the same ground in personality. Rights have not their ground in duties, and do not proceed as if only derivative from them. A right is a condition, in which there may be the fulfilment of a duty; but a right is not simply the means for the fulfilment of a duty, only the instrument by which a duty is performed, and having, apart from that, no significance. Rights no less than the fulfilment of duties have their immediate content in personality; and are therefore to be held not simply as subsequent to duties, and as if only incident to them. Since rights proceed in their conception from a righteous will, and subsist in that, therefore in the realization of rights there is the fulfilment of duties. The rejection of the immediate foundation of rights and duties in personality can result only in the construction of a formal law of duty and a formal system of rights. . . .

The rights of the organic people, or national rights, have an integral unity as they are instituted in the realization of the nation as a moral person. They do not compose simply a formal system. They are not a mere accumulation of institutions, to be held by the people, as a miscellaneous budget of receipts, nor do they exist only as proceeding from the duties of the people, and as the resultant of certain obligations. The rights of the people subsist in the consciousness of the people in its unity, and this is the condition of political rights. They bear in their form the imprint of the type of the nation's individuality, and are the expression of its spirit. In their institution they constitute its political order.

There is thus in its political course the expression of its aim and the subjection to it of the whole external order. There is, indeed, apparent, in the institution of its rights, the influence of the physical condition of the people, the age, the land, the climate, the races, but these only modify, while they cannot determine, its process; this is determined only in the freedom of the people, and is the manifestation of its spirit.

The rights of the people have a universal, as an individual, element, and move toward one end of every nation, and thus there is a correspondence in different nations. But the one element does not preclude the other; they have an integral and individual character.

They have no exotic forms, and cannot at once be transplanted from one people to another. They cannot be applied as abstract ideas adopted with some abstract system. Thus, in the development of rights, while they may not always have the harmony of system, yet, formed in the life of the people, they have a deeper unity, and, wrought and forged in the great events of its history, they have subtler power and robuster proportions.

There is a certain representation of rights in which they are defined as original and acquired rights. But strictly there is only one original right, the right of personality, and to this all others may be referred. It is the right which is primitive in the rights of man, the right of a man to be himself. The term acquired rights, when rights are held as the acquisition of private property of certain individuals or families, denotes a condition isolated from the normal and organic being of the nation, and deriving its content from traditional force, or custom or accident, it describes rather the privilege or prerogatives of an individual or a class. These may invade the whole sphere of natural rights, and when encroaching upon them, become in reality the ancient wrongs of a people. Acquired rights are positive, but they have no necessary basis beyond, and exist only as, a creation of law.—*The Nation*.

MULFORD, PRENTICE, an American journalist and philosopher; born at Sag Harbor, N. Y., April 5, 1834; died at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., May 27, 1891. He followed the sea until 1850, when he went to California, where he engaged in journalism. In 1872 he went to Europe and upon his return to America in 1874 became one of the editors of the *New York Daily Graphic*. In 1886 he began the publication of the *White Cross Library*, a series of booklets and leaflets, by which he preached his own peculiar philosophy of life, which held that thought-power is indomitable.

Mulford wrote *The Swamp Angel* (1888), a humorous story giving his experience in a New Jersey wild to which he had retired in 1883; *Life by Land and Sea* (1889); and also *Force and How to Get It*; *The God in Yourself* and other occult works.

COURAGE.

You can cultivate courage and increase it at every minute and hour of the day. You have the satisfaction of knowing that in everything you do you have accomplished two things—namely, the doing of the thing itself and by the manner of its doing adding eternally to yourself another atom of the quality of courage. You can do this by the cultivation of deliberation—deliberation of speech, of walk, of writing, of eating—deliberation in everything.—*White Cross Library*.

MENTAL FORCE.

The basis for attracting the best of all the world can give to you is to first surround, own and live in these things in mind, or what is falsely called imagination. All so called imaginings are realities and forces of unseen

element. Live in mind in a palace, and gradually palatial surroundings will gravitate to you. But so living in is not pining or longing or complainingly wishing. It is when you are "down in the world," calmly and persistently seeing yourself as up. It is when you are now compelled to eat from a tin plate, regarding that tin plate as only the certain step to one of silver. It is not of envying and growling at other people who have silver plates. That growling is just so much capital stock taken from the bank account of mental force.—*White Cross Library.*

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

Any person's good will is a real, living, active substance, flowing always to you as that person thinks of you. It has a commercial value in dollars and cents. Ill will is also an element sent from the person who thinks it and works against you, though that person never speaks or acts with the body against you. This you can only successfully oppose by putting out against it the thought element of friendliness. The thought of good to others is the stronger unseen element and can turn the bad (the weaker) aside. It prevents it from reaching or harming you. Through the working of that same law it is dangerous to make enemies, no matter how good or just the cause.—*White Cross Library.*

HOME AGAIN.

Some of the Dozevillians hold but a dim remembrance of California's grand opening day,—the rush and gold fever of 1849; yet vessels, twenty odd years ago, carrying away the pick of their young men, sailed directly from Dozeville to San Francisco. But other and greater events have since transpired. California, to many of these Dozevillians, is almost the California of thirty years ago—a land remote and unknown. Some of them scarcely know the existence of the Yosemite valley or the big trees. You are disgusted. Worse than this; some of them have quite forgotten certain of the young

men born and bred in Dozeville, long resident in California. You speak of Tom Travers, who was a "Dozeville boy." Half California knows Tom Travers. "Why, Uncle Abraham Traver's son, next to the oldest, say you? Well, yes, 'pears as if I do remember something of him."

And then they stop, for they are hardly certain whether they do or not. It is not strange. Year after year in Dozeville have they trotted around a little circus-ring of life; sitting about the same grocery store in winter, sitting in the same chairs in front of that grocery in summer, droning over the weight of the last murdered hog, or the last strange face seen in the village; reviewing all the Dozeville tattle, until all other recollection is beaten and stamped out. The mental horizon of these Dozevillians has settled thickly just outside their little circus-ring of thought. No wonder that they should forget the well-known Thomas Travers.

You call on old Mr. Scott. He was old to you when a boy. He lives in and on books. He has travelled all over the world in books. He knows California well by books. He speaks of the Yosemite Valley, the Calaverous Grove of Big Trees, and the San Joe-a-kin River. You venture to correct his pronunciation, but he has his own laws for pronouncing Californian proper names, and will not stay corrected by a snip of thirty-five. There is another trial for you. Dick Harvey, the pioneer resident of Whiskey Flat, named by and for himself, has done little in California for the last twenty years, save dig, drink, dance, and play poker. Dick's parents reside in Roseville. Dick was one of the peful of young men, westward bound, who listened to the admonitory sermon. Old Mr. Harvey, Dick's father, calls on you, that he may learn something of his son; he has not heard directly from him for fifteen years. Dick long since renounced writing home. Unfortunately, you know too much of Dick. "What is he doing?" asks old Mr. Harvey. You believe he is mining, and doing tolerably well. (Dick has been "doing" every one he could "make a raise" from, for years and years. His best suit is a gray shirt and a pair of blue jean overalls. He



FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER.

never comes to camp without making a disturbance. He was once offered \$50 to quit the neighborhood and betake himself to other parts, but refused to leave under \$100.) With all this fresh in your mind, you sit before old Mr. Harvey, who longs to hear something from his lost and never-to-be-found son. You wish that he would go, because it is hard work, in answering his inquiries, to equivocate, and squirm, and sneak, and dodge about the truth, which is not to be told at all times about Dick.—*The Swamp Angel.*

MÜLLER, FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN, an Anglo-German philologist; born at Dessau, December 6, 1823; died at Oxford, England, October 28, 1900. He studied philology at Leipsic, where he took his degree in 1843. Subsequently he went to Paris to continue his study of the Sanskrit and cognate languages, and especially to fit himself for editing the *Rig-Veda*, the great Sanskrit poem. In 1846 he went to England for the same purpose. The East India Company offered to pay the expense of the publication of the *Rig-Veda*, the first volume of which appeared in 1849, the sixth and last in 1874, each volume containing more than twelve hundred quarto pages. In 1850 the University of Oxford invited him to deliver courses of lectures on Comparative Philology. In 1854 he was elected Taylorian Professor; in 1856 was made a curator of the Bodleian Library, and in 1858 a Fellow of All Souls' College. In 1868 the university founded a new professorship of Comparative Philology, Max Müller being expressly named as the first professor. He resigned

the professorship in 1875, intending to return to Germany; but the university induced him to remain for the purpose of editing "The Sacred Books of the East," of which forty-nine volumes have been published.

Notable among his works are *Lectures on the Science of Language*, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863; *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions in India*, delivered in the Chapter-House of Westminster in 1878. He wrote largely in magazines and reviews, mainly upon subjects connected with philology. Many of these have been from time to time collected in a series of volumes entitled *Chips from a German Workshop*, from which we make some extracts. Among his later works were *The Science of Thought* (1887); *Biographies of Words* (1888); *Natural Religion* (1889); *Physical Religion* (1891); *Anthropological Religion* (1892); *India: What Can It Teach Us?* (1893). In 1857 he published a novel entitled *Deutsche Liebe*.

REFORMS IN SPELLING.

Spelling and the reforms of spelling are problems which concern every student of the Science of Language. It does not matter whether language be English, German, or Dutch. In every written language the problem of reforming its antiquated spelling must sooner or later arise; and we must form some clear notion whether anything can be done to remove or alleviate a complaint inherent in the very life of a language. If my friends tell me that the idea of a reform in spelling is entirely Quixotic; that it is a mere waste of time to try to influence a whole nation to surrender its historical orthography, and to write phonetically, I bow to their superior wisdom as men of the world.

But, as I am not a man of the world, but rather an

observer of the world, my interest in the subject, my convictions as to what is right and wrong, remain just the same. If I read the history of the world rightly, the victory of reason over unreason and the whole progress of our race have generally been achieved by such fools as ourselves "rushing in where angels fear to tread;" for after a time the track becomes beaten, and even the angels are no longer afraid. I hold and have confessed much more Quixotic theories on language than this belief—that what has been done before by Spaniards and Dutchmen—what is at this very moment being done by Germans—namely to reform their corrupt spelling—may be achieved even by Englishmen and Americans.—*Chips from a German Workshop.*

ABOLISHING SOME LANGUAGES.

I have expressed my belief that the time will come when not only the various alphabets and systems of spelling, but many of the languages themselves which are now spoken in Europe—to say nothing of the rest of the world—will have to be improved away from the face of the earth and abolished.

I know that nothing rouses the ire of a Welshman or a Gael so much as to assert the expediency—nay, the necessity—of suppressing the teaching of their language at school. It seems madness to hint that it would be a blessing to every child born in Holland, in Portugal, or in Denmark—nay, in Sweden and even in Russia—if instead of learning a language which is for life a barrier between them and the rest of mankind, they were at once to learn one of the great historical languages which confer intellectual and social fellowship with the world. If as a first step in the right direction four languages only—namely English, French, German, Italian (or, possibly Spanish)—were taught at school, the saving of time (and what is more precious than time?) would be infinitely greater than what has been effected by railways and telegraphs.

But I know that no name in any of the doomed languages would be too strong to stigmatize such folly.

We should be told that a Japanese only could conceive such an idea; that for a people deliberately to give up its language was a thing never heard of before; that a nation would cease to be a nation if it changed its language; that it would, in fact, commit the "happy despatch," *à la Japonaise*. All this may be true; but I hold that language is meant to be an instrument of communication, and that, in the struggle for life, the most efficient instrument of communication must certainly carry the day as long as "natural selection," or as we formerly called it, "reason," rules the world.

The following figures may be of use in forming an opinion as to the fate of the great languages of Europe:

In 1873 *Portuguese* was spoken (in Portugal and Brazil) by about 14,000,000 people; *Italian* by 26,000,000; *French* (in France, Belgium, Switzerland, etc.) by 40,000,000; *Spanish* (in Spain and South America) by 44,000,000; *German* by 44,000,000; *Russian* by 56,000,000; *English* (in Europe, America, Australia, and the colonies) by 79,000,000.

According to De Candolle, the population doubles as follows: In America (among the German races) in 25 years; in South America in 28 years; in England in 56 years; in Russia in 100 years; in Spain in 112 years; in Italy in 135 years; in France in 140 years. Therefore in two hundred years — barring accidents — Italian will be spoken by about 54,000,000; French by 72,000,000; German by 158,000,000; Spanish (in Europe by 37,000,000; in South America by 468,000,000) by 505,000,000; English (in Europe by 179,000,000; in the United States and the British dependencies by 1,659,000,000) by 1,838,000,000.

But I shall say no more on this; for as it is I know I shall never hear the end of it, and shall go down to posterity — if for nothing else — at least for this, the most suicidal folly in a student of language; a folly comparable only to that of Leibnitz, who actually conceived the possibility of one universal language. — *Chips from a German Workshop*.

THE DAWN AS A SOURCE OF MYTHOLOGY.

The dawn is really one of the richest sources of Aryan mythology; and another class of legends, embodying the strife between winter and summer, the return of spring, the revival of nature, is in most languages but a reflection and amplification of the more ancient stories, telling of the strife between night and day, the return of the morn, the revival of the whole world. . . .

There is no sight in nature more elevating than the dawn, even to us, whom philosophy would wish to teach that *nil admirari* is the highest wisdom. . . . The darkness of night fills the human heart with despondency and awe, and a feeling of fear and anguish sets every nerve trembling. There is man, like a forlorn child, fixing his eyes with breathless anxiety upon the east, the womb of day, where the light of the world has flamed up so many times before. . . . The doors of heaven seem slowly to open, and what are called the bright flocks of the dawn step out of the dark stable, returning to their wonted pastures. Who has not seen the gradual advance of this radiant procession—the heaven like a distant sea tossing its golden waves—when the first rays shoot forth like the brilliant horses racing round the whole course of the horizon—when the clouds begin to color up, each shedding her own radiance over her more distant sisters! Not only the east, but the west, and the south, and the north, the whole temple of heaven, is illuminated, and the pious worshipper lights, in response, his own small light on the altar of his hearth, and stammers words which express but faintly the joy that is in nature and in his own throbbing heart. . . .

If the people of antiquity called those eternal lights of heaven their gods, their bright ones (“*deva*”), the dawn was the first-born among all the gods—*Protogencia*—dearest to man, and always young and fresh. But if not raised to an immortal state, if only admired as a kind being, awakening every morning the children of man, her life would seem to be short. She soon fades away, and dies when the fountain-head of light rises in

naked splendor, and sends his first swift glance through the vault of heaven. We cannot realize that sentiment with which the eye of antiquity dwelt on these sights of nature. To us all is law, order, necessity. We calculate the refractory power of the atmosphere, we measure the possible length of the dawn in every climate, and the rising of the sun is to us no greater surprise than the birth of a child. But if we could believe again that there was in the sun a being like our own, that in the dawn there was a soul open to human sympathy—if we could bring ourselves to look for a moment upon those powers as personal, free, and adorable, how different would be our feelings at the blush of day! That Titanic assurance with which we say the sun *must* rise was unknown to the early worshippers of nature, or if they also began to feel the regularity with which the sun and the other stars performed their daily labor, they still thought of free beings kept in temporary servitude, chained for a time, and bound to obey a higher will, but sure to rise, like Herakles, to a higher glory at the end of their labors. . . .

Sunrise was the revelation of nature, awakening in the human mind that feeling of dependence, of helplessness, of hope, of joy and faith in higher powers, which is the source of all wisdom, the spring of all religion. But if sunrise inspired the first prayers, called forth the first sacrificial flames, sunset was the other time when, again, the heart of man would tremble, and his mind be filled with awful thoughts. The shadows of night approach, the irresistible power of sleep grasps man in the midst of his pleasures, his friends depart, and in his loneliness his thoughts turn again to higher powers. When the day departs, the poet bewails the untimely death of his bright friend; nay, he sees in his short career the likeness of his own life. Perhaps, when he has fallen asleep, his sun may never rise again, and thus the place to which the setting sun withdraws in the far West rises before his mind as the abode where he himself would go after death, where "his fathers went before him," and where all the wise and the pious rejoice in a "new life" with "Yama and Varuna." Or he might

look upon the sun, not as a short-lived hero, but as young, unchanging, and always the same, while generations after generations of mortal men were passing away. And hence, by the mere force of contrast, the first intimation of beings which do not wither and decay—of immortals, of immortality! Then the poet would implore the immortal sun to come again, to vouchsafe to the sleeper a new morning. The god of day would become the god of time, of life and death. Again the evening twilight, the sister of the dawn, repeating, though with a more sombre light, the wonders of the morning, how many feelings must it have roused in the musing poet—how many poems must it have elicited in the living language of ancient times! Was it the dawn that came again to give a last embrace to him who had parted from her in the morning? Was she the immortal, the always returning goddess, and he the mortal, the daily dying sun? Or was she the mortal, bidding a last farewell to her immortal lover, burnt, as it were, on the same pile which would consume her, while he would rise to the seat of the gods?

Let us express these simple scenes in ancient language, and we shall find ourselves surrounded on every side by mythology full of contradictions and incongruities, the same being represented as mortal or immortal, as man or woman, as the poetical eye of man shifts its point of view, and gives its own color to the mysterious play of nature.— *Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. II.*

MÜLLER, NIKOLAUS, a German-American poet; born at Langenau, in 1809; died at New York, August 14, 1875. At the age of fourteen he entered a printing office; and having thoroughly learned the trade he settled at Stuttgart. But becoming involved in the insurrectionary movements of 1848, he was forced to flee. He went to

Switzerland, and thence, in 1853, to the United States, where he settled in New York as proprietor of a printing establishment. He retired from business a year before his death. His earlier poems were published at Stuttgart between 1834 and 1837, under the general title *Lieder eines Autodidakten*; and were issued in collective form in the latter year. During the Civil War he issued at New York a volume entitled *Zehn Gepanzerte Sonette*; and in 1867 he published his *Neueste Gedichte*. During the war between France and Germany he issued his patriotic poem *Friesche Blätter auf die Wunden Deutscher Krieger*; and he was preparing a complete edition of his poems at the time of his death.

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow;
The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where falls the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are dried,
Like swans, come gently floating down the tide,

Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

— Translation of WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

MÜLLER, WILHELM, a German poet; born at Dessau, October 7, 1794; died there, September 30, 1827. He entered the University of Berlin in 1813, but left it the following year to serve in the War of Liberation. The war over, he returned to complete his studies, giving much attention to philology and history. In 1817 he began a two years' tour on the Continent, and on his return to Dessau became a teacher in the Normal School. He translated into German Marlowe's *Faustus*, and Faurel's *Modern Greek Popular Songs*, published a collection in ten volumes of poems of the seventeenth century, and wrote many original poems, the first volume of which, entitled *Blumenlese aus den Minnesängen*, appeared in 1816. He published *Lyrische Spaziergänge* in 1827. After his death a new volume, *Vermischte Schriften*, was published, and in 1837 a collection of his poems was edited by Schwab. Another volume, *Ausgewählte Gedichte*, appeared in 1864.

An appreciative and impartial essay on his work is to be found in the first series of *Chips from a German Workshop*, by his son, F. Max Müller.

SONG BEFORE BATTLE.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight
shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes
freely blow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter
free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing exulting cleaves the
skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath
doth rise.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight
shall know,
As long as spirits of the free through earth and air
shall go;
Through earth and air a spirit band of heroes moves
always,
'Tis near us at the dead of night and in the noontide's
blaze,
In the storm that levels towering pines, and in the breeze
that waves
With low and gentle breath the grass upon our fathers'
graves.

There's not a cradle in the bounds of Hellas broad and
fair,
But the spirit of our free-born sires is surely hovering
there,
It breathes in dreams of fairy-land upon the infant's
brain,
And in his first sleep dedicates the child to manhood's
pain;
Its summons lures the youth to stand, with new-born
joy possessed,
Where once a freeman fell, and there it fires his thrill-
ing breast,

And a shudder runs through all his frame; he knows
not if it be
A throb of rapture, or the first sharp pang of agony.

Come, swell our banners on the breeze, thou sacred spirit
band,
Give wings to every warrior's foot and nerve to every
hand.
We go to strike for freedom, to break the oppressor's
rod,
We go to battle and to death for our country and our
God.
Ye are with us, we hear your wings, we hear in magic
tone
Your spirit-voice the pæan swell, and mingle with our
own.
Ye are with us, ye throng around—you from Ther-
mopylæ,
You from the verdant Marathon; you from the azure
sea,
By the cloud-capped rocks of Mykale, at Salamis—all
you
From field and forest, mount and glen, the land of Hel-
las through.

Whoe'er for freedom fights and falls, his fame no blight
shall know,
As long as through heaven's free expanse the breezes
freely bow,
As long as in the forest wild the green leaves flutter
free,
As long as rivers, mountain-born, roll freely to the sea,
As long as free the eagle's wing, exulting, cleaves the
skies,
As long as from a freeman's heart a freeman's breath
doth rise.

—*Translation of F. MAX MÜLLER.*

THE SUNKEN CITY.

Hark! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime!
From the deep abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave —
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who had seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old, melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy builded,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams —
There lie hidden till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my mighty dreams!

And then I hear music sweet upknelling
From full many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirits' luminous land!
— *Translation of* JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

"The rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

"The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything that can sing and fly
Goes with us and far away.

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?"

"I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

"Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

"And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou may'st stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all."

"I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When thy merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shall hear the sound of my voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen may,
God bless them every one!
I dart away in the bright blue day,
And the golden fields of the sun."

—*Translation of* HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MÜNCHAUSEN, HIERONYMUS KARL FRIEDRICH, BARON VON, a German soldier; born in Bodenwerder, Hanover, May 11, 1720; died there, February 22, 1797. For many years he served as a cavalry officer in the Russian army, and passed the latter part of his life in his native town. He delighted in relating marvellous stories of his adventures in the campaign against the Turks in 1737-39, and this gained him the reputation of being one of the greatest liars that ever lived. These stories are said to have been first compiled by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a man of letters, born in Hanover in 1737, who was discharged from his offices of professor of archæology and curator of the museum in Cassel on the charge of stealing medals. He fled to England and engaged in literary pursuits in London, where he published these stories anonymously, under the title, *Baron Münchhausen's Narrative of His Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia* (1785). A second edition was printed in Oxford in 1786; a third, entitled *Gulliver Revived*, in 1796, and six editions in London, in 1802. The work was first published in Germany in 1787, under the supervision of the poet Burger, who was long thought to be the author. Many of the stories in the later editions are taken from Henry Bebel's *Facetiæ* (Strasburg, 1508), from Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, and Bildermann's *Utopia*, which are included in Lange's *Deliciæ Academicæ* (1765), and from Lucian's *True History*. The best English edition is by Teignmouth, illustrated by Gustave Doré, and with an edition by Théophile Gautier. The best German edition is entitled *Des Freiherrn von Münch-*

ausen wunderbare Reisen und Abenteuer, with an introduction by Adolf Ellissen (1849). A German version of the English edition was published as *Münchhausen's Lügenabenteuer* (1846). Similar stories are called in Germany *Münchhausiaden*. The work occasioned Adolf Schrödter's picture representing Münchhausen relating his stories to eager listeners, and Karl Lebrecht Immermann's novel *Münchhausen* (1838-39).

SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES.

I was not always successful. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave (the Baron was afterward in great favor with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter). In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and again at night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but, by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upward, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey beans grew very quickly, and ran up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet in a place where everything has the brightness

of silver: at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning; but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent: so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless, end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger-nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg, at the time of that singular revolution, when the Emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-Marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and, finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that the other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain; he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable, and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way; there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then

jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat-pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his hat on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side. Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—*The King of Prussia's March—Over the Hill and Over the Dale*—with many other favorite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

 MUNDT, KLARA MÜLLER ("LOUISE MUHLBACH"), a German novelist; born at Neubrandenburg, January 2, 1814; died at Berlin, September 26, 1873. She was the daughter of the Oberbürgermeister of Neubrandenburg, who gave her a good education. While in Italy, in 1836, she met Theodor Mundt, a young author, to whom she was

married in 1838. They lived in Berlin until he was appointed professor in the University of Breslau. Mundt died in Berlin in 1861, and from that time until her death his wife resided there. Her house was the resort of many distinguished persons, and her salons became famous. Her numerous books were of three classes: romantic stories, holding moral or social themes; stories of every-day life, and historical novels. They became very popular, and were translated into several languages. Among them are *First and Last Love* (1838); *Voyage Birds* (1840); *Fortune and Money* (1842); *Gisela* (1843); *Eva* (1844); *Sketches of Travel* (1846); *Court Histories* (1847); *Aphra Behn* (1849); *Berlin and Sans Souci* (1850); *The Nursling of Society* (1850); *Frederick the Great and his Court* (1853); *Joseph II. and his Court* (1858); *Queen Hortense*; *Andreas Hofer*; *Old Fritz and the New Era*; *The Empress Josephine, Napoleon and Blücher* (1858-59); *Two Paths* (1860); *Archduke Johann and His Times* (1860-62); *Letters from Switzerland* (1863); *Louisa of Prussia and Her Times* (1864); *Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr* (1864); *Germany in Storm and Stress* (1867); *From Solferino to Königgrätz* (1869-70); *Letters from Egypt* (1871); and *From Königgrätz to Chiselhurst* (1873).

AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

The Emperor was popular everywhere except at court. His candor was unacceptable, and his occasional sarcasms had stung the pride of the royal family. The King never pardoned him the unpalatable advice he had bestowed relative to the hospitals, the Invalides, and the military schools. The Queen, too, was irritated to see that, whereas her brother might have expressed his disapprobation of her acts in private, he never failed

to do so in presence of the court. The consequence was, that, like the King and the rest of the royal family, Marie-Antoinette was relieved when this long-wished-for visit of the Emperor was over. This did not prevent her from clinging to his neck, and shedding abundant tears as she felt his warm and loving embrace. The Emperor drew her close to his heart, whispering meanwhile, "Remember that we must see each other in private. Send someone to me to conduct me to the room in the palace which you call your asylum."

"How!" said the Queen with surprise, "you have heard of my asylum? Who told you of it?"

"Hush, Antoinette, you will awaken the King's suspicions, for all eyes are upon us! Will you admit me?"

"Yes, I will send Louis to conduct you this afternoon," and, withdrawing herself from her brother's arms the Queen and the royal family took leave of Count Frankenstein.

His carriage and his suite had all left Paris, and Joseph, too, was supposed to have gone long before the hour when he was conducted to the Queen's "asylum" by her faithful servant Louis. This "asylum" was in an obscure corner of the Tuileries, and to reach it the Emperor was introduced into the palace by a side door. He was led through dark passages and up narrow staircases until they reached a small door which Louis opened with a key which he took from his pocket. He clapped his hands three times, and, the signal being answered, he made a profound inclination to the Emperor.

"Your Majesty can enter. The Queen is there."

Joseph found himself in a small, simple apartment, of which the furniture was of white wood covered with chintz. On the wall was a hanging *étagère* with books; opposite, an open harpsichord, and in the recess of the window a table covered with papers. The Emperor hastily surveyed this room, and no one coming forward he passed into another. Here he found his sister, no longer the magnificent Queen whose rich toilettes were as proverbial as her beauty, but a lovely, unpretending woman, without rouge, without jewels, clad in a dress of India muslin, which was confined at the waist by a

simple sash of pale lilac ribbon. Marie-Antoinette came forward with both hands outstretched. "I am dressed as is my custom," said she, "when the few friends I possess come to visit me here — here in my asylum, where sometimes I am able to forget that I am Queen of France."

"You have no right ever to forget it, Antoinette, and it was expressly to remind you of this that I asked for a private interview with my sister."

"You wished to see this asylum of which you have heard, did you not?" said the Queen with a shade of bitterness. "I have been calumniated to you as I have been to the King and to the French people. Oh! I know how my enemies are trying to make my subjects hate me! I know that about these very rooms, lewd songs are sung on the Pont-neuf which make the Comte de Provence hold his sides with laughter!"

"Yes, Antoinette, I have heard these things, and I come hither expressly to visit this 'asylum.'"

"Well, Joseph, it is before you. The room through which you passed and this one form my suite. The door yonder leads to the apartments of the Princess de Lamballe, and I have never opened it to enter my retreat except in her company."

"You had never the right to enter it at all. A retreat of this kind is improper for you, and woe to you, Antoinette, if ever another man besides myself should cross its threshold! It would give a coloring of truth to the evil reports of your powerful enemies."

"Gracious God of Heaven!" cried the Queen, pale with horror, "what do they say of me?"

"It would avail you nothing to repeat their calumnies, poor child. I have come hither to warn you that some dark cloud hangs over the destiny of France. You must seek means to disperse it, or it will burst and destroy both you and your husband."

"I have already felt a presentiment of evil, dear brother, and for that very reason I come to these little simple rooms, that I may for a few hours forget the destiny that awaits me, the court which hates and vilifies

me—and, in short, my supremest sorrow, the indifference of my husband.”

“Dear sister, you are wrong. You should never have sought to forget these things. You have too lightly broken down the barriers, which *etiquette*, hundreds of years ago, had built around the Queens of France.”

“This from *you*, Joseph, you who despise all *etiquette*.”

“Nay, Antoinette, I am a man, and that justifies me in many an indiscretion. I have a right to attend an opera-ball unmasked, but you have not.”

“I had the King’s permission, and was attended by my ladies of honor, and the princes of the royal family.”

“An Emperor may ride in a hackney-coach, if the whim strike him, but not a Queen, Antoinette.”

“That was an accident, Joseph. I was returning from a ball with the Duchesse de Duras, when our carriage broke and Louis was obliged to seek a hackney-coach, or we would have returned to the palace on foot.”

“Let it pass then. An Emperor or a King, were he very young, might indulge himself in a game of blind-man’s-bluff without impropriety, but when a Queen ventures to do as much, she loses her dignity. Nevertheless, you have been known to romp with the other ladies of the court, when your husband had gone to his room and was sound asleep.”

“But whoever went to bed as early as the King?” said Marie-Antoinette, deprecatingly.

“Does he go to bed too early, Antoinette? Then it is strange that on one evening when you were waiting for him to retire, so that you and your ladies might visit the Duchesse de Duras, you should have advanced the clock by half an hour, and sent your husband to bed at half-past ten, when of course he found no one in the apartments to wait upon him. All Paris has laughed at this mischievous prank of the Queen. Can you deny this, my thoughtless sister?”

“I never tell an untruth, Joseph, but I can confess that I am astonished to see with what police-like dex-

terity you have ferreted out every little occurrence of my private life."

"A Queen has no private life. She is doomed to live in public, and woe to her if she cannot account to the world for every hour of her existence! If she undertake to have secrets, her very lackeys may misrepresent her innocence and make it crime."

"Good heavens, Joseph," cried the Queen, "you talk as if I were a criminal, before my accusers."

"You *are* a criminal, my poor young sister. Public opinion has accused you, and accusation there is synonymous with guilt. But I, who give you so much pain, come as your friend and brother, speaking hard truths to you, dearest, by virtue of the tie which binds us to our mother. In the name of that incomparable mother, I implore you to be discreet, and to give no cause to your enemies for misconstruction of your youthful follies! Take up the load of your royalty with fortitude, and when it weighs heavily upon your poor young heart, remember that you were not made a Queen to pursue your own happiness, but to strive for that of your subjects, whose hearts are still with you in spite of all that your enemies have done or said. Give up all egotism, Antoinette — set aside your personal hopes, live for the good of the French nation, and one of these days you will believe, with me, that we may be happy without individual happiness."

The Queen shook her head and tears rolled down her cheeks. "No, no, dear Joseph, a woman cannot be happy when she is unloved. My heart is sick with solitude, brother. I love my husband, and he does not return my love. If I am frivolous, it is because I am unhappy. Believe me when I tell you that all would be well if the King would but love me."

"Then, Antoinette, all shall be well," said a voice behind them, and starting with a cry of surprise and shame, the Queen beheld the King. "I have heard all," said Louis, closing the door and advancing toward Joseph. With a bright, affectionate smile, he held out his hand, saying as he did so, "Pardon me, my brother, if I

am here without your consent, and let me have a share in this sacred and happy hour."

"Brother," repeated Joseph, sternly, "you say that you have overheard us. Since you have no love for her, you are no brother to me, for she, poor child, is the child that unites us. Look at her, sire, look at her sweet, innocent, tear-stricken face! What has she done that you should thrust her from your heart, and doom her to confront alone the sneers and hatred of your cruel relatives? She is pure, and her heart is without a stain. I tell you so—I, who, in unspeakable anxiety, have watched her through hired spies. Had I found her guilty, I would have been the first to condemn her—but Antoinette is good, pure, virtuous, and she has but one defect—want of thought. It was your duty to guide her, for you received her from her mother's hands, a child—a young, harmless, unsuspecting child. What has she ever done that you should refuse her your love?"

"Ask rather, what have I done that my relatives should have kept us so far asunder?" replied Louis, with emotion. "Ask those who have poisoned my ears with calumnies of my wife, why they should have sought to deny me the only compensation which life can offer to my royal station—the inestimable blessing of loving and being loved. But away with gloomy retrospection! I will say but one word more of the past. Your Majesty has been watched and your visit here discovered. I was told that you were seeking to identify the Queen with her mother's empire—using your influence to make her forget France and plot dishonor to her husband's crown. I resolved to prove the truth or falsehood of these accusations myself. I thank heaven that I did so, for from this hour I shall honor and regard you as a brother."

"I shall reciprocate, sire, if you will promise to be kind to my sister."

The King looked at Marie-Antoinette, who, seated on the sofa whence her brother had risen, was weeping bitterly. Louis went toward her, and taking both her hands in his, he pressed them passionately to his lips. "Antoinette," said he tenderly, "you say that I

do not love you. You have not then read my heart — which, filled to bursting with love for my beautiful wife, dared not ask for response, because I had been told that you — you — But no, I will not pain you with repetition of the calumny. Enough that I am blessed with your love, and may at last be permitted to pour out the torrent of mine! Antoinette, will you be my wife?"— *Joseph II. and His Court; translation of ADELAIDE DE V. CHAUDRON.*

MUNGER, THEODORE THORNTON, an American clergyman; born at Bainbridge, N. Y., March 5, 1830. He was graduated from Yale in 1851, and at Yale Theological Seminary in 1855, and was pastor of Congregational churches in Dorchester, Haverhill, and Lawrence, Mass., from 1865 until 1875. In 1875 he established a Congregational church in San José, Cal., and in 1885 became pastor of the United Church, New Haven, Conn. The degree of D.D. was given to him by Illinois College in 1883, and he was made a Fellow of Yale in 1887. He is the author of *On the Threshold* (1881); *The Freedom of the Faith* (1883); *Lamps and Paths* (1885); *The Appeal to Life* (1887); *Horace Bushnell* (1899), and *Character Through Inspiration* (1901).

EVOLUTION.

In accepting evolution it is well to remember that we make no greater change than has several times been made in all the leading departments of human knowledge. In sociology the despotic idea yielded to the monarchical idea, which in turn is now yielding to the democratic idea. In philosophy the deductive method

has yielded to the inductive. In religion the priestly idea is yielding to the ministerial. So, in accepting evolution as the general method of creation, in place of that which has prevailed, we only repeat the history of the exchange of the Ptolemaic system for the Copernican, and of those new theories of astronomy and geology which forced us to redate the age of the world and of man's life upon it. The wrench to faith and the apparent violation of experience are different, but no more violent than were those of the past. The present incompleteness of evolution has its analogy in the Copernican system, which waited long for the additions of Kepler and Newton; and geology is still an unfinished story. Nor are we justified in withholding our assent to evolution because we cannot, each one for ourselves, verify its proofs. The vast majority of men could not now verify the Copernican system; it has not even won recognition in human speech. The sun "rises" and "sets," and will be so spoken of while men watch its apparent motion. Evolution is an induction from many sciences—chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, geology, botany, biology—and it is impossible that any but the special student should critically make the induction. But the Copernican system was an induction from mathematics, and even from those higher forms of it that ordinary men have never traced. Its acceptance was, and is still, an act of faith. Belief in evolution should be easier because it is confirmed by several sciences working on independent lines. It is not the biologist alone who proposes evolution, but the astronomer, the chemist, the geologist, the botanist, and the sociologist. I cannot examine and test their conclusions. I do not, however, thus make myself the slave of their opinions, for these opinions run off into other fields, where I may be as good a judge as they. I may represent a science as real as theirs, and possibly larger and more authoritative. Hence, in accepting evolution as a probably true history or theory of the method of creation, we do not necessarily yield to all the assumptions and inferences that are often associated with it. It is not above criticism, like the germ-seeds of which science treats, each

one of which threatens to possess the whole earth, and would do so if not checked by other growths; so evolution—shall we say through affinity with its chief theme?—threatens to take possession of the universe. But its myriad thistle-down, blown far and wide by every breeze, meets at last the groves of oak and pine that limit and define its spread. All about these various sciences stands the greater science—philosophy—under which they are included, from which they draw their life, and to which they must bow. Evolution is to be feared not in its bare doctrine of development, but in the scope and relations assigned to it. If it be regarded as supreme, it gives its own law, of necessity, to all else. But if it is subordinate to philosophy, if it is considered as under-thought relations, if it is held as finite and relative, it carries no danger to morals, or religion, or faith. It may possibly modify, but it cannot overthrow, them, simply because they stand in a larger order.

But evolution is not to be accepted in a simply negative way—because it can no longer be resisted. We are under no obligation to accept any truth until it is serviceable. It is possible to conceive of truths that would be of no value to men—such as the constitution of other orders of beings; if made known it might be passed by. But evolution, properly regarded, is becoming tributary to society, and seems destined to clarify its knowledge, to enlarge and deepen its convictions, to set it upon true lines of action, and to minister to the Christian faith.

Among the important services it has begun to render is that it is removing a certain empirical thread that has been interwoven with previous theories. The unity of creation has never been seriously denied except by extreme thinkers of the dualistic school. But the principle of unity has not been recognized until of late. The bond or ground of unity was justly found in God, but that conception merely asserted that because God is one there is unity in all created things. This may be faith, but it is not philosophy. May not faith become also philosophy? Unity exists not only because one God created all things, but because He works by one pro-

cess, according to one principle. As knowledge broadens and wider generalizations are made, we find a certain likeness of process in all realms that indicates one law or method; namely, that of development or evolution. One thing comes from another, assumes a higher and a finer form, and presses steadily on toward still finer and higher forms. We find the same method in matter, in brute life, in humanity, in social institutions, in government, in religions, in the progress of Christianity. Let not this thought disturb us. Do we not see that otherwise the universe could have no unity? If God worked on one principle in the material realm, on another in the vital, on another in the social, governmental, and moral realm, there would not be a proper universe. These realms might, indeed, be regulated and kept from conflict, but they would break up the universe into parts separated by chasms, render knowledge difficult, vain, and disjointed, and create a certain antagonism opposite to the nature of mind. Man would be correlated, not to a universe, but to separate systems and orders, and these varied correlations would have no underlying unity. It would be difficult to prove the unity of God as against a harmonious polytheism or sovereign Jove. We might believe in one God, but we could not prove our faith. If matter has one principle in its process, and life another, and morals another, why not as many gods? It has not been easy to keep dualism out of philosophy. But with one principle or method in all realms, we have a key that turns all wards of the universe, opens all its doors in the past, and will open all in time to come. Knowledge becomes possible and harmonious; a path opens everywhere; the emphasis of the whole universe is laid on the unity of God.—*The Appeal to Life.*

URCHISON, SIR RODERICK IMPEY, a British geologist; born at Tarradale, Ross-shire, February 19, 1792; died at London, October 22, 1871. He obtained a commission in the army in 1807, served during a part of the Peninsular War, and retired in 1815, with the rank of captain of dragoons. By the advice of Humphry Davy he devoted himself to the study of geology, and in 1825 read his first paper before the Geological Society. Shortly afterward he began a systematic examination of the lower fossiliferous rocks of England and Wales. He applied the name "Silurian" to a series of rocks intermediate between the Cambrian and Devonian formations. His most important work, *The Silurian System*, appeared in 1839, a revised edition of which was published in 1854 under the title *Siluria*. Between 1840 and 1844, at the invitation of the Emperor Nicholas, he made geological explorations over a considerable portion of the Russian empire, the results of which were embodied in his *Geology of Russia-in-Europe and the Ural Mountains* (1845). In 1846 he was chosen President of the British Association, and in 1855 Director of the British Geological Survey. He was knighted in 1846, and created a baronet in 1866. He seems to have been the first to perceive the real configuration of the African continent.

THE LOWER SILURIAN ROCKS.

The geologist appeals to the book of nature, where its leaves have undergone no great alteration. He sees before him an enormous pile or series of early sub-aqueous sediment, originally composed of mud, sand, or pebbles, the successive bottoms of which have been de-

rived from pre-existing rocks; and in those lower beds, even where they are little altered, he can detect no remains of former creatures. But lying upon them, and therefore evolved after, other states succeed in which some few relics of a primeval ocean are discernible; and these again are everywhere succeeded by newer deposits, in which many fossils occur. In this way evidences have been fairly obtained to show that the sediments which underlie the strata containing the lowest fossil remains constitute in all countries which have been examined the natural base or bottom-rock of the deposits named Silurian.—*Siluria*.

When, in 1854, the great accessions of gold from California and Australia were pouring in, Murchison predicted that "the present large flows of gold into Europe will begin to diminish within a comparatively short period"; and he gave his reasons for believing that the then existing relation between the values of gold and silver would never be changed. He says:

THE RELATIVE PRODUCTION OF GOLD AND SILVER.

The fear that gold may be greatly depreciated in value relatively to silver is unwarranted by the data registered in the crust of the earth. Gold is, after all, in its native distribution, by far the most restricted of the precious metals. Silver and argentiferous lead, on the contrary, expand so largely downward into the bowels of the rocks as to lead us to believe that they must yield enormous profits to the skilful miner for ages to come; and the more so in proportion as better machinery and new inventions shall lessen the difficulties of subterranean mining. It may, indeed, be well doubted whether the quantities of gold and silver procurable from regions unknown to our progenitors will prove more than sufficient to meet the exigencies of an enormously increased population and our augmenting commerce and luxury. But this is not a theme for the geologist; and I would simply say that Providence

seems to have originally adjusted the relative values of these two precious metals, and that their relations, having remained the same for ages, will long survive all theories. Modern science, instead of contradicting, only confirms the truth of the aphorism of the patriarch Job, which thus shadowed forth the downward persistence of the one, and the superficial distribution of the other: "Surely, there is a vein for silver. The earth hath dust of gold."

Of the character of Murchison's work his biographer, Professor Geikie, says:

"If it be true, as Bacon asserted, that 'writing maketh an exact man,' it is no less true that mapping makes an exact geologist. . . . Murchison wisely resolved not to trust merely to eye and memory, but to record what he saw as accurately as he could upon maps. And there can be no doubt that by so doing he gave his work a precision and harmony that it could never have otherwise possessed, and that, even though still falling into some errors, he was enabled to get a firmer hold of the structure of the country which he had resolved to master than he could have obtained in any other way. For, to make his maps complete, he was driven to look into all manner of out-of-the-way nooks and corners, with which, but for that necessity, he might have been little likely to make acquaintance."

MURE, WILLIAM, a British historian; born near Caldwell, Ayrshire, Scotland, July 9, 1799; died at London, April 1, 1860. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh; afterward studied in Germany, and made a visit to Greece. His earlier works are *Chronology of the Egyptian*

Dynasties (1829); *Dissertation on the Calendar of the Zodiac of the Ancient Egyptians* (1832); *Journal of a Tour in Greece* (1838). He was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1847-48, and represented Renfrewshire in Parliament from 1846 to 1855. His most important work, *A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece* (1850-57), was left unfinished at his death, having been brought down to the time of Xenophon.

THE ORIGIN OF WRITING IN GREECE.

That the Hellenes were indebted for their first knowledge of the art of writing to the Phœnicians is a tradition, of the historical value of which we have historical proof altogether distinct from its own antiquity or universality in the characters of the Greek alphabet. In regard to the period at which a knowledge of these characters was first communicated to the Greeks, we are left—as on other points of earliest Hellenic culture—altogether dependent on mythical sources. There are, however, few national legends which, on the two-fold grounds of internal probability and the inveterate conviction of the enlightened native public in its favor, can advance stronger claims to the character of historical fact than that which ascribes the introduction of the alphabet to the Oriental colonies, figured, in the name and person of the hero Cadmus, as having settled in Greece—chiefly in Bœotia—at an early mythical period.

This legend is at least broadly distinguished by the above-mentioned more solid characteristics from various other traditions of mere local or poetical origins, invented in honor of certain heroes or tribes, and according to which there is scarcely a Greek patriarchal chief celebrated for ingenuity in the elementary sciences, to whom the discovery of this essentially Phœnician art has not been attributed. Such are Prometheus, Orpheus, Musæus, Linus, Chiron, Palamedes. There

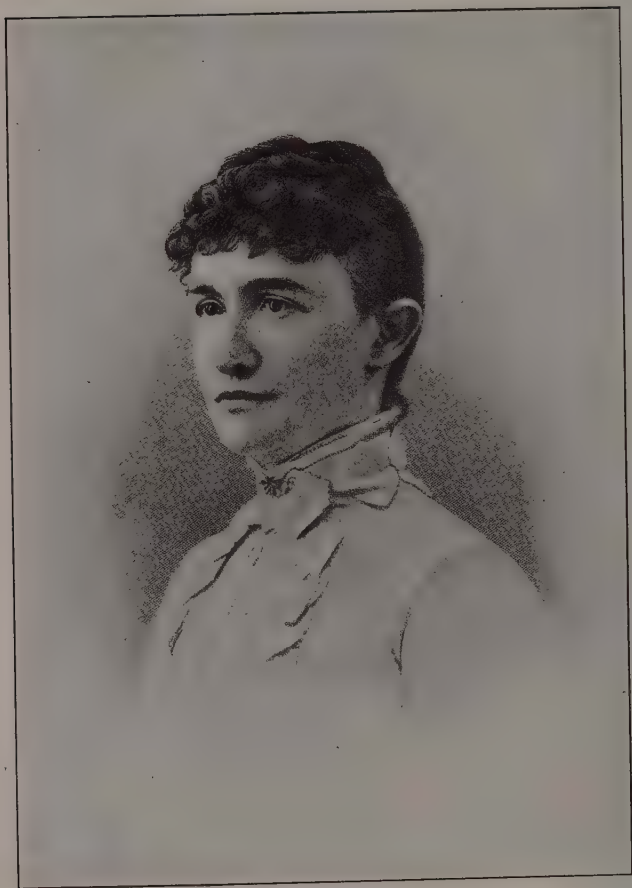
is one point, however, on which all these traditions, to whatever extent they may differ on other points, are unanimous. They all agree in tracing the first origin of writing in Greece to remote mythical eras.

THE UNITY OF THE HOMERIC POEMS.

It is probable that, like most other great painters of nature, Homer was indebted to previous tradition for the original sketches of his principal heroes. These sketches, however, could have been little more than outlines which, as worked up into the finished portraits of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, must rank as his own genuine productions.

In every branch of imitative art this faculty of representing to the life the moral phenomena of our nature in their varied phases of virtue, vice, weakness, or eccentricity, is the highest and rarest attribute of genius; and rarest of all as exercised by Homer through the medium of dramatic action, where the characters are never formally described, but made to develop themselves by their own language and conduct. It is this, among his many great qualities, which chiefly raises Homer above all other poets of his own class; nor with the single exception, perhaps, of the great English dramatist, has any poet ever produced so numerous and spirited a variety of original characters of different ages, ranks, and sexes. Still more peculiar to himself than their variety is the unity of thought, feeling, and expression—often of minute phraseology—with which they are individually sustained, and yet without an appearance of effort on the part of their author. Each describes himself spontaneously when brought upon the scene, just as the automata of Vulcan, in the *Odyssey*, though indebted to the divine artist for the mechanism on which they move, appear to perform their functions by their own unaided powers. That any two or more poets should simultaneously have conceived such a character as Achilles is next to impossible.

Still less credible is it that the different parts of the *Iliad*, where the hero successively appears as the same



MARY N. MURFREE.

sublime, ideal being, under the influence of the same combination of virtues, failings, and passions — thinking, speaking, acting, and suffering according to the same single type of heroic grandeur — can be the production of more than a single mind. Such evidence is perhaps even stronger in the case of the less prominent actors, in so far as it is less possible that different artists should simultaneously agree in their portraits of mere subordinate incidental personages than of heroes whose renown may have rendered their characters a species of public property. Two poets of the Elizabethan age might, without any conceit, have harmonized to a great extent, in their portrait of Henry V.; but that the correspondence should have extended to the imaginary companions of his youth — the Falstaffs, Bardolphs, Quickleys — were incredible. But the nicest shades of peculiarity in the inferior actors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are conceived and maintained in the same spirit of distinction as in Achilles or Hector.

MURFREE, MARY NOAILLES ("CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK"), an American novelist; born at Grantlands, near Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 24, 1850. She is the great-granddaughter of Colonel Hardy Murfree of North Carolina, who served in the Revolutionary War, and whose name was given to the town, Murfreesboro, that grew near the tract of land on which he settled, when he emigrated to Tennessee in 1807. Her first stories of life in the Tennessee mountains were published in the *Atlantic Monthly* under the pen-name of "Charles Egbert Craddock." Her works include *In the Tennessee Mountains* (1884); *Where the Battle Was Fought* (1885); *Down the Ravine* (1885); *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* (1885); *In*

the Clouds (1886); *The Story of Keedon Bluffs* (1887); *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove* (1888); *In the Stranger People's Country* (1891); *His Vanished Star* (1894); *Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge* (1895); *The Mystery of Witchface Mountain* (1896); *The Juggler* (1897); *The Bushwhackers* (1899); *The Champion* (1902); *A Sceptre of Power* (1903), and *The Storm Center* (1905).

AN INTERRUPTED CONFESSION.

The congregation composed itself to listen to the sermon. There was an expectant pause. Kelsey remembered ever after the tumult of emotion with which he stepped forward to the table and opened the book. He turned to the New Testament for his text—turned the leaves with a familiar hand. Some ennobling phase of that wonderful story which would touch the tender, true affinity of human nature for the higher things—from this he would preach to-day. And yet, at the same moment, with a contrariety of feeling from which he shrank aghast, there was skulking into his mind all that grewsome company of doubts. In double file they came: fate and free agency, free will and fore-ordination, infinite mercy and infinite justice, God's loving kindness and man's intolerable misery, redemption and damnation. He had evolved them all from his own unconscious logical faculty, and they pursued him as if he had, in some spiritual necromancy, conjured up a devil—nay, a legion of devils. Perhaps if he had known how they had assaulted the hearts of men in times gone past; how they have been combated and baffled, and yet have risen and pursued again; how, in the scrutiny of science and research men have passed before their awful presence, analyzed them, philosophized about them, and found them interesting; how others, in the levity of the world, having heard of them, grudged the time to think upon them. If he had known all this, he might have felt some courage in numbers.

As it was, there was no fight left in him. He closed

the book with a sudden impulse. "My fren's," he said, "I stan' not hyar ter preach ter day, but fur confession."

There was a galvanic start among the congregation, then intense silence.

"I hev los' my faith!" he cried out, with a poignant despair. "God ez 'gin it—ef theor is a God—he's tuk it away. You-uns kin go on. You-uns kin b'lieve. Yer paster b'lieves, an' he'll lead ye ter grace—leastwise ter a better life. But fur me thar's the nethermost depths of hell, ef"—how his faith and his unfaith now tried him!—"ef thar be enny hell. Leastwise— Stop, brother," he held up his hand in deprecation, for Parson Tobin had risen at last, and with a white, scared face. Nothing like this had ever been heard in all the length and breadth of the Great Smoky Mountains—"bear with me a little; ye'll see me hyar no more. Fur me thar is shame, ah! an' trial, ah! an' doubt, ah! an' despair, ah! The good things o' life hev not fallen ter me. The good things o' heaven air denied. My name is ter be a byword an' a reproach 'mongst ye. Ye'll grieve ez ye hev ever hearn the word from me, ah! Ye'll be held in derision! An' I hev hed trials—none like them ez air comin', comin' down the wind. I hev been a man marked fur sorrow, an' now fur shame." He stood erect; he looked bold, youthful. The weight of his secret, lifted now, had been heavier than he knew. In his eyes shone that strange light which was frenzy, or prophecy, or inspiration; in his voice rang a vibration they had never before heard. "I will go forth from 'mongst ye—I that am not of ye. Another shall gird me an' carry me where I would not. Hell an' the devil hev prevailed agin me. Pray fur me, brethern, ez I cannot pray fur myself. Pray that God may yet speak ter me—speak from out o' the whurlwind."

There was a sound upon the air. Was it the rising of the wind? A thrill ran through the congregation. The wild emotion, evoked and suspended in this abrupt pause, showed in pallid excitement on every face. Several of the men rose aimlessly, then turned and sat down again. Brought from the calm monotony of their inner life into this supreme crisis of his, they were struck aghast by the hardly comprehended situations of this spiritual

drama enacted before them. And what was that sound on the air! In the plenitude of their ignorant faith, were they listening for the invoked voice of God?

Kelsey, too, was listening in anguished suspense. It was not the voice of God, that man was wont to hear when the earth was young; not the rising of wind. The place of the golden sunshine was supreme. Even a tiny cloudlet, anchored in the limited sky, would not sail to-day.

On and on it came. It was the galloping of horse—the beat of hoofs, individualized presently to the ear—with that thunderous, swift, impetuous, advance that so domineers over the imagination, quickens the pulse, shakes the courage.

It might seem that all the ingenuity of malignity could not have compassed so complete a revenge. The fulfilment of his prophecy entered at the door. All its spiritual significance was annihilated: it was merged into a prosaic material degradation when the sheriff of the county strode, with jingling spurs, up the aisle, and laid his hand upon the preacher's shoulder. He wore his impassive official aspect. But his deputy, following hard at his heels, had a grin of facetious triumph upon his thin lips. He had been caught by the nape of the neck, and in a helpless rodent-like attitude had been slung out of the door by the stalwart man of God, when he and Amos James had ventured to go to the meeting-house in liquor; and neither he nor the congregation had forgotten the sensation. It was improbable that such high-handed proceedings could be instituted to-day, but the sheriff had taken the precaution to summon the aid of five or six burly fellows, all armed to the teeth. They, too, came tramping heavily up the aisle. Several wore the reflection of the deputy's grin; they were the "bold, bad men," the prophet's early associates before "he got religion, an' sot hisself ter consortin' with the saints." The others were sheepish and doubtful, serving on the posse with a protest under the constraining penalties of the law. The congregation was still, with a stunned astonishment; the preacher stood as one petrified, his eyes fixed upon the sheriff's face. The officer, with a slow, magisterial ges-

ture, took a paper from his breast-pocket, and laid it upon the Bible.

"Ye kin read, Pa'son," he said, "ye kin read the warrant fur yer arrest."

The deputy laughed a trifle insolently. He turned, swinging his hat—he had done the sacred edifice the reverence of removing it—and surveyed the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed people, leaning forward, standing up, huddled together, as if he had some speculation as to the effect upon them of these unprecedented proceedings. Kelsey could read nothing. His strong head was in a whirl; he caught at the table, or he might have fallen. The amazement of it, the shame of it!

"Who does this?" he exclaimed, in sudden realization of the situation. Already self-convicted of the blasphemy of infidelity, he stood in his pulpit in the infinitely ignoble guise of a culprit before the law.

Those fine immaterial issues of faith and unfaith, where were they? The torturing fear of futurity, and of a personal devil and a material hell, how impotent! His honest name—never a man had borne it that had suffered this shame; the precious dignity of freedom was riven from him; the calm securities of his self-respect were shaken forever. He could never forget the degradation of the sheriff's touch, from which he shrank with so abrupt a gesture that the officer grasped his pistol, and every nerve was on the alert. Kelsey was animated at this moment by a pulse as essentially mundane as if he had seen no visions and dreamed no dreams. He had not known how he held himself, how he cherished those values, so familiar that he had forgotten to be thankful till their possession was a retrospection.

He sought to regain his self-control. He caught up the paper; it quivered in his trembling hands; he strove to read it. "Rescue! I never rescued Rick Tyler!"

The words broke the long constraint. They were an elucidation, a flash of light. The congregation looked at him with changed eyes, and then looked at each other. Why did he deny? Were not the words of his prophecy still on the air? Had he not confessed himself an evil-doer, forsaken of God, and bereft of grace? His prophecy

was matched by the details of his experience. Had he done no wrong he could have foreseen no vengeance.

"Rick Tyler ain't wuth it," said one old man to another, as he spat on the floor.

The widow of Joel Byers, the murdered man, fell into hysterical screaming at Rick Tyler's name, and was presently borne out by her friends and lifted into one of the wagons.

"It air jes' ez well that the sher'ff takes Pa'son Kelsey, arter that thar confession o' his'n," said one of the dark-browed men, helping to yoke the oxen. "We couldn't hev kep' him in the church arter sech words ez his'n, an' church discipline ain't a goin' ter cast out no sech devil ez he air possessed by."

Brother Jake Tobin, too, appreciated that the arrest of the preacher in his pulpit was a solution of a difficult question. It was manifestly easier for the majority of the State of Tennessee to deal with him than for the little church on the Big Smoky.

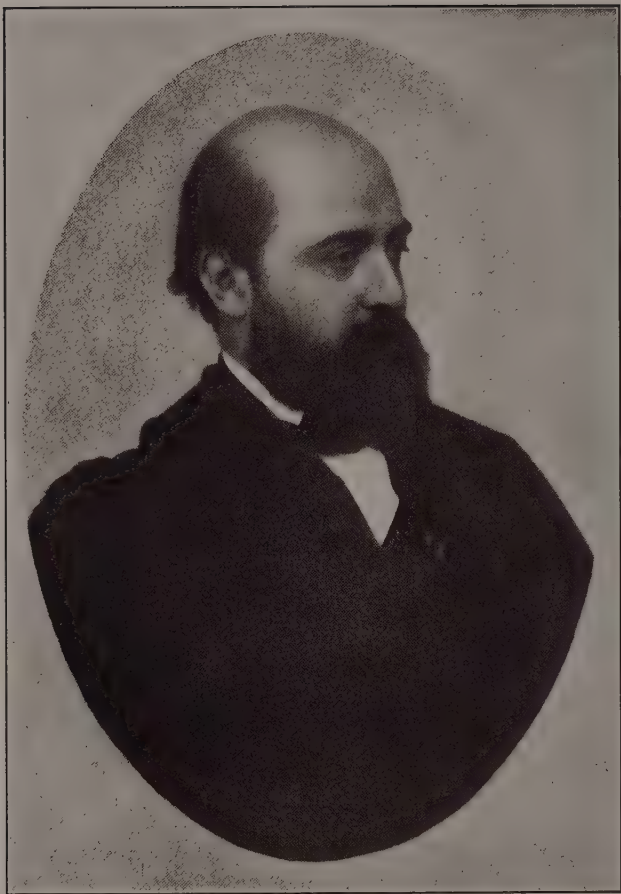
"Yer sins hev surely fund ye out, Brother Kelsey," he began, with the aid of having washed his hands of all responsibility. "God would never hev fursook ye ef ye hedn't fursook the good cause furst. Ye air ter be cast down—ye who hev stood high."

There was a momentary silence.

"Will ye come?" said the sheriff, smiling fixedly, "or had ye ruther be fetched?"

The deputy had a pair of handcuffs dangling officiously. They rattled in rude contrast with the accustomed sounds of the place.

Kelsey hesitated. Then, after a fierce internal struggle, he submitted meekly, and was led out from among them.—*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.*



HENRI MURGER.

MURGER, HENRI, a French novelist; born at Paris, March 24, 1822; died there, January 28, 1861. His father placed him in the office of a notary, but he soon obtained employment as secretary to Count Leo Tolstoï, and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. For about ten years he was comparatively unknown; and is supposed to have been himself plunged into the life of dissipation which he has pictured in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* (1848). This work vividly describes the life of the *Quartier Latin*, the "bohemia" of Paris. Murger was the painter *par excellence* of this region and its gay and wretched life; its corrupt young blood is in all his novels; in *Claude et Marianne* (1851); in *Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse* (1851); in *Le Dernier Rendezvous* (1852); in *Le Pays Latin* (1852); in *Adeline Protat* (1853); and in *Les Buveurs d'Eau* (1854). His poems bear the collective title *Les Nuits d'Hiver*. Murger died in an insane asylum.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

Marcel had been working for the last five or six years at that famous picture, which he stated was to represent the passage of the Red Sea; and for the last five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately rejected by the jury. Indeed, what with going backward and forward between the artist's studio and the museum, the museum and the artist's studio, the picture knew its way so well that, had it been put on castors, it could easily have made its way to the Louvre. Marcel, who had ten times altered and retouched this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to personal enmity on the part of the members of the jury the ostracism which annually turned it away from the Salon Carré; and in abandoned

moments he had composed, in honor of the Cerberus of the Academy, a little dictionary of abusive terms, adorned with ferociously bitter illustrations.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the cruel rebuffs which greeted him at every exhibition. He rested comfortably in the opinion that his picture was, in smaller dimensions, the proper pendant to the "Marriage at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose eminent beauty even the dust of three centuries has not effaced. Therefore, every year, at the time of the Salon, he sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only, to lead the committee astray, and to make them fail in the determination they seemed to have of rejecting the "Passage of the Red Sea," he, without altering anything in the general composition, would modify some detail and change the title of the picture. Thus it once appeared before the jury under the title of "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, badly disguised by Cæsar's cloak, was recognized and rejected with all the honor due to him. Next year Marcel spread over the foreground of his canvas a stratum of white to represent snow, planted a fir-tree in a corner, and dressing up an Egyptian as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture "Passage of the Beresina." The jury, who had that day scrubbed their spectacles on the palm-leaf-embroidered cuffs of their academicians' robes, were not taken in by this new artifice. They perfectly recognized the obstinate canvas, especially by help of a great devil of a parti-colored horse, who was rearing at sight of one of the Red Sea waves. This horse's coat served for all Marcel's experiments in color; and in familiar conversation he spoke of it as a synoptical table of low tones, because it reproduced, with all their play of light and shade, all the most varied combinations of color. Yet once again, regardless of this fact, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the "Passage of the Beresina." "How can they refuse it," muttered Marcel, "a serious work like this, which opens out a new horizon to military science!"

A few days later, Marcel received a visit from Father Médicis, who traded in all sorts of bric-à-brac. His business was concerned with everything — absolutely every-

thing — that exists. He would sell you cigars for a sketch of a feuilleton article, slippers for a sonnet, fresh sea-fish for paradoxes. A few extracts from his account-books will give an idea of the universality of his business:

Sold to M. L., antiquary, the compasses used by Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse, 75 fr.

Bought of M. B., one lot of social articles and the last three spelling mistakes made by the Prefect of the Seine, 6 fr. plus two pairs of Neapolitan slippers.

Sold to Mlle. O., a set of fair hair, 120 fr.

Sold to F., two love-letters, 12 fr.

Bought of M., 75 kilog. of his work entitled *Submarine Revolutions*, 15 fr.

As he sat down, the Jew's pockets resounded with a silvery noise. "Here is my business," he began; "a rich amateur, who is arranging a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has commissioned me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. In a word, I come to buy your 'Passage of the Red Sea.'" "For ready money?" "For ready money." "Go on," said Marcel, showing his picture. "I will leave you the honor of yourself fixing the price of this work, which is priceless." The Jew placed on the table fifty crowns in beautiful new money. "What!" replied the artist, "in the dress of my Pharaoh alone there is fifty crowns' worth of cobalt." "I do not add one penny more," replied Médicis. A week later Marcel stepped into the midst of a group who were watching with curiosity the hanging of a sign-board over a shop door. The "Passage of the Red Sea" had undergone one more modification, and bore a new title. A steamboat had been introduced, and it was called "At the Harbor of Marseilles." A flattering ovation had commenced among the curious when the picture was revealed. So Marcel returned home, delighted with his triumph.—*From La Vie de Bohème.*

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, an English journalist and novelist; born at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, April 13, 1847. He was educated at a private school in his native town, and became a reporter for the *Birmingham Morning News*. Removing to London in 1873, he served on the staff of the *Daily News*, and afterward of the *World*. During the Russo-Turkish war he was special correspondent for the *Scotsman* and the *Times*. On his return to London, he abandoned journalism and began to write his novels, which have a wide circulation. His works include *Life's Atonement* (1879); *Joseph's Coat* (1880); *Val Strange and Coals of Fire* (1881); *Hearts* and *By the Gate of the Sea* (1881); *The Way of the World* (1883); *A Bit of Human Nature* (1889); *John Vale's Guardian* (1890); *One Traveler Returns* and *A Dangerous Catpaw* (1889); *Paul Jones's Alias* and *The Bishop's Bible* (1890); *Bob Martin's Little Girl* (1892); *A Wasted Crime* (1893); *The Making of a Novelist* (1894); *The Martyred Fool* and *The Investigations of John Pym* (1895); *This Little World* (1897); *Despair's Last Journey* (1901).

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

The supper was finished, and Mr. Lester intimated that he should be happy to place Eugene Hungerford in possession of the deeds, bonds, notes, and other securities, which constituted the three millions. The other party adjourned to the drawing-room.

"I believe there is only one person not present who has had any contingent interest in the property," said Mr. Lester, who being an eminent man, was of course



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

disposed to be formal and precise in the discharge of a duty so important as that which now devolved upon him.

"Dr. Lynch," added the lawyer. "His contingent interest ceases to-day."

"It is quite proper that he should be present, being an interested party, and I have taken the liberty to invite him to come here at nine o'clock," continued Mr. Lester. "You will pardon me for inviting this unwelcome guest, Mr. Hungerford, but I deemed it best that he should be here," he added, in a low tone, to Eugene, who stood by his side.

"I am entirely satisfied."

"I do not think he will come," said Mr. Lester. "His contingent interest no longer exists, and I doubt if he will care to see all the property slip into your hands." The eminent trustee chuckled a little. He was so well satisfied that the doctor would not come, that he had not even deemed it worth while to say before that he had invited him.

"Dr. Lynch is not present," continued the eminent trustee, "and we will proceed without him."

"Dr. Lynch," said Parkinson, throwing open the door at this moment.

"Ah!" ejaculated Mr. Lester, faintly.

"I am here at the request of Mr. Lester," said Dr. Lynch, as Eugene stepped forward to receive the guest.

Eugene made no reply; he was courteous, but he said no more than was necessary to greet the guest. He gave him a seat.

"By the terms of John Hungerford's will," Mr. Lester began again, "a document drawn up with great care by my learned legal friend, whom you all have the pleasure of meeting on this interesting occasion, it was provided that the income of the three millions of dollars, the entire estate of the testator, should be paid over to Eugene Hungerford, his nephew, as fast as it accrued. This clause, I believe, has been faithfully and legally carried out, and the trustees have the receipts for all the moneys paid over to Mr. Hungerford."

Mr. Lester paused and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. It was important business, and it must look

important. "By the terms of John Hungerford's will, it further appears," he continued, "that if, when testator's nephew, Eugene, had attained the age of thirty years, he was the father of a son, who had been duly named for his father's uncle, the whole three millions should be paid over to the nephew. In order to comply with the terms of the will, and entitle Mr. Hungerford to absolute possession of the property, these questions must be answered. First: Is Eugene Hungerford legally married? Second: Has he a son? Third: Is this son named John Hungerford? During the day the trustees, with the valuable assistance of the distinguished legal gentleman who drew up the original will, have considered these three questions, embodying the conditions on which they were to constitute Mr. Hungerford the sole owner of the property, and they are happy to say that they find full, complete, legal evidence which satisfies them that the three conditions have been duly and properly met.

"The trustees find that Mr. Hungerford was duly married to the estimable lady known as his wife." Mr. Lester was so intent upon being verbose that he quite forgot his early view of the marriage. "They were united by Rev. John Porter. There is no room to doubt the legality of the marriage; but, unpleasant as it is, this matter must be mentioned."

Mr. Lester made this apology, because, glancing at Mary, he saw that her face was quite red, and that she was annoyed by the consideration of the question.

"There being no doubt on this point——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lester," interrupted Dr. Lynch, in a bland and almost supercilious tone, "but there *is* some doubt about it."

All eyes were directed toward the doctor. Eugene looked stern and indignant; the conduct of the unwelcome guest appeared like a premeditated insult to him. Dick Birch's fingers were involuntarily clutched together; he was in condition to lay violent hands on the doctor. Julia placed her finger on his arm; and this prevented him from executing the purpose in his mind.

"Dr. Lynch, do I understand you to raise an objection to the legality of the marriage?" asked Mr. Lester, now

quite startled out of propriety by the unexpected event.

"I do raise an objection," replied the doctor, who was already revelling in the misery he intended to produce.

"What objection?"

"The marriage was not legal," he replied, triumphantly, as he glanced at Eugene.

"The ceremony was performed by the reverend gentleman now present; the marriage is duly recorded and there are plenty of witnesses of the fact."

"I appeal to your legal adviser, at your side, to say whether these are sufficient to constitute a legal marriage!" said Dr. Lynch, apparently bent upon prolonging the joy of his triumph, and upon keeping the parties in suspense as long as he could.

"If the parties are competent to marry, they are sufficient," said the lawyer.

"But the parties to this marriage were not competent. . . . The lady was not competent to marry. She was the wife of another man."

"Her husband was dead."

"I beg your pardon. He was living."

"Why don't you prove it?" demanded Dick Birch.

"I will."

Dr. Lynch went out of the room, opened the front door, and presently appeared with the stranger whom he had met at his office.

"Here is my proof," said he, pointing to the stranger. It was Eliot Buckstone.—*The Way of the World*.

URRAY, LINDLEY, an American grammarian; born at Swatara, Lancaster County, Pa., April 22, 1745; died near York, England, February 16, 1826. His father removed in 1753 to New York, where he engaged in mercantile business. The son was destined to a business life, and after re-

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ceiving a good education was placed in his father's counting-room; but after urgent solicitation his father consented to his entering upon the study of law. He was admitted to the bar; but the breaking out of the war of the Revolution put an end for the time to his practice, and he entered upon a mercantile business with such success that at the close of the war he found himself in possession of a considerable fortune. He then retired from business. Having gone to England for his health, he found life there so congenial that he purchased a small estate at Holdgate, near York, where he passed the remaining forty years of life, devoting himself to reading and writing. His first work, published anonymously in 1787, was entitled *The Power of Religion on the Mind*. Almost accidentally he was led into the writing of works relating to the Grammar of the English language. His first work on this subject appeared in 1795. This proved so successful that it was from time to time enlarged, and his *English Grammar* soon superseded all others, both in England and America. He produced several other works subsidiary to this, among which was an *English Reader*, made up of selections from the best of authors. He wrote an *Autobiography*, bringing his life down to the year 1809, which was published after his death.

MOTIVES FOR WRITING.

In the course of my literary labors I found that the mental exercise which accompanied them was not a little beneficial to my health. The motives which excited me to write, and the objects which I hoped to accomplish, were of a nature calculated to cheer the mind, and to give the animal spirits a salutary impulse. I am persuaded that if I had suffered my time to pass away with

little or no employment, my health would have been still more impaired, my spirits depressed, and perhaps my life considerably shortened. I have therefore reason to deem it a happiness, and a source of gratitude to Divine Providence, that I was enabled under my bodily weakness and confinement to turn my attention to the subjects which have so many years afforded me abundant occupation. I think it is incumbent upon us, whatever may be our privations, to cast our eyes around and endeavor to discover whether there are not some means yet left us of doing good to ourselves and to others; that our lights may in some degree shine in every situation, and, if possible, be extinguished only with our lives. The quantum of good which, under such circumstances we do, ought not to disturb or affect us. If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable to Him Who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions by comparing them with our disposition and ability.—*Autobiography.*

THE PURPOSE OF HIS "GRAMMARS."

I was often solicited to compose and publish a *Grammar of the English Language* for the use of some teachers who were not perfectly satisfied with any of the existing Grammars. I declined for a considerable time complying with this request, from a consciousness of my inability to do the subject that careful justice which would be expected in a new publication of that nature. Being much pressed to undertake the work, I at length turned my attention seriously to it. I conceived that a Grammar containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adaptation of it to the understanding and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of the examples and illustrations, would be some improvement on the English Grammars which had fallen under my notice.

With this impression I ventured to produce the first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring of the year 1795. I will not assert that I have accomplished all that I proposed. But the approbation

and the sale which the book obtained have given me some reason to believe that I have not altogether failed in my endeavors to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labors of both teachers and learners of English Grammar. In a short time after the appearance of the work a second edition was called for. This unexpected demand induced me to revise and enlarge the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation; and the repeated editions through which it passed in a few years encouraged me at length to improve and extend it still further; and in particular to support, by some critical discussions, the principles upon which many of its positions are founded.—*Autobiography*.

MURRAY, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON ("AD-
IRONDAK MURRAY"), an American clergy-
man and novelist; born near Guilford, Conn.,
April 26, 1840; died there, March 3, 1904. After his
graduation from Yale in 1862, he was licensed to
preach, and in 1864-68 was pastor of churches in
Greenwich and Meriden, Conn. In 1868 he was
called to the pastorate of the Park Street Congrega-
tional Church, Boston, Mass., engaged in lecturing;
and from 1869 until 1873 delivered Sunday evening
talks in the Boston Music-Hall, which were popular.
He resigned his charge in 1874, to engage in business
and to preach to independent congregations. His
works include *Adventures in the Adirondacks* (1868);
Music-Hall Sermons (1870-73); *Words Fitly Spoken*
(1873); *The Perfect Horse* (1873); *Sermons Deliv-
ered from Park Street Pulpit* (1874); *Adirondack
Tales* (6 vols., 1877); *How Deacon Tubman and Par-
son Whitney Kept New Year, and Other Stories*

(1887); *The Story of Mamelons, Daylight Land* (1888); *How John Norton the Trapper Kept His Christmas* (1891); *Mamelons and Ugava*, a legend (1891).

THE CATASTROPHE.

It was a stormy night. The wind was blowing a gale; not a star was visible. The wind came from the south-east; raw, and damp with a briny dampness. The force of a thousand leagues of unimpeded violence was in it; it was full of lusty strength, of unchecked might, rageful and fierce. The centre of the storm movement was in the far Atlantic; but, as it swept round on its invisible axis in fearful revolutions, Long Island split the periphery of its power like a wedge, and sheared off a mighty column, which poured itself into and down the Sound, sweeping it from end to end. The waves ran high; they rose out of the darkness, vast volumes of on-rolling water, and rushed against the steamer's prow as if they would keel her over and drive her downward to destruction.

Only a few of her full complement of passengers were on deck. Some were in the main saloon, gathered in knots for comfort. Others sat moodily apart, communing with their fears; while not a few were in their state-rooms, or down below in their berths, sick and thoroughly frightened. The air was full of foreboding. The prevalent feeling was that of alarm. The plunge of the vessel as she dived downward into the hollow of the sea; the tremulous shocks that shook her from stem to stern; the quivering that convulsed her huge frame, and tried her timbers in all their joints as the great sea struck her; the groaning of the machinery, and now and then the rush of waters overhead as some sea swept over her bulwarks—revealed to those that were within the saloon, or lay stretched in their berths, that the gale was at its height.

A few of the passengers were on deck; some were sailors, and from habit kept an exposed position; others, while not seamen, were sufficiently familiar with voyaging, and of such a temperament, that a position on deck and the sight of a storm were more congenial to

them than the protected parlors. Among these our friends could be numbered. It was not in accordance with the temperament or habits of Herbert and the Trapper to stay between decks when such a storm was raging, and the lad could not remain separate from his companions. Indeed, his behavior and remarks revealed the fact that he was familiar with the different portions of the vessel, and with the proper management of such a craft in a storm. He evidently had knowledge of the machinery, knew the name and use of all the equipments, and showed no inconsiderable acquaintance with the force and action of wind and waves, and even with the reefs and islands of the coast along which the course of the vessel was now directed.

"I don't know what we should do if anything should happen," said Herbert; "the clerk told me there were six hundred passengers aboard, and at the tables to-night I thought I had never seen so many women and children in one boat at a time. I don't know what would become of them, or any of us for that matter, in a sea like this if ——"

Fire! FIRE! F-I-R-E!

The effect of such a cry on shipboard at night in the midst of such a gale, on a crowded steamer, can never be known to those who have not heard it; nor communicated to those who quietly sit in safety and at ease, reading its description on the printed page. In the great saloon, when the awful sound swept through it, men engaged in conversation stopped — looked with startled interrogation into each other's eyes, with faces that on the instant turned white as ashes. Women with a sudden gesture placed their hands above their hearts as if they had received a sudden stab. Some continued sitting as they had been, as if stiffened to the position. Others, with their hands still on their hearts, sank back in a dead swoon. Children stopped their play and stood staring at their elders. The sick in their berths stilled their groans and lay straight on their cots as if dead, listening with pent breath.

On deck all was hurry and confusion incident to such an emergency. Hose were being fitted, pumps got in

motion, the crew was being told off into companies, and the proper officers put over them. The captain was a brave man, and skillful; the officers supported him nobly, and most of the crew obeyed the voices of discipline. The places of those who faltered were more than made good by volunteers, amid whom the Trapper and the Lad were efficiently prominent. Brave men and braver women were among the passengers, who exerted themselves to still the tumult. The captain himself went into the main saloon on his way to the engineer's room, and addressed the passengers in brave and hopeful words. He said they were in danger—that he did not deny—but that he had been in great danger before, and came out all right; the ship was on fire, he admitted; but he stated that the pumps were working well, and if they could not subdue the flames, he hoped to keep them under until he could make harbor.

The captain passed on and entered the engineer's room; counselled a moment with the chief, and then, with three carpenters, began to explore the forward hold of the vessel, to find the location and the extent of the fire. It took but a brief search to discover that the whole forward part of the ship beneath was a mass of flames. The freight was of combustible material, and thoroughly ignited. The captain looked at the dreadful spectacle for an instant, while the lines of his face grew absolutely rigid, and said:

"My God! The ship is a furnace!"

He stood another instant in profound thought, during which his quick and fearless mind had considered all the contingencies, and without speaking to the three men that were with him, he started for the deck and pilot-house. He summoned the chief engineer and his officers around him, and stated what he had discovered—laid the whole subject in a few terse words before them and said:

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes the saloons will be like an oven, and the windows of the pilot-house will be cracking. Have you anything to suggest?"

The first officer, a sailor from boyhood, whose head and beard were a heavy gray, said promptly:

"Captain, we must beach her."

The officers looked their assent.

"It is our only course," said the captain. "Pilot," said he, turning to the man, "can you beach her?" The other deliberated a moment, and said:

"Captain, I am ready to take any responsibility that a man in my position should take. I am ready to execute any order you give; but I will not take the responsibility of running this steamer, with six hundred passengers aboard on to a coast that I know nothing of, beyond the knowledge I have of the lights, the reefs, and the harbors. It would be a mere chance if I got her within half a mile of the shore."

Not a man spoke. They felt as if the horror of death were shutting down around them. They were brave, they were calm. They showed no sign of fear. They could meet death as men should meet it; but they could not tell how to escape it. Suddenly the captain's face lighted, with the light which was the expectation of a hope, of a conjecture, of a possibility. He darted out of the pilot-house, swung himself down among the crew, who were busy with the pumps and the hose, and, with a concentration of voice that penetrated the roar of the storm like a knife, shouted:

"Is there a man here who knows this coast?"

When the captain dropped among them the men stopped their work and stood staring at him. Only the old Trapper and Herbert, each of whom stood above the forward hatch, hose in hand, directing the streams that the pumps sent through the swelling tubes downward, kept their position. The captain waited a moment, while the light faded from his countenance as no response came, and then as if in despair, he shouted:

"I say, is there a man here who knows this coast? For God's sake, some of you speak!"

Again, no reply came, and he was on the point of turning away, when the Lad, who had been kneeling under the protection of the bulwark trying to stop a rent which the pressure had made in the hose that the old Trapper was tending, rose out of the shadow and approaching the captain, said:

"Yes, sir, I know the coast,"

"Who are you," said the captain, incredulously, "that claim such knowledge? Are you not the youth I saw with the old hunter at the table to-night? How should you, born in the interior, know about this coast?"

"I was not born in the woods," responded the Lad. "I was born within ten miles of where we are, and I know every rock and reef and point, for I have fished on them all; and I know every beach, for I used to play on them when a boy."

Lightning is scarce quicker than was the motion of Herbert, as he darted forward into the smoke, which was rolling up in great volumes from the front part of the boat.

By this time the forward half of the vessel was almost one sheet of flame. A column of fire rose out of the forward hatch fifty feet into the air, but was mercifully blown onward by the flame. From this the Trapper and the Lad were at least safe, but the flames were now breaking over all restraint. The deck itself was being burnt through, and sections were falling into the hold. The stanchions and timbers of the bulwarks were already in full blaze. The outer edges of the upper deck were girdled with fire. The roof of the pilot-house had begun to kindle. The flames were already eating their way toward the stern, and would soon be in the rear of the two men who were standing half hidden in smoke at a point which would soon be the very centre of the conflagration. But they never flinched. They stood in the exact position where they were when Henry left them; the Trapper still holding the trumpet in his hand, and the Lad still gazing steadfastly ahead.

"Tell them to port two points," said the Lad, quietly.

The old man placed the trumpet to his lips, and through the brazen tube his voice poured steady and strong:

"The boy says: 'Tell 'em to port two p'int's.'"

The vessel swayed suddenly to port; and as she leapt away, the Lad said:

"Tell them to hold her steady as she is."

Again the old man lifted his trumpet, and called:

"The boy says, 'Tell 'em to hold her steady as she is,'"

For a minute not a word was spoken. The steamer tore on through the gloom, lighting her path with the flames. The roof of the pilot-house dropped in, and the smoke and cinders hid the two men from the sight of those, who with prayers on their lips and with agonized faces, were gazing at them from behind.

Suddenly out of the smoke and fire came the tones of the trumpet:

"The lad says, '*Tell 'em I hear the surf on the beach.*'"

Suddenly the starboard half of the upper deck fell with a crash. As it fell those behind saw the lad turn to the Trapper — saw him totter — saw him steady himself — saw his companion catch him by the arm — saw the old hero, with the sleeve of his coat, that was itself smoking, wipe the cinders from his lips as he lifted the trumpet to his mouth; and out of the black, eddying smoke, as it swept over the three and hid them from sight, bellowed the words, strong as trumpet could send them:—

"The lad says:—'*Tell 'em I see the surf on the beach! Hold her steady as she is.*' God——"

The sentence was never completed. The flat-bottom of the vessel touched the sand — slid along it — and was driven by the momentum of her movements half her length up the beach. Then she rolled over with a great lurch; her smoke-stacks went down with a crash, carrying the upper deck on which they stood with them, and the three men sank from sight in the smoke and fire.—*Adirondack Tales.*—*The Man Who Didn't Know Much.*

USÄUS, JOHANN KARL AUGUST, a German satirist; born at Jena, March 29, 1735; died at Weimar, October 28, 1787. He was educated for the ministry, but in 1763 was appointed governor of the pages at the Court of Weimar, and seven

years later he became a professor at the gymnasium. His most popular work is *Volkesmärchen der Deutschen*, a collection of the popular legends of the Fatherland, which he issued in 1782. Other works, most of which have enjoyed great popularity, are his *Deutsche Grandison* (1760); *Physiognomische Reisen* (1778), a keen satire on the works of Lavater; *Freund Heins Erscheinungen* (1785), written in imitation of Hans Holbein; and *Straussfedern* (1787-97), in which the influence of Wieland is apparent. His relative, Kotzebue, has published his posthumous works; and there is a *Life* of him by Müller. The writings of Musäus are satirical but kindly in tone; they are naïve, and are particularly characterized by delightful humor. He was fond of collecting German folk-lore.

THE GOBLIN BARBER.

The castle lay hard by the hamlet, on a steep rock, right opposite the inn, from which it was divided merely by the highway and a little gurgling brook. The edifice was still kept in repair, for it served the owner as a hunting-lodge; so soon as the stars began to twinkle he retired, however, with his whole retinue, to escape the mischief of the ghost, who rioted about in it the whole night, but by day gave no disturbance. Unpleasant as the owner felt this spoiling of his mansion by a bugbear, the nocturnal sprite was not without advantages, for the great security it gave from thieves. The count could have appointed no trustier or more watchful keeper over the castle than this same spectre, for the rashest troop of robbers never ventured to approach its station. Accordingly he knew of no safer place for laying up his valuables than this old tower in the hamlet of Rummelsburg, near Rheinburg. [A brave youth passes a night in the castle under the following circumstances.] There stalked in a long, lean man, with a black beard, in ancient

garb, and with a gloomy countenance, his eyebrows hanging down in deep earnestness from his brow. Over his right shoulder he had a scarlet cloak, and on his head a peaked cap. With a heavy step he walked thrice in silence up and down the chamber; looked at the consecrated tapers, and snuffed them that they might burn brighter. Then he threw aside his cloak, girded on a scissors pouch, produced a set of shaving-tackle, and immediately began to whet a sharp razor on the broad strap which he wore at his girdle. Franz anxiously speculated on the object of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his throat or his beard. To his comfort, the goblin poured some water from a silver flask into a basin of silver, and with his skinny hand lathered the soap into a light foam; then set a chair, and beckoned, with a solemn look, to the quaking looker-on to come forth from his recess. The operation finished, Franz heartily deplored the loss of his fair brown locks; but took fresh breath as he observed that with this sacrifice, the ghost had no more power over him. Scarcely, however, was Redcloak gone three steps when he paused, looked round with a mournful expression at his well-served customer, and stroked the flat of his hand over his black busy beard. So he beckoned to the ghost to take the seat from which he had himself just risen. The goblin instantly obeyed, and he scraped the ghost as bald as he himself was. The action now became dramatic. "Stranger," said the ghost, "accept my thanks for the service thou hast done me. By thee I am delivered from the long imprisonment which has chained me for three hundred years within these walls, till a mortal hand should retaliate on me what I practised on others in my lifetime. Of old a reckless scorner dwelt within this tower: I was his castle-barber. Many a pious pilgrim have I shaved smooth and bald, and packed him out of doors. In this the scoffer took his pleasure, laughing with a devilish joy. Once a saintly man from foreign lands spoke a heavy malison upon me: 'Know, accursed man, that when thou diest, heaven and hell are shut against thy soul. As goblin it shall rage within these walls, till, unbid, a traveler exercise retaliation on thee.' That hour I faded like a shadow, my



ALFRED DE MUSSET.

spirit left the wasted carcass, and I was exiled to this castle, and though I treated all like thee, no one would understand me, and perform, as thou, the service which has freed my soul from bondage. Tarry here till beard and locks again shall cover chin and scalp; and turn thee homeward to thy native town; and on the Weser-bridge of Bremen, at the time when day and night in autumn are alike, wait for a friend who there will meet thee, who will tell thee what to do that it be well with thee on earth."

[At the appointed time, Franz meets a beggar on the bridge, to whom, in the course of conversation, he relates his adventure. The beggar, in turn, tells a strange dream of his youth, in which he describes a garden containing hidden treasure: the garden was Franz's own family garden.] Thus Franz provided comfortably for old Timber-toes, lived happily with his wife, and found the most tolerable mother-in-law that has ever been discovered.—*From Dumb Love.*

MUSSET, LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE, a French poet, novelist and dramatist; born at Paris, November 11, 1810; died there, May 1, 1857. After leaving school he devoted himself to literature. His first volume, *Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie* (1830), excited attention from its lax moral tone, as well as from its unmistakable genius. In 1833 appeared *La Spectacle dans un Fauteuil* and *André del Sarto*. In his *Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle* (1836) he gives, under fictitious names, an account of his *liaison* with Madame Dudevant ("George Sand"). A new edition, published in 1859, led her to publish *Elle et Lui*, to a rejoinder by Paul de Musset, the brother of Alfred, *Lui et Elle*,

and to a sur-rejoinder by George Sand, none of which are altogether edifying reading. In 1842 he was appointed to a position in the office of the Ministry of the Interior; he was ousted from it at the revolution of 1848, but was restored to it after the establishment of the Empire in 1852. Much of De Musset's poetry is altogether free from any loose taint. He also wrote many clever prose tales and several dramatic compositions. *La Nuit de Mai*; *La Nuit d'Août*; *La Nuit d'Octobre*, and *La Nuit de Décembre*, published in 1835, are among his finest poems. His *Works*, illustrated, appeared in ten volumes, in 1866.

VENICE.

In Venice not a barque
Is stirring — all is dark,
For through the gloomy night
Breaks ne'er a light.

The lion, gaunt and grand,
Seated upon the strand,
Scans the wide waters o'er
Forevermore.

While many a ship and boat,
In groups around him float,
Like herons, lulled to sleep
Upon the deep.

Over the misty sea,
Fluttering lazily,
Streamers and sails unfurled;
Clinging and curled.

Now the moon's dreamy light
Is flooding all the night,
From many a glimmering cloud
Her airy shroud —

Just as some novice would
Draw on her ample hood,
Yet leaving still, I ween,
Her beauty seen.

And the still water flows
Past mighty porticoes,
And stairs of wealthy knights
In lordly flights.

And the pale statues gleam
In the pure light, and seem
Like visions of the past
Come back at last.

All silent, save the sound
Of guards upon their round,
As on the battled wall
Their footsteps fall.

More than one damsel strays
Beneath the pale moon's rays,
And waits, with eager ear,
Her cavalier;

More than one girl admiring
The charms she is attiring;
More than one mirror shows
Black dominoes.

La Vanina is lying,
With languid raptures dying,
Upon her lover's breast
Half lulled to rest.

Narcissa, Folly's daughter,
Holds Festal on the water,
Until the opal morning
Is softly dawning.

Who then in such a clime
 But has a madcap time?
 Who but to love can give
 Life, while he live?

Let the old Doge-clock strike
 And hammer as it like,
 And count with jealous spite
 The hours of night.

But we will count instead
 On full lips rosy red,
 So many kisses earned;
 And then returned;

Count all your charms, my dear;
 Count every happy tear,
 That loving hearts must borrow
 From joy and sorrow.

—*Translation of* HARRY CURWEN.

TO PÉPA.

Pépa! when the night has come,
 And Mamma has bid good-night,
 By the light half-clad and dumb,
 As thou kneelest out of sight —

Laid by cap and sweeping vest
 Ere thou sinkest to repose,
 At the hour when half at rest,
 Folds thy soul as folds a rose —

When sweet sleep, the sovereign mild,
 Peace to all the house has brought,
 Pépita! my charming child!
 What, O what, is then thy thought?

Who knows! Haply dreamest thou
 Of some lady doom'd to sigh,
 At that hope a truth deems now,
 All that Truth shall prove a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a Prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me;—or nothing, Dear, at all.

PALE STAR OF EVEN.

Pale star of even, on thy distant quest
Lifting thy radiant brow from twilight's veil,
From out thy azure palace in the west,
What seest thou in the dale?
The storm recedes, the winds are lulled to rest,
The shivering trees weep on the grass beneath,
The evening butterfly, with gilded crest,
Flits o'er the fragrant heath.
What seekest thou on Nature's sleeping breast?
Down toward the mountains thou art sinking fast,
Sinking and smiling, sweet and pensive guest;
Thy tremulous gaze has almost looked its last.
Sad, silvery tear on evening's mantle brown,
Slow gliding downward to the verdant steep.
The shepherd sees thee, as across the down
He homeward leads his lingering flock of sheep.
Star, at this silent hour so strangely fair,
Through boundless night, oh, whither dost thou go
To seek beside the shore a reedy lair,
Or, like a pearl, sink in the gulf below?
Oh, if thy glowing tresses thou must wet
In ocean's brine, fair star, if thou must die,
Ere thou forsake us, stay a moment yet;
Sweet star of love! ah, do not leave the sky.

VERGISS MEIN NICHT.

Remember! when the morn with sweet affright
Opens her portals to the king of day;
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Remember! when the melancholy night
 All silver-veiled, pursues her darkling way;
 Or when thy pulses wake at pleasure's tone;
 When twilight shades to gentle dreams invite,
 List to a voice which from the forest lone
 Murmurs, Remember!

Remember! when inexorable fate
 Hath parted finally my lot from thine,
 When absence, grief, and time have laid their weight
 With crushing power on this heart of mine,
 Think of my love, think of my last farewell,
 Absence nor time can constancy abate —
 While my heart beats its every throb shall tell
 Remember!

Remember! when beneath the chilly ground
 My weary heart has found a lasting sleep,
 And when in after time, above the mound,
 The pale blue flower its gentle watch doth keep,
 I shall not see thee more, but ever nigh,
 Like sister true, my soul will hover round,
 List to a voice which through the night will sigh
 Remember!

THE PIÉDELEUS.

The good man Piédeleu was from the province of Beauce. There he had spent his life, and there he fully intended to die. He was the old and honest farmer of the estate of la Honville, near Chartres, an estate belonging to Madame Doradour. He never in his life had seen either a forest or a mountain, having left his farm only to visit the neighboring city; and Beauce, as every one knows, is but one immense plain. It is true that he had seen a river, the Eure, which flowed near his house. As for the sea, he believed in it as he did in Paradise — that is to say, he thought one must first go and see it.

Thus did he find in this world but three things worthy of admiration: The Cathedral-steeple at Chartres, a handsome girl, and a fine wheat-field. His erudition con-

sisted simply in knowing that it is warm in summer, cold in winter, and that the market price of grain is subject to fluctuation. But when, in the midday sun, at the hour when the husbandmen take their rest, the worthy farmer left his broad farm-yard to speak a few kind words to his crops, it was a great treat to see his massive form stand out against the horizon. It seemed then that the blades of wheat stood up straighter and prouder than before, that the ploughshares shone more brilliantly. At his coming, the farm-boys, stretched in the shade eating their dinner, uncovered their heads respectfully while biting into the broad slices of bread and cheese; the oxen ruminated in a good-humored way; the horses pranced under the hand of the master patting their rounded flanks. "Our country is the granary of France," the good man often said; then he lowered his head, marching, looked at his straight-cut furrows, and lost himself in contemplation. Mistress Piédeleu, his wife, had given him nine children, of whom eight were boys, and, if each of the eight were not six feet high, he lacked but little of it. It is true that such was the size of the good man, and the mother was five feet five inches: she was the handsomest woman thereabouts.

The eight boys, strong as bullocks, the terror and admiration of the village, obeyed their father as slaves. They were, so to speak, the first and most zealous of his servants, doing in turn the work of carters, ploughmen and threshers. It was a fine sight to see those eight sturdy fellows, either when, with sleeves tucked up, the two-pronged fork in their hands, they would build up a haystack, or, when marching to Mass on Sunday, arm-in-arm, the father heading the procession; or, finally, when at nightfall, the work done, they sat around the long kitchen-table exchanging remarks over their smoking soup and merrily touching their big tin cups.

In the midst of that family of giants had come into the world a small creature, full of health, but quite petite. It was the ninth child of Mistress Piédeleu, Marguerite, whom they called Margot. Her head hardly reached the elbow of any of her brothers, and when her father wanted to kiss her he never failed to lift her from the ground and

place her on the table. Little Margot was hardly sixteen; her turned-up nose, her well-cut mouth, neatly filled and always smiling, the sun-warmed hue of her complexion, her chubby arms and her delicately rounded figure, gave her the look of cheerfulness itself; in truth she was the joy of the family. Seated among her brothers, she shone and pleased the sight as a blue-bell in the midst of a bouquet of wheat-ears. "My faith," the good man would say, "I don't know how my wife managed to get me that child; she is a real gift of Providence; all the same, that little bit of a girl will make me laugh all my life."

Already Margot managed the household; Mother Piédeleu, though still quite hale and hearty, had confided those duties to her, so as to accustom her early to order and economy. Margot arranged and locked up the linen and the wine, and had the care of the pots and pans, which, however, she did not deign to wash; but she laid the covers, poured the drink, and sang a song when asked. The maid-servants of the house never spoke of her but as *Mademoiselle Marguerite*, for she had her little, proud ways. Moreover, as people say, she was as good as a picture. I do not mean that she was not coquettish; she was young, pretty, and a daughter of Eve. But woe to the boy, were he one of the village cocks, that would have dared to press her waist too hard; it would have fared ill with him; the son of a farmer, named Jerry—a bad case they called him—having kissed her one day at the dance, had been rewarded with a sounding slap.

His Reverence the "Curé" showed Margot a marked esteem. When he had an example to quote, he always chose her. He even did her the honor to mention her name in the sermon, pointing her out as a model to his flock. If the so-called progressive enlightenment of the Nineteenth Century had not suppressed the *rosières*—that old and honest custom of our ancestors—Margot would have worn the garland of white roses, and that alone would have been worth a dozen sermons; but our gentlemen of '89 have suppressed that with the rest. Margot knew how to sew, and even to embroider; her father wished her, besides, to learn how to read and

write, and she had also been taught spelling, a little grammar, and some geography. A Carmelite nun had had charge of her education. So Margot had become the oracle of the place; as soon as she opened her mouth the peasants would gape. She told them that the earth was round, and they took her word for it. They gathered about her on Sundays, when she danced on the green, for she had had a dancing-master, and her *pas de bourrée* threw everyone in ecstasies. In a word, she managed to be beloved and admired at the same time—a difficult feat, indeed.—*Margot*.

MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY, an English poet, essayist and critic; born at Keswick, February 6, 1843; died at Rome, Italy, January 17, 1901. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made a Fellow in 1865. He published *St. Paul*, a poem (1870); *Poems* (1871); *Wordsworth*, in the *English Men of Letters* series (1881); *The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems* (1882); *Essays Modern and Essays Classical* (2 vols., 1883); *Science and a Future Life* (1893), and *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death* (1901).

THE CONSOLING POWER OF POETRY.

It is the especial privilege of poetry that by her close intermingling of ethical and artistic sentiment she can bring definite consolation to some of the deepest sorrows of men. Paintings can fill our minds with ennobling images, but in the hour of our tribulation these are apt to look coldly at us, like dead gods. Music can exalt us into an unearthly and illimitable world, but the

treasures which we have grasped there melt away when we descend from that remote empyrean. Poetry can meet our sorrows face to face, can show us that she also knows them, and can transform them into "something rich and strange" by the suggestive magic of her song. And since there does without doubt exist a kind of transference and metastasis of the emotion, since the force of any strong feeling can to some extent be led off into other channels, the work of Art in the moral world, like the work of science in the material world, is to transform the painful into the useful, the lower into the higher forms of force; to change scorn and anger into a generous fervency, and love that is mixed with sorrow into a sacred and impersonal flame. And of all sorrows the sorrow of bereavement needs this aid the most. For to some troubles a man may become indifferent by philosophy, and from some he may become through virtue free, but this one sorrow grows deeper as the character rises and the heart expands; and an object more unique and lovable is mourned with a more inconsolable desire.

And to such mourners those who trust in an ultimate reunion may often speak with an effective power. For on whatever evidence or revelation men may base this faith for themselves, it does yet unconsciously in great part rest for each man upon the faith of those around him, upon the desire of great hearts and the consenting expectation of the just.

It is a belief which only in a certain moral atmosphere finds strength to grow; it is chiefly when the conviction of spiritual progress through sorrow is dominant and clear that men are irresistibly led to believe that in this crowning sorrow also courage must conquer, and constancy must be rewarded, and love which as yet has known no bar or limit shall find no limit in the grave. Be this persuasion well founded or not, to those "who have intelligence of love" human life without such hope would be itself a chaos or a hell.—*Essays Modern.*

LOVE AND FAITH.

Lo, if a man magnanimous and tender,
Lo, if a woman, desperate and true,
Make the irrevocable sweet surrender.
Show to each other what the Lord can do —

Each, as I know, a helping and a healing,
Each to the other strangely a surprise,
Heart to the heart its mystery revealing
Soul to the soul in melancholy eyes —

Where wilt thou find a riving or a rending
Able to sever them in twain again?
God hath begun, and God's shall be the ending,
Safe in his bosom and aloof from men.

Her thou mayst separate but shalt not sunder,
Tho' thou distress her for a little while —
Rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder,
Stayed on the steadfast promise of a smile.

Scarcely she knoweth if his arms have found her,
Waves of his breath make tremulous the air —
Or if the thrill within her and around her
Be but the distant echo of his prayer.

Nay, and much more; for love in his demanding
Will not be bound in limits of our breath,
Calls her to follow where she sees him standing
Fairer and stronger for the plunge of death.

Waketh a vision and a voice within her
Sweeter than dreams and clearer than complaint,
"Is it a man thou lovest, and a sinner?"
No! but a soul, O woman, and a saint!"

Well—if to her such prophecy be given,
Strong to illuminate when sight is dim,
Then, tho' my Lord be holy in the heaven
How should the heavens sunder me from Him?

She and her love — how dimly has she seen him
 Dark in a dream and windy in a wraith!
 I and my Lord — between me and between Him
 Rises the lucent ladder of my faith.

Ay, and thereon, descending and ascending,
 Suns at my side and starry in the air,
 Angels, His ministers, their tasks are blending,
 Bear me the blessing, render Him the prayer.
 — *The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems.*

SIMMENTHAL.

Far off the old snows ever-new
 With silver edges cleft the blue.
 Aloft, alone, divine;
 The sunny meadows silent slept,
 Silence the sombre armies kept,
 The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,
 No ringdove murmurs on the hill,
 Nor mating cushat calls;
 But gay cicalas singing sprang,
 And waters from the forest sang
 The song of waterfalls.

O Fate! a few enchanted hours
 Beneath the firs, among the flowers,
 High on the lawn we lay,
 Then turned again, contented well,
 While bright about us flamed and fell
 The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe
 Beyond the purple lake she saw
 The embattled summits glow;
 She saw the glories melt in one,
 The round moon rise, while yet the sun
 Was rosy on the snow.

Then, like a newly singing bird
The child's soul in her bosom stirred;
 I know not what she sung —
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
 Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and gray,
 Unfearing, undefiled:
I love her; when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
 The imperishable child.
— *The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems.*

ON A GRAVE AT GRINDELWALD.

Here let us leave him; for his shroud the snow,
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
Between the heights to Heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,
High in the stainless eminence of air;
The next, he was not, to his fatherland
Translated unaware.
— *The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems.*

N

NADAUD, GUSTAVE, a French song-writer; born at Rubaix, February 20, 1820; died at Paris, April 28, 1893. He was educated at the Collège Rollin, in Paris; and after graduating in 1838 he engaged in work in a business house in his native town. In 1849 he gave up his mercantile pursuits and devoted himself to the writing of songs. His collection of songs, issued in 1849, has been many times enlarged and reprinted. His works as a whole include a number of operettas, one collection of which was published under the title *Opérettes* in 1867, and another as *Théâtre de Fantaisie* in 1879; *Une Idylle* (1861), a novel; *Solfège Poétique et Musical* (1886); *Mieltes Poétiques* (1888), and *Nouvelles Chansons à Dire ou à Chanter* (1889).

His earlier songs were very conventional in subject and tone; but those of later date dealt either in politics and were of a satirical turn, or in society subjects and were sprightly in tone and very unconventional.

CARCASSONNE.

I'm growing old, I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain:
(266)

In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know —
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store:
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay:
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way,
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach

From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him!) half-way on
The old man died upon the road:
He never gazed on Carcassonne,
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

NAIRNE, CAROLINA OLIPHANT, LADY, a Scottish poet; born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, August 16, 1766; died there, October 26, 1845. Her family were Jacobites. From her great beauty she was called in youth "the Flower of Strathearn." Regretting the coarseness of many popular songs, she undertook to furnish new words for the beautiful tunes, and attained eminent success. Her authorship was not disclosed till near her death. In 1800 she married a cousin, who in 1824 became the fifth Lord Nairne. She edited the *Scottish Minstrel*, six volumes (1821-24). *Lays from Strathearn* were edited by Finlay Dunn (1846), and her *Life and Songs*, by C. Rogers (1869).

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

The Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud an' he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up wi' 'things o' the state,
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favor wi' wooin' was fashous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well,
 McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha'-Lee,
 A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered as guid as new;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
 He put on a ring, a sword an' cocked hat,
 An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' all that?

.
 Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
 "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She put off her apron, an' on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know.
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said na,
 An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounded he was; nae sigh did he gie;
 He mounted his mear; he rode cannily;
 An' aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean,

There's neither could nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
O, we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean;
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean;
This world's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

NAPIER, SIR WILLIAM PATRICK FRANCIS, a British soldier and historian; born at Castle-town, Ireland, December 17, 1785; died at Clapham Park, London, February 10, 1860. He entered the army in 1800, at the age of fifteen, and in 1807 accompanied Sir John Moore, with the rank of captain, in the expedition to Portugal, and afterward to Spain. He served during the entire Peninsular War. He was made colonel in 1811, major-general and Knight Commander of the Bath in 1841, lieutenant-general in 1851, and general in 1859, and was

for some years Governor of the island of Guernsey. His principal works are *The History of the War in the Peninsula* (1828-40); *The Conquest of Scinde* (1845), and *The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier*, his brother. (1857). In 1855 he also published *English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula*, consisting mainly of amplified passages from his earlier work.

BATTLE OF CORUNA AND DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

When Laborde's division arrived the French force was not less than 20,000 men; that of the British was about 15,000 infantry and 1,800 cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery; but the cavalry was in such a condition as to be practically of little use. Marshal Soult made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by a heavy line of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elora was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre.

But Moore, seeing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French columns, and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget; and then throwing back the Fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flanks of the troops penetrating the valley; while the Fiftieth and

Forty-second regiment met those breaking through Elvina.

The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads. A severe scrambling fight occurred, and the French were forced back with great loss; and the Fifteenth Regiment, entering the valley with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the General ordered a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of these regiments; whereupon the Forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired; and at that moment, the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight in the village. Major Napier—the author's eldest brother—commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being observed by the Commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of skirmishers, being thus supported, vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank. At the same time the centre and the left of the army became engaged. Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley and along the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front—no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; the muscles of the breast torn into strips, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him

in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the field.

Notwithstanding this disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus, turning the enemy, approached the eminence on which the great battery was posted. On the left Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favor of the British; and when the night set in their line was considerable advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition which Marshal Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted; the river Ebo was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for retreat.

On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune. The French were still the most numerous, their ground strong; and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army; and so complete were the arrangements that no confusion or difficulty occurred. The pickets kindled fires to cover their retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak, to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the walls of Coruña.

When morning dawned the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some batteries to the heights of St. Lucia, and about mid-day opened a battery on the shipping in the harbor. This caused great confusion amongst the transports; several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore; but the troops were

rescued by the men-of-war's boats; the stranded vessels were burned, and the fleet got out of the harbor. Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rear-guard under Beresford until the 18th, when, the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked; the inhabitants faithfully maintaining the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England.

The loss of the British—never officially published—was estimated at 800; of the French at 3,000. The latter is probably an exaggeration; yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to a fire which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Coruña. From the spot where he fell, Sir John Moore was carried to the town by his soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round that he might behold the field of battle; and when the fire indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound. There was no hope. The pain increased and he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told that they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear. Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of

his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion.

Just before life became extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"
— *The War in the Peninsula.*

NASH, THOMAS, an English satirist and dramatist; born at Lowestoft in 1567; died in 1601. He seems to have been a fair type of the "bohemian" of his time, spending his life, as he says, "in fantastical satirism, in whose veins I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours." Among his satires are *Martin's Month's Mind* (1589); *Return of the Renowned Cavalier Pasquil of England* (1589); *Pasquil's Apology* (1590); *Strange News of the Intercepting Certain Letters* (1592). His best-known dramatic composition, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, was played before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He also wrote with Marlowe the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. *The Supplication of Pierce Penniless to the Devil* (1592), and *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, a prose tract (1593), contain forcible descriptions of the agonies of repentance.

SPRING.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witt, a-woo!

The palm and May make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witt, a-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-wee, to-witt, a-woo!

THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

Fair summer droops, droop men and beast therefore;
 So fair a summer look for nevermore.
 All good things vanish less than in a day;
 Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
 Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year;
 The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

What! shall these flowers that decked thy garland erst
 Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
 O, trees, consume your sap in sorrow's source!
 Streams, turn to tears your tributary course!
 Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year;
 The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

PERILS OF POWER.

I never lov'd ambitiously to climb,
 Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
 To be in Heaven sure is a blessed thing,
 But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
 Cannot but be more labor than delight.
 Such is the state of men in honor placed:
 They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
 High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
 But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
 I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
 Neither to be so great as to be envied,
 Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

—*Summer's Last Will and Testament.*

NEAL, JOHN, an American novelist, poet and journalist; born at Portland, Me., August 25, 1793; died there, June 21, 1876. Beginning with a review of Byron, he published *Keep Cool*, a novel aimed against duelling (1817); *The Battle of Niagara and Other Poems* (1818), and *Otho*, a tragedy (1819). In 1819 he was admitted to the bar, and within the next four years prepared an index to the fifty volumes of Niles's *Register*, wrote part of a history of the American Revolution, and four novels, *Logan*; *Randolphe*; *Errata*, and *Seventy-Six*. In 1824 he went to England, and contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, sketches of American literature and politics. *Brother Jonathan*, a novel, appeared in 1825. In 1827 he returned to Portland, where he practiced law till 1850. His later novels are *Rachel Dyer* (1828); *Authorship* (1833); *The Down-Easters* (1833); *True Womanhood* (1839). Among his graver works are *Bentham's Morals and Legislation* (1830); *One Word More* (1854); *Wandering Recollections of a Somewhat Busy Life* (1870); *Portland Illustrated* (1874).

CHILDREN.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings, of earth. . . . Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world: indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it. Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels

and archangels. Or, dewdrops! They are dewdrops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine, may dry up forever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! If the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces, before them, or grow pale with consternation, or fling them off with horror and loathing.

A SUNRISE.

Now comes the sun forth! not in a blaze of fire,
With rainbow-harnessed coursers, that respire
An atmosphere of flame. No chariot whirls
O'er reddening clouds. No sunny flag unfurls
O'er rushing smoke. No chargers in array

No, no! he comes not then in pomp and light,
A new creation bursting out of night!
But he comes darkly forth, in storms arrayed,
Like the red tempest marshalled in her shade,
When mountains rock, and thunders 'traveling round
Hold counsel in the sky, and midnight trumps resound.

NEALE, JOHN MASON, an English clergyman, hymnologist and historian; born at London, January 24, 1818; died at Grinstead, August 6, 1866. He was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1840, and was warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, from 1846. In 1856 he founded the sisterhood of St. Margaret, which was the object of much persecution. His publications number some seventy stories, hymns, and works of

ecclesiastical instruction or devotion. His *History of the Holy Eastern Church* won acknowledgments from the Czar and the Metropolitan of Moscow. His *Commentary on the Psalms, from Primitive and Mediæval Writers* (3 vols.), was completed by Dr. Littledale. Among his other works of graver character are *Heirológus, or the Church Tourists* (1843); *Mediæval Preachers* (1857); *History of the Jansenist Church of Holland* (1858), and *Essays on Liturgiology and Church History* (1863). His lighter works, which have an equally serious motive, include *Herbert Tresham* (1843); *Duchenier, or the Revolt of La Vendée* (1848); *The Farm of Aptonga* and *The Egyptian Wanderers* (1854); *Stories of the Crusades* (1856), and a multitude of short stories for the young, as *The Triumphs of the Cross* (1845-46); *The Followers of the Lord* (1851); *Lent Legends* (1855), and *Tales of the Apostles' Creed* (1857). Most of them have been reprinted in six volumes as *Tales of Church History*. His contributions to hymnology are of the first importance. His *Hymns for Children* (1842-46); *Hymns for the Sick* (1867), and other original verses, were surpassed by his translations. *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences* (1851); contributions to *The Hymnal Noted* (1857), and *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlàix*, embrace most of his versions from the Latin; the latter contains the hymn *Jerusalem the Golden*, familiar wherever English hymns are sung. His *Hymn of the Eastern Church* (1862) opened a new field, and contained many lyrics of great beauty. His *Sequences, Hymns and Other Ecclesiastical Verses* appeared in 1866, after his death, and included his longest poem, *The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*. He was notable not only for extreme

church views, great learning, and enormous industry, but for peculiar manliness and saintliness of character. "His life was divided between excessive literary toil and exhausting labors of piety and benevolence."

THE STORM.

Fierce was the wild billow,
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled;
Peril was nigh:
Then said the Christ of God,
"Peace! it is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! it is I!"

Jesus Deliverer!
Come Thou to me!
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
"Peace! it is I!"

THE PURE IN HEART.

Blessed are the pure in heart:
They have loved the better part,
When life's journey they have trod,
They shall go to see their God.

Till in glory they appear,
They shall often see Him here,
And His grace shall learn to know
In His glorious works below.

When the sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
Christ, the Sun of Righteousness.

In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
"Thus the just shall shine," they say,
"In the Resurrection Day."

God in everything they see;
First in all their thoughts is He.
They have loved the better part,
Blessed are the pure in heart!

DIFFUSION OF THE NICENE CREED.

If we could have soared far above this earth within a fortnight after the termination of the Council, what should we have seen passing below us for the name and glory of the Consubstantial?

Who is this that, day after day, is traversing the fertile plains of Galatia? The second hay harvest is smiling around him; the maize, big, full-eared, waving in the breeze, spreads measurelessly before him; he tracks many a mile the smiling waters of the Halys; he sees the ruined castles of the Macedonian dynasty, that are reflected in its smooth bosom; the dragon-fly sports amidst its reeds, the moor-hen cowers amidst its banks, the bittern booms from its bulrushes. Now Mount Ophlimus is golden in the sunrise, now he leaves it behind him and it is purple in the sunset; now the midnight winds make wild music in the glens of the Ante-Taurus; now the great Euphrates flows on before him, exulting in its strength; now he sees the moon in the ripples of the lake of Ooromiah; now the Caspian basks in the

Autumn sunshine before him. It is John, Bishop of Persepolis, who proclaims the tidings of the Consubstantial to Persia.

Who is this that, on a glorious autumn evening, passes the northeastern African headland, runs into the long bay of Carthage, sees the sun go down behind the sandhills, — which he fires into the hue of molten iron — and the palm-trees wave softly in the breeze; that passes the ruined temples of the rival of Rome, and goes forth into the oases of the great African desert? It is Cæcilian, Metropolitan of Carthage.

Who is this that lands in the busy port of Carcinone, and sees the glorious sunset on the Orospeidan range? Who proclaims the Consubstantial in the churches of Toledo, and skirts the bank of the gold-bearing Tagus? Who lingers in the lovely vales of Galloëcia, that earthly paradise, when the pendant grapes festoon the roads, and the fire-flies dart from the hedges, and the luscious oranges hang amidst their snowy blossoms, and myrtle and olive and heliotrope perfume the air? It is Hosius, Bishop of Cordova.

Who lands at busy Massilfa, and hears the Greek of Athens; ascends the Rhone to his bridal meeting with the Arar; proclaims the faith in regal Lugdunum; preaches to the half-civilized Sequani and Lingares; tells of the Consubstantial in Lutetia and along the banks of the Sequana; skirts the coast of the British ocean to Bononia; ventures, inspired by the love of Christ, to cross it to the Portus Lemanianus, along the Watling Way to Londinium, by the Ermine street to Durolipons, thence by the Via Devana to Mediolanum and distant Deva? Gorgeous sunsets he saw across the ocean of Rutunian forests, purple loveliness round the Welsh ridges; and everywhere he taught that Christ was co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, and preached the faith of Nicæa. It is Vitus, Roman legate.

Who is this in the snow-sailed *cercuous* that darts from island to island of the blue *Ægean*, to the cove beautiful with its fishing village, and ruined temple, and rising church; to the vineyard, to the maize-field, to the cornland, to the shelly beach, to the broad white tracts of

sand? who that rambles through groves once dedicated to the worship of idols, now, with the "sound of the going" in their summits, singing anthems to the one true God? Delian Appollo, Chian Aphrodite, Methymnœan Zeus, Lesbian Dionysus, in the ground once sacred to you, Alexander of Byzantium preaches the Consubstantial.

And lastly, who is this that is drawing near the scene of man's redemption? Libanus with its cedars makes a bed for the last rays of the sun; Mount Carmel, breasting the Mediterranean, marks his base with snowy foam for many a mile; the hills of Ebal and Gerizim are silent in the noontide glare; now the City of Palm-trees is passed; now, rising on the horizon Mount Moriah is the pilgrim's goal; now he passes the excavation where the Saviour of the world was crucified, and where they hope to find His cross; and now he enters the Judicial Gate, and follows the Via Dolorosa to the centre of the city. It is Macarius of Jerusalem.

Thus, as soon as the Fathers of the Council ceased speaking, "their sounds went out into all lands, and their works unto the ends of the world."—*The Quay of the Dioscuri.*

NEANDER, JOHANN AUGUST WILHELM, a German theologian and historian; born at Göttingen, January 16, 1789; died at Berlin, July 14, 1850. His parents were Hebrews, in humble circumstances, and his original name was David Mendel. Soon after his birth, his parents went to Hamburg, where they had friends, by whose aid the boy was enabled to study at the institution styled "the Johanneum," where his personal peculiarities caused no little ridicule; but those who came to know

him recognized in him a youth of high promise. At the age of seventeen he renounced Judaism, and was publicly baptized as a Christian, as Johann August Wilhelm Neander, names which he took from several of his friends, among whom was Wilhelm Neumann, whose name he simply translated into Greek (*Neos*, "New," and *Andros*, "Man"), so that *Neander*, which is simply "Newman," came to be the name by which he was to be known. In 1811 he began to lecture upon theology at Heidelberg, and in the following year was called to the newly founded University of Berlin as Professor of Church History. His lectures — partly in spite of, and perhaps somewhat in consequence of, his personal eccentricities — were for many years a marked feature in the university. He lectured upon nearly every branch of exegetical and systematic theology, the historical element everywhere predominating. His various works (of which a uniform edition was completed in 1866, in 13 volumes) are essentially a reproduction of his prelections. His *General History of the Christian Religion* down to the Council of Basel appeared in separate volumes between 1825 and 1852, and has been admirably translated by Professor Joseph Torrey, of the University of Vermont. Other works of Neander are *Julian the Apostate* (1812); *St. Bernard* (1813); *Gnosticism* (1818); *St. Chrysostom* (1822); *Tertullian* (1825); *History of the Apostolic Age* (1833); *Life of Jesus Christ* (1837); *Christian Life* (1840). After his death were published *History of Christian Doctrine* (1857) and *The Epistles to the Corinthians* (1859).

POLICY OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

It was a topic on which Julian often declaimed, that the gods regard only the disposition of their worshippers. He declared that no godless person ought to take part in the holy sacrifices until he had purified his soul by prayer to the gods, and his body by the prescribed lustrations. Yet he was quite satisfied if he could but induce goodly numbers to sacrifice, without troubling himself any further about their dispositions. And to promote this object he spared neither money nor places of honor; though we must admit that the Christian emperors had done the same thing, and in a manner still less becoming, with regard to Christianity.

As Julian was in the habit of appointing zealous pagans to the high sacerdotal and civil offices — and as the latter were aware that nothing would serve them better with the emperor than zeal for the spread of paganism — as they were incited by the double stimulus of their own fanaticism and of their wish to please the emperor — so it was a matter of course that individual instances of oppression and persecution of Christians would easily happen, which might proceed even to cruelty.

ANTIOCH OF SYRIA.

Julian became still more embittered against the Christians in the summer of 362, during his stay at Antioch. In this city Christianity had for a long time been the prevailing religion; insomuch that Libanius remarked on the spot that only a few old men remained who were still familiar with the ancient pagan festivals when Julian came to the government. In this great capital of Asia — which, while maintaining the form of Christianity, had become the seat of mingled Oriental and Roman splendor, licentiousness, and corruption of manners — Julian the emperor was resolved to affect the ancient simplicity which was wholly abhorrent to the prevailing manners, and in such a place could only expose him to the jeers and sarcasms of the disaffected. His zeal in the pagan

worship, in which he would fain set an example to his subjects, only made him ridiculous to the higher classes, and hated by the people of this ancient Christian city.

JULIAN AS A PAGAN DEVOTEE.

Frugal in his expenses for the maintenance of his court, he spared no cost in offering sacrifices. He often slaughtered a hecatomb of cattle; and it was his delight to bring the victims to the priests with his own hands, followed by a train of old women, who still clung to paganism. Wherever an ancient temple was to be found on the mountains around Antioch, Julian clambered to the spot, however steep and rugged the path, for the purpose of presenting an offering. He was seen standing at the altar under the open sky, though the rain poured down in torrents, and all the others present sought protection under the roof of the temple, although his attendants besought him to pay some regard to his health. The greater his zeal for the pagan worship, the more confidently he had hoped that, when the heathen sanctuaries, which had so long been closed, were reopened, he should witness the same enthusiasm among the people of Antioch by which he was himself inspired; and the more painful it must have been to him to find his expectations so completely disappointed.

JULIAN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

True, multitudes of the people and of the higher classes assembled in the temples and groves which he visited; not, however, for the sake of the gods, but for the purpose of seeing the emperor and being seen by him, as he himself must have known. He was saluted on these occasions with the loud shout of "Long live the emperor!" just as if he had made his appearance in the theatre. Hence he was led to address to the people of Antioch an admonitory discourse, complaining that they converted the temple into a theatre, to which they resorted rather for his own sake than on account of the gods.

Yet soon the voice of praise with which he had been

received out of respect for his own person was exchanged for that of mockery and disdain; for an injudicious regulation, the object of which was to force a reduction of the price of provisions to a degree disproportionate to the produce of the year, and the result of which was directly the reverse of what was intended, made him hated both among the higher class and the populace; and his attempts to injure Christian sanctuaries alienated the popular feeling. And he was obliged to hear men express their longing for the return of the *Kappa* and the *Chi*, that is, the reign of Constantius and Christianity.—*History of the Christian Religion, Vol. III.*

NEELE, HENRY, an English poet and novelist; born at London, February 20, 1798; died there, February 7, 1828. His father, an engraver living in London, articted him to an attorney, from whose employ he entered upon the profession of a solicitor, and practiced with much reputation until his death. His works include *Odes and Other Poems* (1817); *Dramatic and Miscellaneous Poetry* (1823); *Romance of English Poetry* (1827); *Literary Remains*, being a series of lectures on English poetry delivered in 1827 and published after his death; and a collection of *Tales* issued in 1830. His *Romance* is very interesting, and his poems, tales, and sketches have been very popular.

OLD AND ALONE.

“Old man, old man, thy locks are gray,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home’s warm fold?”

"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
And have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"

"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more."

"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale,
On the grass-green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set 'mid clouds and vapors dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he pressed that night.

NEPOS, CORNELIUS, a Roman historian; born in upper Italy about 100 B.C.; died about 24 B.C. He was the friend of Cicero and Catullus. The only work of Nepos which has survived, is a series of twenty-five (generally brief) biographies of warriors and statesmen, mostly Greeks. These biographies are distinguished by the purity of their Latinity, the conciseness of their style, and their admirable exhibition of character; but sufficient care has not been exercised in the examination of authorities, nor is the relative importance of things duly regarded. Until the middle of the sixteenth century these biographies, on the strength of the titles given in the various manuscripts, were generally ascribed to Æmilius Probus, a writer who lived in the latter part of the fourth century; but in 1569 an edition was published by the famous Dionysius Lambinus, who pronounced the so-called *Lives* of Æmilius Probus to be in reality the lost work of Cornelius Nepos, *De Viris Illustribus*. This weightiest argument is drawn from the excellence of the Latin and the chastity of the style, so unlike the corrupt and florid language of the Decline. Many critics hold that these *Lives* ought to be regarded as an abbreviation of the work of Nepos by Probus. This hypothesis is not without its difficulties, but it is, perhaps, the least objectionable of any. There are many editions, among which are those of Van Staveren (1773), of Tzschucke (1804), and of Bremi (1820); and the book has been much used as a school-book. It has been very frequently translated into English and other languages.

ARISTIDES.

Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, a native of Athens, was almost of the same age as Themistocles, and contended with him, in consequence, for pre-eminence, as they were determined rivals one to the other; and it was seen in their case how much eloquence could prevail over integrity; for though Aristides was so distinguished for uprightness of conduct that he was the only person in the memory of man (as far at least as I have heard) who was called by the surname of *Just*, yet, being overborne by Themistocles with the ostracism, he was now condemned to be banished for ten years.

Aristides, finding that the much excited multitude could not be appeased, and noticing, as he yielded to their violence, a person writing that he ought to be banished, is said to have asked him "Why he did so, or what Aristides had done, that he should be deserving of such a punishment?" The person writing replied, that "He did not know Aristides, but that he was not pleased that he had labored to be called *Just* beyond other men."

He did not suffer the full sentence of ten years appointed by law, for when Xerxes made a descent upon Greece, he was recalled into his country by a decree of the people, about six years after he had been exiled.

He was present, however, in the sea-fight at Salamis, which was fought before he was allowed to return. He was also commander of the Athenians at Platæa, in the battle in which Mardonius was routed, and the army of the barbarians was cut off. Nor is there any other celebrated act of his in military affairs recorded, besides the account of this command; but of his justice, equity, and self-control, there are many instances. Above all, it was through his integrity, when he was joined in command of the common fleet of Greece with Pausanias, under whose leadership Mardonius had been put to flight, that the supreme authority at sea was transferred from the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians; for before that time the Lacedæmonians had the command both

by sea and land. But at this period it happened, through the indiscreet conduct of Pausanias, and the equity of Aristides, that all the States of Greece attached themselves as allies to the Athenians, and chose them as their leaders against the barbarians.

In order that they might repel the barbarians more easily, if perchance they should try to renew the war, Aristides was chosen to settle what sum of money each State should contribute for building fleets and equipping troops. By his appointment four hundred and sixty talents were deposited annually at Delos, which they fixed upon to be the common treasury; but all this money was afterward removed to Athens.

How great was his integrity, there is no more certain proof than that, though he had been at the head of such important affairs, he died in such poverty that he scarcely left money to defray the charges of his funeral. Hence it was that his daughters were brought up at the expense of the country, and were married with dowries given them from the public treasury. He died about four years after Themistocles was banished from Athens.

NERVAL, GÉRARD DE, a French poet and essayist; born at Paris, May 21, 1808; died there January 25, 1855. His name was Gérard Labrunie, but he is better known by the assumed name of de Nerval. He was the son of an army surgeon, who confided him to the care of an uncle at Ermenonville. Later his father took his education in hand and sent him to the College of Charlemagne in Paris. His first literary work published was a volume of political poems in 1826, followed, a year later, by *Poésies Diverses* and *Satires Politiques*, most of them after the manner of the earlier French poets. He

then translated *Faust*. His translation received the approbation of Goethe, who prophesied well of his literary success. In 1832 he founded *Le Monde Dramatique*, which he conducted for several years. He contributed to other journals and reviews, in conjunction with Méry wrote the plays *Le Chariot d'Enfant*; *Le Roi de Bicêtre*; *Filles du Feu*, and with Alexandre Dumas, *Piquillo*; *L'Alchimiste*, and *La Reine de Saba*. From the year 1841 he was subject to attacks of insanity. In the intervals of semi-recovery he gave lectures and attended to the publication of his works. *Les Illuminées, ou les Précurseurs du Socialisme* (1852), is an analysis of his mental condition after one of these attacks. Among his other works are *Tartufe chez Molière* (1831); *Scènes de la Vie Orientale* (1845-50); *Voyage en Orient* (1852); *Loreley*; *Souvenirs d'Allemagne* (1852-55); *Petits Châteaux de Bohême* (1853); *La Main de Gloire*, a novel (1853), and *Aurelia, ou le Rêve et la Vie* (1855).

A RURAL FÊTE.

I chanced to be at Loisy again at the celebration of the annual feast. Once more I joined the Knights of the Bow, and took my place in the company of which I had once been a member. The fête had been organized by a few young people belonging to the old families, that still possessed some of those old châteaux hidden in the forest which have suffered more from time than from revolution. From Chantilly, Compiègne, and Senlis joyous cavalcades flocked to take their place in the rustic procession of the Companies of the Bow. After the long march through the villages and hamlets, after the mass at the church, the trials of skill, and the distribution of the prizes, the victors were escorted to a repast given in an island shaded by limes and poplars, that stood in the midst of one of the lakes, nour-

ished by the Nonette and the Thève. Boats, all gay with flags, bore us to the island, the selection of which had been determined by the existence of an old temple with columns that could serve for the banquet-hall. There, as at Ermenonville, the country is dotted with these light edifices of the end of the eighteenth century, when philosophical millionaires were inspired in their plans by the dominant taste of the day. I imagined that the temple must have been originally dedicated to Urania. Three columns had given way and carried down in their fall a part of the architecture, but the interior of the hall had been swept, garlands had been suspended between the columns, and a new youth had been given to the modern ruin that belonged to the paganism of Boufflers and Chaulieu rather than to that of Horace.

The sail across the lake had been devised, perhaps, to recall the "Voyage to Cythera" of Watteau. Our modern costumes alone spoiled the illusion. The enormous bunch of flowers was lifted from the wagon that bore it and was placed in a large boat; the train of young girls dressed in white, who, according to custom, accompanied it, took its place on the benches, and this graceful *Theoria*, revived from the days of antiquity, was reflected in the calm waters of the pool that separated it from the banks of the island, which flashed vermillion in the rays of the sun, with its thickets of hawthorn, its colonnades, and its open masses of foliage. All the boats soon reached the land. The basket of flowers, borne in ceremony, occupied the centre of the table, and each guest took his place, the most favored ones by the side of the girls; to enjoy this privilege it sufficed to know their relatives. This was the cause why I found myself by Sylvie. Her brother had met me during the festivities, and reproached me for not having visited them for so long a time. I pleaded as an excuse that my studies kept me in Paris, and assured him that I had come for that very purpose. "No," said Sylvie, "the truth is he has forgotten me. We are village folk, and Paris is far above us." I tried to stop her mouth with a kiss, but she still pouted, and her brother had to interfere before she offered me her cheek with an in-

different air. I felt no pleasure in this kiss, a favor obtained by many others, for in such a patriarchal country, where all travelers exchange greetings, a kiss is merely a mark of politeness among honest people.

A surprise had been prepared by the arrangers of the festivity. At the end of the repast a wild swan, hitherto held captive beneath the flowers, flew up from the depths of the immense basket, and bearing on his powerful wings a tangle of garlands and crowns, ended by scattering them on every side. While he darted joyously toward the last gleams of the sun, we snatched up the chaplets at random, and each crowned the brow of his fair neighbor. I had the good fortune to obtain one of the finest, and Sylvie smilingly allowed me to kiss her, this time more tenderly than before. I understood that I had thus effaced the recollections of another occasion. My admiration this time was undivided, she had become so beautiful. She was no longer the little village girl whom I had scorned for one greater and fitter for the graces of the world. Everything in Sylvie had gained; the charm of her black eyes, so winning in childhood, had become irresistible; and her smile, beneath the arched orbit of her brows, had something Athenian in it when it suddenly illuminated her regular and placid features. I admired this countenance worthy of ancient art, in the midst of the baby-faces of her companions. Her hands, delicately tapering, her arm, that had become white as it had rounded, and her graceful figure made her quite another creature from what she had been before. . . .

Everything else, too, was in my favor; the friendship of her brother, the enchanting impression of the fête, the evening hour and the place, where, by a tasteful fancy, an image of the stately gallantries of other days had been reproduced. As far as we could, we escaped from the dance to talk of our recollections of childhood, and to admire side by side the reflections of the sky on the shadowy groves and the still waters. Sylvie's brother had to tear us away from these contemplations by telling us it was time to return to the distant village where she dwelt.—*Sylvie.*

NEUBECK, VALERIUS WILHELM, a German poet; born at Arnstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen, January 29, 1765; died at Waldenburg, September 20, 1850. He studied medicine at Göttingen, and in 1788 received his degree from Jena. After having practiced for five years at Liegnitz, he settled himself at Steinau in Silesia, where he became the leading physician of the surrounding country. In 1822 his long and faithful services were rewarded by the title bestowed upon him of Medical Adviser to the Crown. He won distinction as a writer by his *Gesundbrunnen*—a didactic poem in four songs, which appeared in 1795, and was republished in 1798 and 1809. These editions were printed in Breslau and in Leipsic. Neubeck also wrote several other books, among them a poem which had for its subject the destruction of the earth after the Last Judgment (1785), and a volume of poems which appeared in 1792. Neubeck contributed to the periodic publications of 1792 and 1793 two dramatic pieces, *Sterno* and *The Descent of Frial*, which are now forgotten.

THE PRAISE OF IRON.

Now strike, my lyre, the strongest, fullest tones;
Now sing the praise of Iron! 'Mongst the bards,
So potent in Thuiskon's sacred land,
None sang the fruits of the Teutonic hills;
No festal lay was heard to Iron's praise
Beneath the sacred oaks, which stretch their roots
Down to the silent caves, where Nature bids
Her seeds to germ and ripe in gentle growth.
Hail, noble present of our native heights!
Despised by many, who, with foolish sense,

Gold's treacherous splendor more revere, and covet
More than thee, Iron, and thy modest sheen!
Ye sons of Hermann! undervalue not,
Scorn not this treasure of your native mountains!
Hear me! I sing the worth of native wealth!
Say — Whence doth War derive his glittering arms?
'Tis Iron, hardened in the tempering fire
To steel, and fashioned on the anvil-head,
Then sharpened by an artist's busy hand,
That arms the hero — Iron guards his breast.
Hail, noble tribute of our native heights!
Accept the incense of my song! — thou giv'st
The avenging sword into his hand to wage
The war of Justice; thou assistest him
To conquer for his country in the field.
Yet greater is thy praise in peace, and fairer
Thy blessing! Verily, I love thee more,
My song more fervently salutes thee, when
The workman's hand hath on the anvil shaped
Thee to the shining arms of Peace, which ne'er
Inhuman warriors with the innocent blood
Shall stain of slumbering infants. Evermore
The softest rural joys expand my heart,
And from my quivering lips in holy hymns
Stream out, whene'er I see thee, shining, peep
From out the clodded furrow; when I hear
The sweeping scythe upon the flowery mead;
Or, 'midst the sinking ears, the grateful sound
Of the shrill sickle, where the nut-brown maid
Weaves the blue corn-flowers in the wisp of straw,
To bind the fairest sheaf; when, in the time,
The merry vintage-time, I hear the knife
Rubbed on the grating whetstone; to collect
The gifts of Autumn on the clustered hills
Hail, useful ore! the choir of social arts
Join with my numbers in thy well-earned praise.
Ne'er had Praxiteles the marble formed
With silver chisel into breathing life; —
No palace from the mountain's rocky ribs,
Corinthian-built, had risen, without thee,
To the astonished clouds; with thy help,

Arachne's art would never know to trace
The various pictures on the glossy silk.
Say would the horse, if shod with purest gold,
Most safely scour the ice or climb the mountain-path?
O, how would the bold pilot in the waste
Of ocean find a way, when round about,
The heavens are hung with dreary, stormy clouds,
Like curtains, shutting out the friendly stars,
Which else, through labyrinths of treacherous sands
And hurrying whirlpools, by a golden clew
Would safely lead him, that he founder not?
Through the dread night art thou, resplendent needle,
To him a faithful oracle, which reads,
With magic tremblings, in what cloudy range
Of heaven the Dog-star, where Arcturus, where
The sevenfold Pleiades, and Orion shine.

NEVILLE, HENRY, an English philosopher;
born in 1620; died in 1694. In 1681 he published *Plato Redivivus*, being a dialogue, somewhat after the manner of Plato, concerning the origin and nature of government. This work has been pronounced to be "the most remarkable treatise on political philosophy which appeared in the interval between the Restoration of Charles II. and the Revolution of 1688." The treatise leans strongly to a Republic rather than to a Monarchy.

GOVERNMENT FOUNDED IN PROPERTY.

The modern despotical powers have been acquired by one of these two ways: either by pretending by the first founder thereof that he had a divine mission, and so gaining not only followers but even easy access in some places, without force, to empire and afterward dilating

their power by great conquests (thus Mohammed and Ghenghis Khan began and established the Saracenic and Tartarean kingdoms); or by long series of wisdom in a prince, or chief magistrate of a mixed monarchy, and his council, who, by reason of the sleepiness and in-advertency of the people, have been able to extinguish the great nobility, or render them inconsiderable; and so by degrees taking away from the people the protectors, rendering them slaves.

So the monarchies of France and some other countries have grown to what they are at this day; there being left but a shadow of the Three Estates in any of these monarchies, and so no bounds remaining to the regal power. But since property remains still to the subjects, these governments may be said to be changed, but not founded or established, for there is no maxim more infallible and holding in any science than this in politics, that "Empire is founded in property." Force or fraud may alter a government, but it is property that must found and eternize it. Upon this undeniable aphorism we are to build most of our subsequent reasonings. In the meantime we may suppose that hereafter the great power of the King of France may diminish much, when his enraged and oppressed subjects come to be commanded by a prince of less courage, wisdom, and military virtues, when it will be very hard for any such king to govern tyrannically a country which is not entirely his own. . . .

The King of France, knowing that his people have, and ought to have property, and that he has no right to their possessions, yet takes what he pleases from them without their consent, and contrary to law. I do not affirm that there is no government in the world but where rule is founded in property; but I say there is no natural, fixed government where it is not so. And when it is otherwise the people are perpetually complaining and the King in perpetual anxiety, always in fear of his subjects, and seeking new ways to secure himself: God having been so merciful to mankind that he has made nothing safe for princes but what is just and honest.—*Plato Redivivus.*

NEWCASTLE, MARGARET CAVENDISH, DUCHESS OF, an English poet; born in 1624; died in 1673. She was one of the maids of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles I. She accompanied the Queen to France when the troubles broke out in England. There she met the Duke (then Marquis) of Newcastle, to whom she was married in 1645. During the period of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate they resided in Antwerp. As early as 1653 she published a volume of *Poems and Fancies*, which was in time followed by half a score more folio volumes made up of plays, poems, orations, and philosophical fancies. After the Restoration they returned to England, where the Duchess distinguished herself by her harmless eccentricities. She thought her husband the greatest man that ever lived—greater even than Julius Cæsar; and while he was yet living wrote, both in Latin and English, a life of him, a work of which Charles Lamb said: "It is a jewel for which no casket is rich enough." They died within a short period of each other; and a stately monument was erected in Westminster Abbey, with an inscription written by her Ladyship:

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

Here lies the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his Duchess. Her name was Margaret Lucas, younger sister to the Lord Lucas, of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous.

In one of her latest productions the Duchess says, with frank good-humor:

REASONS FOR WRITING.

I imagine all those who have read my former works will say I have writ enough unless they were better. But say what you will, it pleaseth me; and since my delights are harmless, I will satisfy my humor:

For had my brain as many fancies in't
To fill the world, I'd put them all in print;
No matter whether they be well or ill exprest,
My will is done, and that pleases woman best.

The Duchess wrote an *Autobiography* which, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, was printed in 1714. The following from *Mirth and Melancholy* shows her Ladyship at her best:

DESCRIPTION OF MELANCHOLY.

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves naught else but noise which discord makes;
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is the lakes,
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell which for the dead rings out;
A mill whose rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal,
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick, dark grove she takes delight.
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

NEWCOMB, SIMON, an American astronomer and mathematician; born at Wallace, Nova Scotia, March 12, 1835. In 1853 he taught school in Maryland; computed on the *Nautical Almanac* at Cambridge 1857, and was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School at Harvard in 1858. He was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy in 1861 and assigned to duty at the Naval Observatory; negotiated contract for and supervised construction of a 26-inch equatorial; was secretary of the transit of Venus commission (1871-2); and observed the transit of Venus at the Cape of Good Hope in 1882. He also has directed several parties to observe eclipses beginning in 1860. From 1877-97 he was senior professor of mathematics and superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* Office. He retired from active duty in the navy (1897) at the required age of 62, and has devoted himself to both pure and popular science. He was professor in Johns Hopkins University for some years, and editor of the *American Journal of Mathematics*, retiring in 1901. He is a member of the Royal Academies of Bavaria, Leyden, Upsala, Stockholm, Prussia, Brussels, Ireland, Rome, Lombardy, and New South Wales; of the Royal Society, the Royal Institution and Royal Astronomical Society of Great Britain, the Sociedad Astronomico de Mexico, the Königliche Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften (Göttingen), and the Russian Astronomical Society; he is also associate fellow of the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences, an honorary member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences (St. Peters-

burg), of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, of the Imperial Geographic Society of Russia (1897), and of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce (London, 1897). Since 1874 he has been correspondent and since 1893 associate of the Institute of France, being the first native American to be so honored since Franklin; he is also an officer of the Legion of Honor, and was a member of the Congr s International de Chronom trie. He has been president of the Political Economy Club of America (1887), of the American Academy of the Arts and Sciences (1877), of the Society for Physical Research (1885-86), of the American Mathematical Society (1897-8); of the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America since its foundation in 1899; vice-president of the National Academy of Sciences (1883-89) and its foreign secretary (1903). He was appointed president of the Congress of Arts and Sciences that met in St. Louis in 1904. He has received the Royal Astronomical Society medal (1874), the Huygens medal (1878), the Royal Society medal (1890), the Bruce medal of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific (1898), the Schubert prize from Russia, two bronze vases from Tokio University, and the Sylvester prize from Johns Hopkins. In 1887 the Russian government ordered his portrait for the Royal Observatory, and in 1897 it was ordered for the Johns Hopkins. Among his degrees are: LLD. from Columbian (1874); Yale 1875; Harvard 1884; Columbia 1887; Edinburgh 1891; Glasgow and Princeton 1896; Crawcow 1900; Johns Hopkins 1902; Sc.D. Heidelberg 1886; Padua and Dublin 1892; D.C.L. Oxford 1899; Dr. of Math. Christiania 1902; Master of

Mathematics and Dr. of Natural Philosophy Leyden 1875; Dr. of Science, Cambridge 1896.

He has lectured at Harvard, the Institute of Technology, etc., and has delivered opening addresses at the Flower, Yerkes, and other observatories. In connection with his work on Mathematical Astronomy besides over 100 papers published in various scientific journals he has written large works *On the Secular Variations, and Mutual Relations of the Orbits of the Asteroids* (1860); *An Investigation of the Orbit of Neptune* (1874); *Researches on the Motion of the Moon* (1876); *Theory of the Inequalities in the Motion of the Moon* (1894); *Tables of Uranus*; *Measure of the Velocity of Light* (1884); *Uranian and Neptune System*; *Astronomical Constants Eclipse and Sun Tables*, etc. "His tables of the planets and of the moon are used by astronomers all over the world." Among his more popular writings are *Popular Astronomy*; *School Astronomy*; *Elements of Astronomy*; *Algebra, Geometry*; *Analytical Geometry*; *Calculus, Essentials of Trigonometry*; *The Stars* (1901); *Astronomy for Everybody* (1902); *A B C of Finance*; *A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question*; *Principles of Political Economy*; *His Wisdom the Defender*; *Reminiscences of an Astronomer* (1903). He is said to have "carried forward the researches instituted by Copernicus."

PROBLEMS OF ASTRONOMY.

The so-called problems of astronomy are not separate and independent, but are rather the parts of one great problem, that of increasing our knowledge of the universe in its widest extent. Nor is it easy to contemplate the edifice of astronomical science as it now stands, without thinking of the past as well as of the present

and future. The fact is that our knowledge of the universe has been in the nature of a slow and gradual evolution, commencing at a very early period in human history, and destined to go forward without stop, as we hope, so long as civilization shall endure. The astronomer of every age has built on the foundations laid by his predecessors, and his work has always formed, and must ever form, the base on which his successors shall build. The astronomer of to-day may look back upon Hipparchus and Ptolemy as the earliest ancestors of whom he has positive knowledge. He can trace his scientific descent from generation to generation, through the periods of Arabian and mediæval science, through Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, La Place and Herschel, down to the present time. The evolution of astronomical knowledge, generally slow and gradual, offering little to excite the attention of the public, has yet been marked by two cataclysms. One of these is seen in the grand conception of Copernicus that this earth on which we dwell is not a globe fixed in the centre of the universe, but simply one of a number of bodies, turning on their own axes and at the same time moving around the sun as a centre. It has always seemed to me that the real significance of the heliocentric system lies in the greatness of this conception rather than in the fact of the discovery itself. There is no figure in astronomical history which may more appropriately claim the admiration of mankind through all time than that of Copernicus. Scarcely any great work was ever so exclusively the work of one man as was the heliocentric system the work of the retiring sage of Frauenberg. No more striking contrast between the views of scientific research entertained in his time than in ours can be seen than that seen in the fact that, instead of claiming credit for his great work, he deemed it rather necessary to apologize for it, and, so far as possible, to attribute his ideas to the ancients.

A century and a half after Copernicus followed the second great step, that taken by Newton. This was nothing less than showing that the seemingly complicated and inexplicable motions of the heavenly bodies were only special cases of the same kind of motion, governed by the

same forces, that we see around us whenever a stone is thrown by the hand or an apple falls to the ground. The actual motions of the heavens and the laws which govern them being known, man had the key with which he might commence to unlock the mysteries of the universe.

When Huyghens, in 1656, published his *Systema Saturnium* where he first set forth the mystery of the rings of Saturn, which, for nearly half a century, had perplexed telescopic observers, he prefaced it with a remark that many, even among the learned, might condemn his course in devoting so much time and attention to matters far outside the Earth, when he might better be studying subjects of more concern to humanity. Notwithstanding that the inventor of the pendulum clock was, perhaps, the last astronomer against whom a neglect of things terrestrial could be charged, he thought it necessary to enter into an elaborate defence of his course in studying the heavens. Now, however, the more distant the objects are in space—I might almost add the more distant events are in time—the more they excite the attention of the astronomer, if only he can hope to acquire positive knowledge about them. Not, however, because he is more interested in things distant than in things near, but because thus he may more completely embrace in the scope of his work the beginning and the end, the boundaries of all things, and thus, indirectly, more fully comprehend all that they include. From his standpoint

“All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul.”

Others study nature and her plans as we see them developed on the surface of this little planet which we inhabit; the astronomer would fain learn the plan on which the whole universe is constructed. The magnificent conception of Copernicius is, for him, only an introduction to the yet more magnificent conception of infinite space containing a collection of bodies which we call the visible universe. How far does this universe extend? What are the distances and arrangements of the stars? Does the universe constitute a system? If

so, can we comprehend the plan on which this system is formed, of its beginning and of its end? Has it bounds outside of which nothing exists but the black and starless depths of infinity itself? Or are the stars we see simply such members of an infinite collection as happen to be the nearest to our system? A few such questions as these we are perhaps beginning to answer; but hundreds, thousands, perhaps even millions of years may elapse without our reaching a complete solution. Yet the astronomer does not view them as Kantian antinomies [contradictions] in the nature of things insoluble, but as questions to which he may hopefully look for at least a partial answer.

The problem of the distances of the stars is of peculiar interest in connection with the Copernican system. The greatest objection to this system, which must have been more clearly seen by astronomers than by any others, was found in the absence of any apparent parallax of the stars. If the earth performed such an immeasurable circle around the sun as Copernicus maintained, then, as it passed from side to side of its orbit, the stars outside of the solar system must appear to have a corresponding motion in the other direction, and thus to swing back and forth as the earth moved in the one and the other direction. The fact that not the slightest swing of that sort could be seen was, from the time of Ptolemy, the basis on which the doctrine of the earth's immobility rested. The difficulty was simply ignored by Copernicus and his immediate successors. The idea that Nature would not squander space by allowing immeasurable stretches of it to go unused seems to have been one from which mediæval thinkers could not entirely break away. The consideration that there could be no need of any such economy, because the supply was infinite, might have been theoretically acknowledged, but was not practically felt. The fact is that magnificent as was the conception of Copernicus, it was dwarfed by the conception of stretches from star to star so vast that the whole orbit of the earth was only a point in comparison.

An indication of the extent to which the difficulty thus

arising was felt is seen in the title of a book published by Horrebow, the Danish astronomer, some two centuries ago. This industrious observer, one of the first who used an instrument resembling our meridian transit of the present day, determined to see if he could find the parallax of the stars by observing the intervals at which a pair of stars in opposite quarters of the heavens crossed his meridian at opposite seasons of the year. When, as he thought, he had won success he published his observations and conclusions under the title of "Copernicus Triumphans." But alas! the keen criticism of his contemporaries showed that what he supposed to be a swing of the stars from season to season arose from a minute variation in the rate of his clock, due to the different temperatures to which it was exposed during the day and the night. The measurement of the distance even of the nearest stars evaded astronomical research, until Bessel and Struve arose in the early part of the present century.

On some aspects of the problem of the extent of the universe light is being thrown even now. Evidence is gradually accumulating which points to the probability that the successive orders and smaller and smaller stars, which our continually increasing telescopic power brings into view, are not situated at greater and greater distances, but that we actually see the boundary of our universe. This indication lends a peculiar interest to various questions arising out of the motions of the stars. Quite possibly the problem of these motions will be the great one of the future astronomer. Even now it suggests thoughts and questions of the most far-reaching character.

I have seldom felt a more delicious sense of repose than when crossing the ocean during the summer months I sought a place where I could lie alone on the deck, look up at the constellations with *Lyra* near the zenith, and, while listening to the clank of the engine, try to calculate the hundreds of millions of years which would be required by our ship to reach the star α Lyræ if she could continue her course in that direction without ever stopping. It is a striking example of how easily we may

fail to realize our knowledge when I say that I have thought many a time how deliciously one might pass those hundred millions of years in a journey to the star *α Lyræ*, without its occurring to me that we are actually making that very journey at a speed compared with which the speed of a steamship is slow indeed. Through every year, every hour, every minute, of human history from the first appearance of man on the earth, from the era of the builders of the pyramids, through the times of Cæsar and Hannibal, through the period of every event that history records, not merely our earth, but the sun and the whole solar system with it, have been speeding their way toward the star of which I speak on a journey of which we know neither the beginning nor the end. During every clock-beat through which humanity has existed it has moved on this journey by an amount which we cannot specify more exactly than to say that it is probably between five and nine miles per second. We are at this moment thousands of miles nearer to *α Lyræ* than we were a few minutes ago when I began this discourse, and through every future moment, for untold thousands of years to come, the earth and all there is on it will be nearer to *α Lyræ*, or nearer to the place where that star now is, by hundreds of miles for every minute of time come and gone. When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years, perhaps in half a million. We cannot tell exactly, but get there we must if the laws of nature and the laws of motion continue as they are. To attain to the stars was the seemingly vain wish of the philosopher, but the whole human race is, in a certain sense, realizing this wish as rapidly as a speed of six or eight miles a second can bring it about.

I have called attention to this motion because it may, in the not distant future, afford the means of approximating to a solution of the problem already mentioned, that of the extent of the universe. Notwithstanding the success of astronomers during the present century in measuring the parallax of a number of stars, the most recent investigations show that there are very few, perhaps hardly more than a score of stars of which the

parallax, and therefore the distance, has been determined with any approach to certainty. Many parallaxes, determined by observers about the middle of the century, have had to disappear before the powerful tests applied by measures with the heliometer; others have been greatly reduced, and the distances of the stars increased in proportion. So far as measurement goes, we can only say of the distances of all the stars, except the few whose parallaxes have been determined, that they are immeasurable. The radius of the earth's orbit, a line more than ninety millions of miles in length, not only vanishes from sight before we reach the distance of the great mass of stars, but becomes such a mere point that, when magnified by the powerful instruments of modern times, the most delicate appliances fail to make it measurable. Here the solar motion comes to our help. This motion, by which, as I have said, we are carried unceasingly through space, is made evident by a motion of most of the stars in the opposite direction, just as, passing through a country on a railway, we see the houses on the right and on the left of us being left behind. It is clear enough that the apparent motion will be more rapid the nearer the object. We may, therefore, form some idea of the distance of the stars when we know the amount of the motion. It is found that, in the great mass of stars of the sixth magnitude, the smallest visible to the naked eye, the motion is about three seconds per century. As a measure thus stated does not convey an accurate conception of magnitude to one not practiced in the subject, I would say that, in the heavens, to the ordinary eye, a pair of stars will appear single unless they are separated by a distance of 150 or 200 seconds. Let us then imagine ourselves looking at a star of the sixth magnitude, which is at rest while we are carried past it with the motion of six or eight miles per second which I have described. Mark its position in the heavens as we see it to-day; then let its position again be marked 5,000 years hence. A good eye will just be able to perceive that there are two stars marked instead of one. The two would be so close together that no distinct space between them could be perceived by unaided vision. It is due to the magnifying

power of the telescope, enlarging such small apparent distances, that the motion has been determined to so small a period as the 150 years during which accurate observations of the stars have been made.

The motion just described has been fairly well determined for what astronomically speaking are the brighter stars, that is to say those visible to the naked eye. But how is it with the millions of faint telescopic stars, especially those which form the cloud masses of the Milky Way? The distance of these stars is undoubtedly greater, and the apparent motion is, therefore, smaller. Accurate observations upon such stars have been commenced only recently, so that we have not yet had time to determine the amount of the motion. But the indication seems to be that it will prove quite a measurable quantity, and that before the twentieth century has elapsed it will be determined for very much smaller stars than those which have heretofore been studied. A photographic chart of the whole heavens is now being constructed by an association of observatories in some of the leading countries of the world. I cannot say all the leading countries, because then we should have to exclude our own, which, unhappily, has taken no part in this work. At the end of the twentieth century we may expect that the work will be repeated. Then, by comparing the charts, we shall see the effect of the solar motion and, perhaps, get new light upon the problem in question.

Closely connected with the problem of the extent of the universe, is another which appears, for us, to be insoluble because it brings us face to face with infinity itself. We are familiar enough with eternity, or, let us say, the millions or hundreds of millions of years which the geologists tell us must have passed while the crust of the earth was assuming its present form, our mountains being built, our rocks consolidated and successive orders of animals coming and going. Hundreds of millions of years is, indeed, a long time, and yet, when we contemplate the changes supposed to have taken place during that time, we do not look out on eternity itself, which is veiled from our sight, as it were, by the unending succession of changes that mark the progress of time.

But in the motions of the stars we are brought face to face with eternity and infinity, covered by no veil whatever. It would be bold to speak dogmatically on a subject where the springs of being are so far hidden from mortal eyes as in the depths of the universe. But, without declaring its positive certainty, it must be said that the conclusion seems unavoidable that a number of stars are moving with a speed such that the attraction of all the bodies of the universe could never stop them. One such case is that of Arcturus, the bright reddish star familiar to mankind since the days of Job, and visible near the zenith on the clear evenings of May and June. Yet another case is that of a star known in astronomical nomenclature as 1830 Groombridge, which exceeds all others in its angular proper motion as seen from the earth. We should naturally suppose that it seems to move so fast because it is near us. But the best measurements of its parallax seem to show that it can scarcely be less than 2,000,000 times the distance of the earth from the sun, while it may be much greater. Accepting this result, its velocity cannot be much less than 200 miles per second, and may be much more. With this speed it would make the circuit of our globe in two minutes, and had it gone round and round in our latitudes we should have seen it fly past us a number of times since I commenced this discourse. It would make the journey from the earth to the sun in five days. If it is now near the centre of our system it would probably reach its confines in a million of years. So far as our knowledge of nature goes, there is no force in nature which would ever have set it in motion and no force which can ever stop it. What, then, was the history of this star, and if there are planets circulating around, what the experience of beings who may have lived on those planets during the ages which geologists and naturalists assure us our earth has existed? Did they see, at night, only a black and starless heaven? Was there a time when, in that heaven, a small faint patch of light began gradually to appear? Did that patch of light grow larger and larger as million after million of years elapsed? Did it at last fill the heavens and break up into constellations as we now see them? As millions more

of years elapse will the constellations gather together in the opposite quarter, and gradually diminish to a patch of light as the star pursues its irresistible course of 200 miles per second through the wilderness of space, leaving our universe farther and farther behind it, until it is lost in the distance? If the conceptions of modern science are to be considered as good for all time, a point on which I confess to a large measure of scepticism, then these questions must be answered in the affirmative.

Intimately associated with these problems is that of the duration of the universe in time. The modern discovery of the conservation of energy has raised the question of the period during which our sun has existed and may continue in the future to give us light and heat. Modern science tells us that the quantity of light and heat which can be stored in it is necessarily limited, and that, when radiated as the sun radiates, the supply must in time be exhausted. A very simple calculation shows that were there no source of supply the sun would be cooled off in three or four thousand years. Whence, then, comes the supply. During the past thirty years the source has been sought for in a hypothetical contraction of the sun itself. True, this contraction is too small to be observed; several thousand years must elapse before it can be measurable with our instruments. Granting that this is and always has been the sole source of supply, a simple calculation shows that the sun could scarcely have been giving its present amount of heat for more than twenty or thirty millions of years. Before that time the earth and the sun must have formed one body, a great nebula, by the condensation of which both are supposed to have been formed. But the geologists tell us that the age of the earth is to be reckoned by hundreds of millions of years. Thus arises a question to which physical science has not been able to give an answer.

The problems of which I have so far spoken are those of what may be called the older astronomy. If I apply this title it is because that branch of the science to which the spectroscope has given birth is often called the new astronomy. It is commonly to be expected that a new and vigorous form of scientific research will supersede

that which is hoary with antiquity. But I am not willing to admit that such is the case with the old astronomy, if old we may call it. It is more pregnant with future discoveries to-day than it ever has been, and it is more disposed to welcome the spectroscope as a useful handmaid, which may help it on to new fields, than it is to give way to it. How useful it may thus become has been shown by a Dutch astronomer, who finds that the stars having one type of spectrum belong mostly to the Milky Way, and are farther from us than the others.

In the field of the newer astronomy perhaps the most interesting work is that associated with comets. It must be confessed, however, that the spectroscope has rather increased than diminished the mystery which, in some respects, surrounds the constitution of these bodies. The older astronomy has satisfactorily accounted for their appearance, and we might also say for their origin and their end, so far as questions of origin can come into the domain of science. It is now known that comets are not wanderers through the celestial spaces from star to star, but must always have belonged to our system. But their orbits are so very elongated that thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of years are required for a revolution. Sometimes, however, a comet passing near to Jupiter is so fascinated by that planet that, in its vain attempt to follow it, it loses so much of its primitive velocity as to circulate around the sun in a period of a few years, and thus to become, apparently, a new member of our system. If the orbit of such a comet, or, in fact, of any comet, chances to intersect that of the earth, the latter in passing the point of intersection encounters minute particles which cause a meteoric shower. The great showers of November, which occur three times in a century and were well known in the years 1866-67, may be expected to reappear about 1900, after the passage of a comet which, since 1866, has been visiting the confines of our system, and is expected to return about two years hence.

But all this does not tell us much about the nature and make-up of a comet. Does it consist of nothing but isolated particles, or is there a solid nucleus, the attraction of which tends to keep the mass together? No one yet

knows. The spectroscope, if we interpret its indications in the usual way, tells us that a comet is simply a mass of hydro-carbon vapor, shining by its own light. But there must be something wrong in this interpretation. That the light is reflected sunlight seems to follow necessarily from the increased brilliancy of the comet as it approaches the sun and its disappearance as it passes away.

Great attention has recently been bestowed upon the physical constitution of the planets and the changes which the surfaces of these bodies may undergo. In this department of research we must feel gratified by the energy of our countrymen who have entered upon it. Should I seek to even mention all the results thus made known, I might be stepping on dangerous ground, as many questions are still unsettled. While every astronomer has entertained the highest admiration for the energy and enthusiasm shown by Mr. Percival Lowell in founding an observatory in regions where the planets can be studied under the most favorable conditions, they cannot lose sight of the fact that the ablest and most experienced observers are liable to error when they attempt to delineate the features of a body fifty or one hundred million miles away through such a disturbing medium as our atmosphere. Even on such a subject as the canals of Mars doubts may still well be felt. That certain markings to which Schiaparelli gave the name of canals exist, few will question. But it may be questioned whether these markings are the fine sharp uniform lines found on Schiaparelli's map and delineated in Mr. Lowell's beautiful book. It is certainly curious that Barnard at Mount Hamilton, with the most powerful instrument and under the most favorable circumstances, does not see these markings as canals.

I can only mention among the problems of the spectroscope the elegant and remarkable solution of the mystery surrounding the rings of Saturn, which has been effected by Keeler at Allegheny. That these rings could not be solid has long been a conclusion of the laws of mechanics, but Keeler was the first to show that they must consist of separate particles, because the inner portions revolve more rapidly than the outer. The question of the atmos-

phere of Mars has also received an important advance by the work of Campbell at Mount Hamilton. Although it is not proved that Mars has no atmosphere, for the existence of some atmosphere can scarcely be doubted, yet the Mount Hamilton astronomer seems to have shown, with great conclusiveness, that it is so rare as not to produce any sensible absorption of the solar rays.

I have left an important subject for the close. It belongs entirely to the older astronomy, and it is one with which I am glad to say this observatory is expected to especially concern itself. I refer to the question of the variation of latitudes, that singular phenomenon scarcely suspected ten years ago, but brought out by observations in Germany during the last eight years, and reduced to law with such brilliant success by our own Chandler. The north pole is not a fixed point on the earth's surface, but moves around in rather an irregular way. True, the motion is small; a circle of sixty feet in diameter will include the pole in its widest range. This is a very small matter so far as the interests of daily life are concerned. But it is very important to the astronomer. It is not simply a motion of the pole of the earth, but a wobbling of the solid earth itself. No one knows what conclusions of importance to our race may yet follow from a study of the stupendous forces necessary to produce even this slight motion.

The director of this new observatory has already distinguished himself in the delicate and difficult work of investigating this motion, and I am glad to know that he is continuing the work here with one of the finest instruments ever used in it, a splendid product of American mechanical genius. I can assure you that astronomers the world over will look with the greatest interest for Professor Doolittle's success in the arduous task he has undertaken.

There is one question connected with these studies of the universe on which I have not touched, and which is, nevertheless, of transcendent interest. What sort of life, spiritual and intellectual, exists in distant worlds? We cannot for a moment suppose that our own little planet is the only one throughout the whole uni-

verse on which may be found the fruits of civilization, warm firesides, friendship, the desire to penetrate the mysteries of creation. And yet, this question is not to-day a problem of astronomy, nor can we see any prospect that it ever will be, for the simple reason that science affords us no hope of an answer to any question that we may send through the fathomless abyss. When the spectroscope was in its infancy it was suggested that possibly some difference might be found in the rays reflected from living matter, especially from vegetation, that might enable us to distinguish them from rays reflected by matter not endowed with life. But this hope has not been realized, nor does it seem possible to realize it. The astronomer cannot afford to waste his energies on hopeless speculation about matters of which he cannot learn anything, and he therefore leaves this question of the plurality of worlds to others who are as competent to discuss it as he is. All he can tell the world is

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe;
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

— *An Address at the University of Pennsylvania in 1897.*

NEWELL, ROBERT HENRY ("ORPHEUS C. KERR"), an American journalist and humorist; born at New York, December 13, 1836; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1, 1901. He early became a journalist, and was from time to time editorially connected with various journals. Between 1862 and 1868, under the *nom de plume* of Orpheus

C. Kerr, he published a series of humorous papers on the Civil War, which have been collected in four volumes, entitled *The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*. His other works are *The Palace Beautiful and Other Poems* (1865); *Avery Glibun*, a Romance (1867); *The Cloven Foot*, a burlesque of Dickens's *Mystery of Edwin Drood* (1870); *Versatilities*, verses serious and humorous (1871); *The Walking Doll*, a humorous novel (1872); *Studies in Stanzas* (1882); *There Was Once a Man*, a story illustrating the converse of the Darwinian proposition (1884).

SPRING VIOLETS UNDER THE SNOW.

Nothing is lost that has beauty to save,
Purity rises in flowers from the grave,
And from the blossoms that fade on the tree
Falleth the seed of the blossoms to be.
Life unto Death is mortality's growth,
Something immortal is under them both.
Surely as cometh the winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.

See the Old Man in his great easy-chair,
Furrowed his forehead and white is his hair:
Yet, as he roguishly smiles to his dame,
Pointing her eyes to the lovers, whose shame
Makes them withdraw from the light of the fire,
Boyhood, light-hearted, reveals in the sire!
Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.

See the Old Wife in her kerchief and cap,
Dropping her knitting-work into her lap,
While, with a laugh that is silent, she shakes,
And o'er her shoulder another peep takes;
Years are full forty since she was a Miss,
Yet she's a girl in that overheard kiss!

Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow.

See the Old People, with nods of delight,
Stealing together away for the night,
Ever too fond and too cunning to own
Why they should leave the shy lovers alone;
But their eyes, twinkling, are telling the truth,
Down in their hearts is an answering youth!
Surely as cometh life's winter, I know
There are spring violets under the snow!
— *The Palace Beautiful.*

OUR GUIDING STARS.

The planets of our Flag are set
In God's eternal blue sublime,
Creation's world-wide, starry stripe
Between the banner'd days of time.

Upon the sky's divining scroll,
In burning punctuation borne,
They shape the sentence of the night,
That propheties a cloudless morn.

The waters free their mirrors are;
And fair with equal light they look
Upon the royal ocean's breast,
And on the humble mountain-brook.

Though each distinctive as the soul
Of some new world not yet begun,
In bright career their courses blend
Round Liberty's unchanging sun.

Thus ever shine, ye stars, for all!
And palsied be the hand that harms
Earth's pleading signal to the skies,
And Heav'n's immortal Coat of Arms.
— *The Palace Beautiful.*

BRUNI AND ITS RULER.

The city of Bruni or Borneo, whence Portuguese navigators, early in the sixteenth century, extended the name to the whole immense island, called by its own people Pulo Kalamantan, has been described under the simile of a barbarian Cybele rising suddenly from the waters. In the last thirty-five years it must have undergone much change and modernization by neighborly community with the rapid development of European civilization in Sarāwak, but at the time herein treated of the Bornean Venice was yet one of the rudest and fiercest cities of the lawless Malay. Spreading from a noble amphitheatre of swelling green hills to the shore of the wide, deep river of the same name, the fifteen feet rise and fall of the massive water, combined with the tides of several smaller streams confluenting it at that point, gave the town the usual Malayan characteristics of seeming to rise from the sea; its buildings being elevated upon piles, and its many tortuous highways and byways practically to be traversed only in boats. The long rambling white palace, however, with its surroundings of barracks and offices, stood back upon one of the cleared hill-sides overlooking the great, level stretch of the jagged palm-leaf roofs and boat-dotted streets of savage Bruni, and upon an adjacent elevation, yet higher, appeared a structure that, if as barbaric, was more imposing. As the latter is the architectural object immediately interesting us, it may be more particularly mentioned as having from the town below an aspect of at least a hundred feet of one-story whitened front, with a steep, peaked roof of great, inter-lapping *Nypa* palm-leaves; standing upon a terrace serrated with dingy six-pounder cannons, and flanked by two little summer-houses with conical tops. Upon ascending the difficult intervening acclivity, however, the seeming terrace was found to be a substantial stockade of heavy stakes and a tenacious triangular embankment of mixed soil and rattan enclosing the whole building in a defensive square some six feet high; the summer-houses were watch-towers at the corners, connected by a par-

apet walk, and occupied by sentries with alarm-gongs while the long, irregular building itself, decked with a deep veranda on which glittered two brass guns taken from some crippled merchantman, was lifted bodily to the height of the palisade on massive trunks of former trees. All over the open space within the fortifications stood or reclined groups of a Kadien Dyak body-guard and Malayan officers; the latter in muslin turbans figured with gold-thread, light-blue blouses, petticoated from the waist by red sarongs, and loose trousers of striped nankeen, the former — handsomer and fairer in complexion — wearing head-dresses of pheasant's feathers set in bands of flexible bark, red jackets padded to resist spears, white and red plaided kilts, or sarongs like the Malays and broad brass bands on the wrists, ankles, and hanging from either distended ear-lobe. The inseparable betel-box hung at every waist.

Such was the home and virtual citadel of Usop, a putative uncle of Suttan of Borneo, and one of the most daring and powerful *pangerans* or princes at court. This shrewdly intelligent follower of the Prophet had contracted many European ways from the unusual British visitor to his country in the preceding three or four years. He could sit easily upon a chair instead of a divan, drink wine, smoke English cigars and adroitly adapt his bearing and conversational key to the level of the respectful equality expected by those who deemed themselves his superiors through civilization. Adhering yet to the chewing of betel, he also knew how to forego it on occasions of social policy. He was a middle-aged, short, active, Oriental politician; abler, perhaps, in secret scheming than in warlike action, but capable of great pertinacity in both.—*There Was Once a Man.*

NEWMAN, FRANCIS WILLIAM, an English scholar and miscellaneous writer; born at London, June 27, 1805; died there, October 4, 1897. He was graduated with high honors from Worcester College, Oxford, in 1826, and was a Fellow of Balliol till 1830, when he went to Bagdad on a religious mission, and for several years traveled and studied in the East. Returning to England, he was tutor in Bristol College 1834-40, Professor of Classics in Manchester New College 1840-46, and of Latin in University College, London, 1846-63, when he entered a banking firm. He was early alienated from the Church of England, but diverged in another direction than that taken by his brother, Cardinal Newman, and became a theist. The brothers became estranged, and the latter is said to have remarked that so far as John Henry, Cardinal Newman, was concerned, Professor Francis William Newman was dead. His religious autobiography is given in *Phases of Faith, or Passages from the History of my Creed* (1850; enlarged 1853). He also published *Catholic Union* (1844); *History of the Hebrew Monarchy* (1847); *The Soul, Its Sorrows and Aspirations* (1849); *Lectures on Political Economy* (1851); *Regal Rome* (1852); *The Odes of Horace, translated into unrhymed English Metres* (1853); a similar translation of the *Iliad* (1856); *Theism, Doctrinal and Practical* (1858); a *Textbook of Modern Arabic* (1866); a *Grammar of the Berber Language, Miscellanies* (1869); *Europe of the Near Future* (1870); *Anglo-Saxon Abolition of Slavery* (1889); *Memoir of Cardinal Newman* (1893); besides many treatises

on scientific and other topics. Professor Newman defined the purpose of his philosophy as "that of saving all that is spiritual, pure, and merciful in Christianity amid the wreck which erudition has made of mythology."

BIBLIOLATRY.

In former days, if any moral question came before me, I was always apt to turn it into the mere lawyerlike exercise of searching and interpreting my written code. Thus in reading how Henry VIII. treated his first queen, I thought over Scripture texts in order to judge whether he was right, and if I could so get a solution, I left my own moral powers unexercised. All Protestants see how mischievous it is to a Romanist lady to have a directing priest, whom she every day consults about everything, so as to lay her own judgment to sleep. We readily understand that in the extreme case such a woman gradually may lose all perception of right and wrong, and become a mere machine in the hands of her director. But the Protestant principle of accepting the Bible as the absolute law acts toward the same end, and only fails of doing the same amount of mischief, because a book can never so completely answer all the questions asked of it as a living priest can. The Protestantism which pities those as without chart and compass who acknowledge no infallible written code can mean nothing else than that "the less occasion we have to trust our moral powers, the better;" that is, it represents it as of all things most desirable to be able to benumb conscience by disuse, under the guidance of a mind from without. Those who teach this need not marvel to see their pupils become Romanists.

Many who call themselves Christian preachers busily undermine moral sentiment by telling their hearers that if they do not believe the Bible (or the Church) they can have no firm religion or morality, and will have no reason to give against following brutal appetite. This doctrine it is that so often makes men atheists in Spain,

and profligates in England, as soon as they unlearn the national creed, and the school which has done the mischief moralize over the wickedness of human nature when it comes to pass, instead of blaming the falsehood which they themselves have inculcated.—*Phases of Faith.*

RESULTS OF THE FALL OF THE ROMAN MONARCHY.

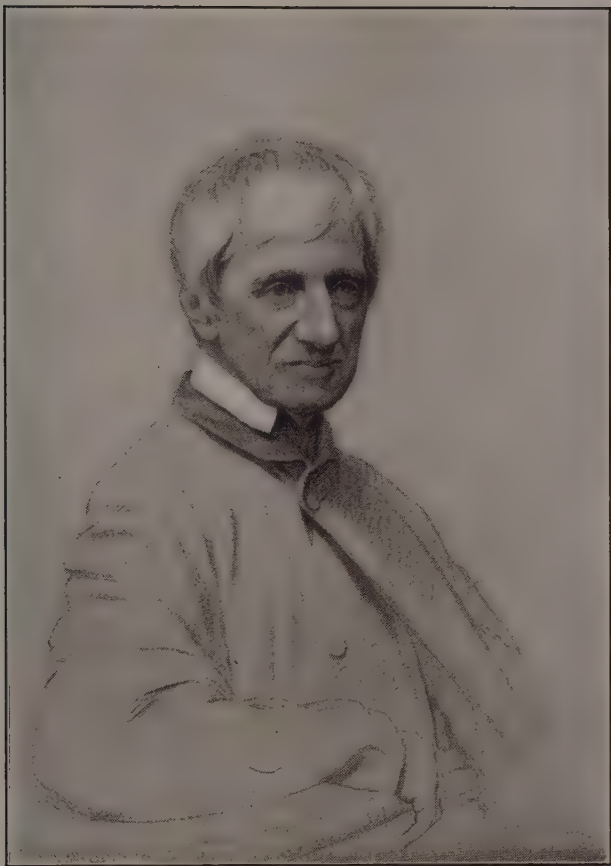
The great cause of the prosperity of the city was that the kings had headed the movement-party for enfranchising and elevating the lower classes. Every liberal measure from an *order* of men comes too late. Upon the destruction of royalty, the lower population discovered that they had lost their patron, and were exposed to hundreds of tyrants. All the early history of the Roman Republic is a long struggle of the commonalty to regain for itself a powerful protector; and after a time the success of the plebeians was complete. But Rome continued to conquer; hence, outside of the plebeians, fresh and fresh masses of subjects lay, who had no organs of protection until the Roman constitution was violently subverted, and emperors arose. From these at length the population of the provinces gradually obtained the gift of Roman citizenship, which ought to have been long before granted by free Rome, in order to preserve her own freedom. It was conquest that ruined the latter republic, and conquest (apparently) also that ruined royal Rome. When the victories of Ancus and Tarquin enlarged the state so rapidly, *not* to have enfranchised the new subjects would have weakened it from within; yet, *by* enfranchising them, Tarquin and Servius produced a discontent in the old citizens which exploded into violence, and wrecked the constitution under Tarquin the Proud. If Brutus and Collatinus, instead of abolishing the royalty, had restored it with all the formalities of inter-regal election, but with such limitations as experience suggested, we now see that it would have been far better for the plebeians of Rome. The wicked deed of Sextus Tarquinius did not need royal power: it might have been perpetrated by any man who wore a sword. But it was attributed to the inherent haughtiness of royal

blood, and the question of raising someone else to the throne was never even moved at all.

In consequence, the plebeians were suddenly left without legal representatives. No man of their body was capable of holding office, because he was essentially inadmissible to patrician religion. It was soon manifested that, while excluded from executive government, possession of legislative power was a mockery: unfortunate war forced them to incur debt, and the penalties of debt were vigorously enforced. Art and skill migrated from Rome when her arms could no longer defend the industrious, and rudeness so great came on the city of the Tarquins, that sheep and oxen became the current coin of a community which but a little before had made a treaty of commerce with Carthage. Under an exclusive patrician caste, Rome sank more rapidly than she had risen; until tyrannical powers vested in tumultuous tribunes became an alleviation of the intolerable evils caused by the loss of the elective King.

For the destruction of the monarchy did not come in the ripeness of time, when monarchy had finished its work, and the lower people had gained power of self-defence. It was the explosion of rage against an institution, because of personal iniquity; and it became the prelude to a century and a half of suffering to the plebeians.—*Regal Rome.*

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, an English Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church; born at London, February 21, 1801; died at Edgbaston, August 11, 1890. He was educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1820; became a Fellow of Oriel in 1822, was ordained deacon in 1824, and priest in 1825; was vice-principal of St. Albans Hall 1825-26, tutor of Oriel 1826-28, vicar of



John H. Newman

St. Mary's, Oxford, 1828-43. Here, with Pusey, Keble, R. H. Froude, and Isaac Williams, he initiated the "Oxford Movement," and wrote *Tracts for the Times* and *Lyra Apostolica*. Of the 179 lyrics in the latter, Newman wrote 109, largely during a Mediterranean trip in 1832-33. *Tract No. 90*, his twenty-fourth contribution to the series, appeared in February, 1841, and caused such an outcry as ended the publication and turned the author's feet toward Rome. He retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; resigned his preferments in 1843, and submitted to the Church of Rome in 1845. In 1848 he founded the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Birmingham, and became its Father Superior. In 1854-58 he was rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. In 1859 he returned to Birmingham, and opened a school at Edgbaston. In 1879 he was made Cardinal. Among his numerous publications are *Arians of the Fourth Century* (1833); *The Prophetical Office of the Church* (1837); *Essays on Justification* (1837); *Theory of Religious Belief* (1844); *The Development of Christian Doctrine* (1845); *Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent* (1870); *History of Arianism* (1875), and many *Sermons*, *Lectures*, etc. His *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864) was called forth by an attack from Kingsley. *Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert* (1848), is also in some sense autobiographical. His only other professed work of fiction is *Callista, A Sketch of the Third Century* (1858). His *Verses on Various Occasions* (1868) exhibit great poetic talent, neglected for what the author considered more important labors.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face.
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil,
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion fight severe.

Go! amid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road —
Rocky road, and scarce-ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Double praise thou shalt attain
 In royal court and battle plain;
 Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
 Blighted hope, and loneliness;
 Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
 Dizzied fate, and guilt, and woe;
 Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
 Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
 Sated power's tyrannic mood,
 Counsels shared with men of blood
 Sad success, parental tears,
 And a dreary gift of years.

Strange that guileless face and form
 To lavish on the scarring storm!
 Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
 And we harass thee in kindness;
 Little chary of thy fame —
 Dust unborn may bless or blame —
 But we mould thee for the root
 Of man's promised healing fruit,
 And we mould thee hence to rise
 As our brother to the skies.

WARNINGS.

When Heaven sends sorrow
 Warnings go first,
 Lest it should burst
 With storming might
 On souls too bright
 To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
 To the hid springs
 Of human things?
 Why may not dream
 Or thought's day-gleam
 Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
 While Faith disowns
 Dread of earth's tones.
 Recks but Heaven's call,
 And on the wall
 Reads but Heaven's letters?

PROSPERITY.

When mirth is full and free,
 Some sudden gloom shall be;
 When haughty power mounts high,
 The watcher's axe is nigh.
 All growth has bound; when greatest found,
 It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
 Has lain its huts among,
 Builds courts and palace vast,
 And vaunts—it shall not last!
 Bright tints that shine are but a sign
 Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys
 With fond, adoring gaze
 And yearning heart, thy friend—
 Love to its grave doth tend.
 All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
 Toward an end.

PENANCE.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be.
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn,
 There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain
 Until the morn.
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love —
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.
— *Dream of Gerontius.*

HOLINESS AND HEAVEN.

If a man without religion (supposing it possible) were admitted into Heaven, doubtless he would sustain a great disappointment. Before, indeed, he fancied that he could be happy there; but when he arrived there, he would find no discourse but that which he had shunned on earth, no pursuits but those he had disliked or despised, nothing which bound him to aught else in the universe, and made him feel at home, nothing which he could enter into and rest upon. He would perceive himself to be an isolated being, cut away by Supreme Power from those objects which were still entwined around his heart. Nay, he would be in the presence of that Supreme Power, whom he never on earth could bring himself steadily to think upon, and whom now he regards only as the destroyer of all that was precious and dear to him. Ah! he could not bear the face of the Living God; the Holy God would be no object of joy to him. "Let us alone! What have we to do with Thee?" is the sole thought and desire of unclean souls, even while they acknowledge His majesty. . . .

Holiness, or inward separation from the world, is necessary to our admission into Heaven because Heaven is not a place of happiness, except to the holy. There are bodily indispositions which affect the taste, so that the sweetest flavors become ungrateful to the palate; and indispositions which impair the sight, tinging the fair face of nature with some sickly hue. In like manner, there is a moral malady which disorders the inward sight and taste; and no man laboring under it is in a condition to enjoy what Scripture calls "the fulness of joy in

God's presence, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore."

Nay, I will venture to say more than this:—it is fearful, but it is right to say it—that if we wished to imagine a punishment for an unholy, reprobate soul, we perhaps could not fancy a greater than to *summon it to Heaven*. Heaven would be hell to an irreligious man. . . . How miserable, for example, it is to have to live in a foreign land, among a people whose faces we have never seen before, and whose language we cannot learn. And this is but a faint illustration of the loneliness of a man of earthly dispositions and tastes, thrust into the society of saints and angels. How forlorn would he wander through the courts of Heaven! He could find no one like himself; he would see at every direction the marks of God's holiness, and these would make him shudder. He would know that the Eternal Eye was upon him; and that Eye of holiness, which is joy and life to holy creatures, would seem to him an eye of wrath and punishment. God cannot change His nature, holy He must ever be; but while He is holy, no unholy soul can be happy in Heaven. Fire does not inflame iron, but inflames straw. It would cease to be fire if it did not. And so Heaven itself would be fire to those who would fain escape across the great gulf from the torments of hell. The finger of Lazarus would but increase their thirst. The very "heaven that is overhead" would be "brass" to them.—*Parochial Sermons*.

NEWMAN, JOHN PHILIP, an American clergyman; born at New York, September 1, 1826; died at Saratoga, N. Y., July 5, 1899. He became a Methodist minister, and was for some years pastor of the Metropolitan Church at Washington, D. C. He was Chaplain of the Senate 1869-74. He

was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1888, and removed to Omaha, Neb. His published works include *From Dan to Beersheba* (1864); *Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh* (1875); *Christianity Triumphant* (1884); *America for Americans* (1887); *The Supremacy of Law* (1890) and *Conversations With Christ* (1900).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character and majestic in his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was raised up for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious; but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate, without austerity; brave, without rashness; constant, without obstinacy. He put caution against hope, that it might not be premature; and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread or danger. His marvellous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equalled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion. He was more solid than brilliant; his judgment dominated his imagination; his ambition was subject to his modesty; and his love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had touched every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin. We are proud of his greatness.

We are to judge men by their surroundings, and meas-

ure their greatness by the difficulties which they surmounted. Every age has its heroes, every crisis its master. Lincoln came into power in the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history. In nothing is the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union of these States. This was the objective point of his administration. He denied State Sovereignty as paramount to National Sovereignty. States have their rights and their obligations; and their chief obligation is to remain in the Union. Some political philanthropists clamored for the overthrow of slavery, and advocated the dissolution of the Union rather than live in a country under whose government slavery was tolerated. But Lincoln was a wiser and a better philanthropist than they. He would have the Union, with or without slavery. He preferred it without and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in a Confederacy with a living slave for its corner-stone than in the Union of the States! Time has vindicated the character of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, and thereby advance the emancipated slave to education, thrift, and political equality.—*From an Address delivered February 12, 1894.*

NEWTON, SIR ISAAC, an English philosopher and mathematician; born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, December 25, 1642; died at Kensington, March 20, 1727. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, and was elected a scholar of his college in 1664. Newton conceived the idea of identity of the force of terrestrial gravity and that which holds the planets in their orbits. But starting with the accepted estimate of the earth's mass, the

result of his calculations did not substantiate his theory. This erroneous estimate having been rectified, Newton resumed his investigations, and his theory of gravitation was triumphantly established. In 1669 he was made Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and during the ensuing three years delivered an elaborate course of lectures upon optics, and soon acquired high repute as a philosophic inquirer. In 1695 he received the appointment of Warden of the Mint, and four years later was made Master of the Mint. He retained this position during the remaining twenty-eight years of his life, and his services were of high value in regulating the British system of coinage. During the later years of his life he was afflicted with a complication of disorders. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to him in 1731.

The strictly philosophical works of Newton belong rather to the domain of science than to that of literature. Foremost among these are *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (usually cited as the *Principia*), first published in 1687, and *Optics, a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colors of Light* (1704). He also gave much attention to studies of a theological nature; his principal work in this department being *Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse*, written as early as 1693, but not published until five years after his death. The most thorough *Life of Newton* is that by Sir David Brewster (1855), which embodies an exhaustive statement of his physical discoveries and theories. Newton was an undoubting believer in the Christian revelation, but his own statement of his theological views shows that he must be ranked as Unitarian

rather than as a Trinitarian, in the ordinary acceptance of the terms.

NEWTON'S CREED.

(1.) There is one God, the Father, ever living, omnipresent, almighty, the Maker of Heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man—the man Christ Jesus.—(2.) The Father is the invisible God, whom no eye hath seen, nor can see; all other beings are sometimes visible.—(3.) The Father hath life in Himself, and hath given the Son to have life in Himself.—(4.) The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus Christ is the spirit of prophecy, and Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God.—(5.) The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of Him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature; all other beings are movable from place to place.—(6.) All the worship—whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving—which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ is still due to Him; Christ came not to diminish the worship of His Father.—(7.) Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son.—(8.) We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life; and whatsoever we are to thank Him for, or desire that He would do for us, we ask of Him immediately in the name of Christ.—(9.) We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us; if we pray the Father aright, He will intercede.—(10.) It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son.—(11.) To give the name of God to angels or kings is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings is against it. The

meaning of the commandment is, "Thou shalt worship no other God but Me."—(12.) There is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty; and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain and hath redeemed us with his blood, and made us kings and priests.

THE DESIGN OF PROPHECY.

The folly of interpreters has been to foretell times and things by this prophecy of Daniel, as if God designed to make *them* prophets. By this rashness they have not only exposed themselves, but have brought prophecy also into contempt. The design of God, when he gave them this and the other prophecies of the Old Testament, was not to gratify men's curiosity by enabling them to foreknow things, but to the end that, after they were fulfilled, they might be interpreted by the event, and his own providence—not the wisdom and skill of the interpreters—be manifested to the world.—*Observations on Daniel.*

NATURE OF THE PROPHETICAL LANGUAGE OF SCRIPTURE.

For understanding the prophecies, we are in the first place to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly, the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens and the things therein signifies thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest part of the earth, called Hades or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending toward heaven,

and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honor; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignities or dominion out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract and overthrow them; the creating of a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal pomp and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men; or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars for the same; new moons for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic. . . .

In the earth the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; embittering of waters for great affection of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic; that is, for their dissolution; the over-

flowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquest of their regions; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea. Animals, also, and vegetables are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land animals for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes for those of the waters politic, birds and insects for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest for a kingdom; and a wilderness for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame; and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals, or vegetables, and buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or a bird, or a man—whereby the king is represented—is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom, and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politics, and sacrificing beasts, for the slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are by certain epithets or circumstances extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the “tree of life” or “of knowledge;” and a beast, when called “the old serpent,” or worshipped.—*Observations on the Apocalypse.*

NEWTON, JOHN, an English clergyman and hymnologist; born at London, July 24, 1725; died there, December 21, 1807. He was the son of a prosperous shipmaster, with whom he made several voyages, and afterward engaged in the African slave trade. In 1755 he obtained the situation of Surveyor at the port of Liverpool. During his adventurous career he had not only come to be a religious man, but had applied himself seriously to the study of such subjects as are included in a scholastic education, and took an active part in the religious movement set on foot by Wesley and Whitefield. He aspired to holy orders; but obstacles were thrown in his way, and it was not until 1764 that he was ordained as priest and appointed to the rectorship of Olney. Here he remained for sixteen years, during which he formed that close intimacy with Cowper, with whom he collaborated in the production of the *Olney Hymns*, a series of religious poems, by which Newton is best known to modern readers.

He wrote some three hundred of these hymns. Most of them are versified paraphrases of passages of Scripture; but a few of them rise almost to lyric fervor and have found a permanent place in our hymnology.

In 1779 he was appointed to the rectorship of the populous parish of St. Mary Woolnorth, London, which he retained until his death. He was for many years an acknowledged leader in what was styled the "Evangelical party" in the Anglican Church. Among his works are numerous *Sermons*, a *Review of Ecclesiastical History*, and a *Narrative of the prin-*

cial incidents in his own life, especially of his religious experiences.

WALKING WITH GOD.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With Heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant, too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
Tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

THE FRIEND CLOSER THAN THE BROTHER.

One there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's —
 Costly, free and knows no end.
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God.
 This was boundless love, indeed:
 Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was His name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same:
 Still he calls them Brethren, Friends,
 And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
 What He daily bears of us?
 Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
 Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
 Though for good we treat Him ill,
 He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a friend we have above:
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We shall love Him as we ought.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!

It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end!
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I will Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

NEWTON, RICHARD HEBER, an American clergyman; born at Philadelphia, October 31, 1840. His father, Richard Heber, was for nearly half a century a prominent clergyman in Philadelphia, and the author of several esteemed religious books. The son was educated at the University of Pennsylvania; was ordained to the priesthood in 1866, and was for several years assistant to his father. In 1869 he became Rector of All Souls' Church, New York. Among his works are *The Children's Church* (1872); *The Morals of Trade* (1876); *Womanhood*

(1879); *Studies of Jesus* (1881); *Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible* (1883); *Book of the Beginnings* (1884); *Philistinism* (1885); *Social Problems* (1886); *Church and Creed* (1891) and *Christian Science* (1900). In his teachings he has in view the humanitarian rather than the dogmatic aspects of Christianity. His sentiments in regard to the sacerdotal functions are expressed in an early anonymous brochure, *What of the Ministry?*

THE COLONEL'S IDEA OF THE MINISTRY.

To my mind the power of the ministry does not consist in your beautiful service, in your Apostolical succession, in your *Quod ubique, quod omnibus*, and so forth, or any of that kind of mealy talk. You know that I am a Presbyterian, and we have that same stock of ecclesiastical furniture, and church drapery and fixings. . . . I have been all through the glorying days about the Presbytery and the Synod, and who shall be Moderator, and the Church North and Church South, and the Westminster Catechism revised. All that sort of thing is done for me. This local triumphing over the mere "accidents" of the Church's institutions has no charms for me now, though once they seemed to me to be everything. The mechanical husks grow around every juicy, tasselled ear of corn. It is the shop-talk which always betrays whether the man is master or only journeyman. And this shop-lingo doesn't belong to the Church Catholic or the Mount Zion Chapel alone. It was just as bad in the days of Brook Farm and Emerson's Transcendentalism as it is to-day with the higher life mystic. . . .

As for the "Apostolic College of Jerusalem," I don't care what they did. I am thorough for all time with this everlasting Katy-did, and Katy-didn't about Elders and Bishops, and Titus, and Crete, and the Desert Island. It's all like trying to lay a pipe from a mill-pond to your water-tank, when all the time, under your scientifically laid piping, there is a running stream which flows cheer-

ily on at its own sweet will. Here are grieved sinners; men and women who wait the guidance and comfort Jesus Christ can give them. And when I say Jesus Christ I don't mean any ritualistic Jesus, any flowery term, or ecclesiastical door-hinge; but I mean the central fact of the Incarnation — God made flesh and dwelling amongst us. . . .

See what a power there is in a true and helpful ministry. Messengers from Heaven — helpers in the daily life — leaders of Christian thought for many hard-pressed, weary people, who have scarcely time to think out any definite religious thought for themselves. Here, it seems to me, is where the true vicarious power of the ministry comes in. It does seem so like St. Paul's words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

NEWTON, WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, an American clergyman; born at Philadelphia, Pa., November 4, 1843. After graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in 1865, he studied in the Episcopal Divinity School, Philadelphia, was ordained deacon in 1868, and priest in 1869. For two years he was assistant to his father, the Rev. Richard Newton, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, and was subsequently rector of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass.; of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J.; of St. Paul's Church, Boston, and since 1881 of St Stephen's Church, Pittsfield, Mass. He organized the American Congress of Churches, held in Hartford, Conn., in 1885, and in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1886. Among his numerous publications are *New Tracts for New Times* (1877); *Essays of To-day* (1879); *The Interpreter's House* (1879); *The Palace*

Beautiful (1880); *The Legend of St. Telemachus* (1882); *The Priest and the Man* (1883); *Paradise* (1883, 1885); *The Vine Out of Egypt* (1887); *Ragnar the Sea-King* (1888), and *Dr. Muhlenberg*, in the series *American Religious Leaders* (1890). Dr. Newton's sermons to children have been collected and published. They are marked by a simplicity of style and lack of well-meant condescension to the child-mind that are too often absent from the efforts of clergymen in that direction.

AN EFFORT FOR LIBERTY.

But the day of hope came at last. One morning as Radbert and Tessaro were again doing sentinel duty on the seaward wall of the fortress at Tyre, Radbert flung his tasselled fez high into the air, and pointing with his lance toward the offing, whispered to Tessaro, as he passed him on the battlement: "See? the white sails of the Venetian navy! Now is the day of our deliverance!" Dotting the blue waters of the Mediterranean, like a flock of myriad water-fowl, the dancing sails and banners of the Venetian and the Genoese fleet came up in a grand sweep of three ships deep, and anchored in the harbor of Tyre. . . .

"There!" cried Radbert to Tessaro, as he found that they were unwatched and were alone, "see the spearman and the archers, and the knights, landing on the beach; and the horses, too, and the huge catapults. Nothing has been left undone by the Doge of Venice; and now we know the reason of all this delay. And see, Tessaro, away to the right, on that white bluff of sand, I can see the royal banner of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem! O, would to God that we were there, and not here! How shall we fight against our brethren? how shall we seem to fight and yet spare them? or how shall we escape?"

"Do you think we can ever escape from Tyre, except it be by the flight of the spirit from the body?" asked

the old man, in a weak and trembling voice, as he turned his white eye to look once more at the ships crowding into the harbor, and held his left hand over the sightless place where his other eye had once been.

"O, yes, Tessaro," replied Radbert; "I believe we shall be delivered now; it came to me the other night in a dream that I was home again, and that you were with me. But I do not know how it came about; I only know that the snare was broken and that we were delivered. Just see the vessels darting up and down the bay, and back and forth in the harbor! They seem to me like the white wings of God's good angels hovering over us for our protection. Why, I believe I can tell some of these ships. I am sure I have seen that three-sailed transport at Marseilles; and yonder lateen-sailed boat with the golden moon at the peak I am sure is the Floating Swan of Master Lascaris."

"Lascaris! Lascaris, did you say?" cried Tessaro, with a hoarse, subdued whisper; "Mother of God! young man, what do you know of Michael Lascaris?"

"I knew him once," said Radbert, scanning the eager features of his hitherto unapproachable companion. "He is a Greek master from Byzantium; he sails a Genoese galley, the Floating Swan. I made a voyage with him from Marseilles to Messina, and from thence to Alexandria."

"Tell me more! O, by all the saints in heaven, tell me more of the Greek!" cried Tessaro, trembling like a leaf. "Did he ever tell you aught of what happened to him at Palermo?"

Radbert held on to the parapet for a few moments, for his head began to swim as the long-forgotten story of the Palermo pirates rushed in upon his memory. At that very moment, as he leaned his arm upon the cold stone wall, he felt something hard in his long-disused money-belt press upon his skinny arm. Hastily rolling up the sleeve of his linen jacket, he unbuttoned the dirty yellow belt, and brought out to the light the locket which Lascaris exchanged for gold on the day the Floating Swan entered the harbor of Messina.

"There," he exclaimed, as he buried the locket in the

bony palm of the old man's hand, "does not that tell the story? Will you not trust me now?"

The aged Tessaro sank upon the pavement in a swoon, with a convulsive groan. Radbert, seizing an earthen water-cooler, which stood in a covered way for the benefit of the officer of the post, dashed the water in his face and soon the stricken man revived.

"Hush!" whispered Radbert, "here comes a guard: calm yourself and stand up or we shall be separated again just at the very time when it is necessary for our deliverance that we should keep together. There, now," he added, putting the heavy lance in his trembling arm, "hide the locket and take your place upon your round again. . . ."

"What means this water?" cried the officer to Radbert, as he passed the spot. Felix exclaimed that the old man had fainted, and added that the sun was very hot, at times, upon the walls.

"The cursed old dog!" said the officer. "Tyre is too full already with these prison miscreants. We must use up this rubbish in some of our sallies upon the Christians. These wretches will make good food for the swords of our enemies." And with a set of horrid curses the tiger-eyed Turk passed on.

Tessaro was very anxious to get near to Felix to know more about Lascaris and the locket. But for several days no opportunity was given to them, in the barracks by night or on the guard by day. During these days several expeditions were made from the king's camping-ground on the bluff shore to reconnoitre the walls. Knights, with helmets barred, and with coats of mail, rode by in safe distance from the bow shots of the enemy upon the wall, and once or twice Radbert was quite sure he recognized the insignia of the Knights Templars and Hospitalers, as the horsemen galloped along below the walls. But how was he to escape? To Radbert's mind this one problem lay open before him by night and by day.

One night, as Radbert was sitting on the rushy floor of the stone barracks, hugging his knees with his hands and swinging back and forth, while all about him were asleep, Tessaro seized the lantern which hung overhead

at the entrance of the stone cavern, and, carefully feeling his way along the floor full of sleeping prisoners, waved it at Radbert and motioned him to follow. Felix instantly obeyed.

"But the keeper?" he whispered; "he will awaken and find us."

"Not yet," replied Tessaro. "I have mixed a composing potion with his stew. I stole it from an open box in the guard-room, and I flung it into his food and stirred it round with my dagger, when he ran to the walls yesterday to look at the knights who passed by, sounding their silver trumpets. He will wake no more this night. Great Jupiter! how I could have given him a hundred stabs, but what would it avail? But come with me. Listen! I have burrowed with my hands a hole in the ground just under the corner tower; and there are voices of men below—they are Christians, I can hear them, but I cannot see them."

"Put out the light," whispered Radbert; and they groped their way through the dark, caverned passage until a fresh breath of wind told them that they were approaching the outer parapet. It was a wild and stormy night. The east wind blowing in from the Mediterranean was salt and wet. There were no lights on the fortress wall, and all was still save the shrill cry of a Mohammedan sentinel on a distant tower, calling out, like some gloomy bird, the long hours of the night. Felix felt a thrill of relief as the briny wind moistened his cheek. It seemed so fresh and full of freedom that he accepted this as an omen of good.

Presently they found by the guard-room tower two or three loose stones which Tessaro had used to cover up this hole in the wall. Groping their way into it, and covering their retreat by replacing the stones, they burrowed along until they found themselves upon an overhanging shelf of rock, with a stone wall of eighty feet below them, leading into a rocky ravine. They could see lights glancing among the bushes, and could distinctly hear suppressed voices. Radbert's heart beat violently, for it seemed as if now at last the moment of escape had come. What to do next was the question which taxed

his quickly acting mind. Presently he called, in a loud whisper:

"We are Christian prisoners! in the name of God help us!"

The lanterns swung below the precipice, and a voice answered in Radbert's native tongue:

"Who are you?"

"I am Felix Radbert of Lyons. I am a prisoner, and there is another prisoner with me, one named Tessaro. Help us; we want a rope."

"Saints in heaven," cried a familiar voice from the dark below, "are you there, Felix? I am Genseric and here are Montreux and Martini, and Leitulf is in camp. How can we get you a rope?"

"Get me one from the nearest ship. Is the Floating Swan near by? if so ask Lascaris to help you. I will drop you a cord. But run; for God's sake, be quick! day is coming on."

"We will," whispered Genseric; "wait till we return."

The lanterns disappeared in the distance. Tessaro and Felix watched them until they were hidden from view by a turn in the road. Then Felix thought he saw lights moving on the water toward the spot where the ships were anchored, but he was not sure about it.

In the meantime, Felix cast about in his mind how he was to get the rope, in case they should bring him one. He bethought him of the watch-tower under which they had made their escape. A Moslem banner floated from the flag-staff on the summit and he remembered that there was a long cord to it. Telling Tessaro to wait until his return, Felix left his companion on the overhanging ledge, and groping his way back again, like a mole in his burrow, he reached the opening in the wall, and nimbly climbed up the parapet until he reached the top of the tower. By this time the wind had ended in a driving mist, and all was still on the fortress wall. Felix felt his way until his hands clutched the rope of the red flag beating itself against the tall flag-staff. Drawing his dagger, in a moment he cut the rope and coiled it round his left arm, while the hated flag covered him with its wet and heavy folds. Seizing the

banner with his right hand, he wrapped it round his shoulders and instantly beat his retreat back to the entrance behind the stones. He paused a moment to listen and distinctly heard the tread of a sentinel going over the path he had just left. The man was chanting in a low tone a Moorish hymn of praise to Allah, which ended in the well-known refrain of death to the Christian host. Felix felt his heart beating like a sledgehammer. He could scarcely breathe for fear of being discovered. It seemed to him as if it must be that this watcher on the wall would hear his heart beat and would discover his hiding-place. But his fears were not realized and after the receding footsteps were lost in the distance Radbert, stumbling over the folds of the heavy banner, burrowed his way back again to the place where his companion was awaiting him.—*The Priest and the Man.*

NIBELUNGENLIED, THE, an ancient German epic poem, the date of which is commonly placed somewhere between the years 900 and 1200. In the opinion of some critics the poem is a connected whole, the production of a single bard. Schlegel guesses the author to have been Heinrich von Ofterdingen; Von der Hagen ascribes it to Walter von der Vogelweide, and a score of other names have been suggested. Karl Lachmann (1793–1851), the ablest editor of the *Nibelungenlied*, holds that it consists of twenty lays by perhaps as many different authors, originally wholly unconnected and of various periods, and put in its present form about the year 1200.

Viewing the poems as a connected whole, it consists of twenty “Adventures” or lays, the action covering

a space of some thirty years. In the first lay we are told how King Gunther and his brothers, Gernot and Geiselher, hold their Court at Worms. They have a sister, Chriemhild, famed for her beauty and coyness. Siegfried, son of the ruler of the Netherlands, sets out for Worms, resolved to win the fair princess. He is endowed with more than human strength, is invulnerable with the exception of a small leaf-shaped spot on one shoulder, and is, moreover, possessed of a *tarn kappe*, or cap of darkness, which renders him invisible when he wears it. He performs mighty deeds in behalf of King Gunther, and succeeds in winning the love of Chriemhild. In one of his early adventures he has gone to Norway and possessed himself of an enormous treasure known as "the Nibelungen hoard," which he munificently presents to his bride.

This brings us to the end of the fifth lay. A fierce quarrel springs up between Chriemhild and Brunhild, the wife of King Gunther. Chriemhild tells her sister-in-law that Siegfried has told her a secret which involves the character of Brunhild, who resolves to be revenged upon her supposed traducer. At her instigation Hagen, the stoutest of the Burgundian warriors, who had learned the only vulnerable spot in Siegfried, treacherously assassinates him; and moreover gets hold of the Nibelungen hoard, which he secretly sinks in the waters of the Rhine, hoping to be able to reclaim it at some future day. This brings us through the tenth lay, which may be designated as the close of the first part of the *Nibelungenlied*.

Chriemhild remains for a long time a mourning widow at her brother's court, but all the while brooding vengeance upon the murderer of Siegfried. Then

Etzel, King of the Huns, whose royal residence is at Vienna, hearing reports of the surpassing beauty of Chriemhild, sends an embassy to Worms, demanding her hand in marriage. She consents, for she sees in this a probable chance for the accomplishment of her vengeance. The marriage takes place with great pomp. After a while she persuades Etzel to invite Gunther and his brother to visit them at Vienna. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Hagen, the invitation is accepted, and a lordly train of the Burgundians (who are henceforth styled "The Nibelungen") sets out for Vienna. They number 10,000 warriors, among whom is Hagen. The fourteenth and fifteenth lays describe the long journey from the Rhine to the Danube, which is marked by many supernatural events. The sixteenth and seventeenth lays describe the friendly manner in which the Nibelungen are greeted by Etzel, and their ominous reception by Chriemhild. The next two lays narrate the outbreak of hostilities between the Huns and their visitors.

The twentieth lay (which is styled *The Nibelungen Noth* — *The Woe of The Nibelungen*) brings the poem to a close. After fierce fighting, lasting several days, the remnant of the Nibelungen are forced back into the building which had served for a banqueting-hall. Fire is set to this, and to quench their burning thirst, the Nibelungen drink the blood from the dead and dying. At the last all the Nibelungen are slain except Gunther and Hagen, who are overpowered, and brought fettered into the presences of Chriemhild and Etzel. We know of nothing of the kind in all poetry, unless perhaps we may except the slaughter scene in the *Odyssey* — which equals this description, the clos-

ing part of which we give in the fairly good translation of Birch:

THE DEATH OF GUNTHER, HAGEN, AND CHRIEMHILD.

Then went Chriemhild to where Sir Hagen met her sight;
I wot full ruthless proved her speech unto the captive knight.

"Will you return without delay that which you took from me?

Then you may reach with life your home in Burgundy."

Thereto replied the angered chief: "Your prayer is made in vain,

Most noble daughter of a King, for I an oath have ta'en
That I will ne'er divulge the place where lies the hoard concealed;

So long as either king doth live it will not be revealed."

"Then I will make short work of it." So said the lofty wife;

And gave behest that Gunther brave should lose his life.
His head was hewn from off its trunk, which by the hair she took,

And bore it to the Trongie chief, who mournfully did look

Upon the ghastly head of his much-honored king;

Then to Chriemhild's prayers severe reproof did bring:

"Thou hast indeed thy will fulfilled with brother's blood
And went in such a way as I did fear you would.

"Now is the noble Burgund king prepared for early grave,

Like Giseler the young and good, and Gernot the brave.
Where the said board lies hid is now known but to God and me;

And shall from thee, cursed wife, forever hidden be."

Said she: "You've foul atonement made, in purpose, deed, and word:

Therefore will I possess myself of Siegfried's sword,
That which he bore on thigh when last I saw the chief,
Whose death has ever been to me a keen, heart-rending
grief."

She drew it from the well-known sheath — Hagen could
not prevent;
To take the warrior's life was her unmasked intent.
She swung it with both hands, and smote his head from
off its trunk.
King Etzel saw the deed, and from its horror shrunk.

"Alas!" the Hun King sighing said, "how does the mat-
ter stand,
That he, the boldest of all knights, should fall by woman's
hand?
He who in onslaught was the first, the bravest that bore
shield;
Although he was mine enemy, I fain to sorrow yield."

Then spake the ancient Hildebrand: "She shall no gain-
er be
Through this same deed of deadly hate, whate'er becomes
of me.
Although he brought myself unto a very gasp of breath,
I ne'ertheless will work revenge for valiant Hagen's
death."

Thereon did Master Hildebrand run at the fair Chriem-
hild,
And smote so with his keen-edged sword that he the
Hun Queen killed,
Truly she felt abounding fear, and dreadfully amazed:
What helped it that she loudly shrieked when he his arm
upraised?

Where'er one looked, the dead were seen, lying in clotted
gore;
In pieces hewed lay Chriemhild's corpse upon the floor.
Dietrich and Etzel now began to grieve and weep anew;

Then inwardly he wailed the loss of friends and liegemen true.

Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of death laid low;

The people all bemoaned aloud and much of grief did know.

Thus in keen sufferings end was made of Etzel's festival:—

For joy and woe will ever be the heritage of all.

I cannot tiding give of what did afterward take place,

Further than this: Fair dames and knights were seen with weeping face,

And all the trusty yeomanry wept for their friends also.

Thus have I brought to end the Nibelungen Woe.

NICCOLINI, GIOVANNI BATTISTA, an Italian poet and dramatist; born at San Giuliano, near Pisa, October 29, 1782; died at Florence, September 20, 1861. He studied in the University of Pisa, where he took a degree in jurisprudence, and in 1807 was made librarian and Professor of History and Mythology in the Academy of the Fine Arts in Florence. His first tragedy, *Polissena*, was given the prize of the Della Cruscan Academy in 1810. His other dramas include *Ino e Temisto*, *Media*, *Edipo*, *Matilda* (1815); *Nabucco* (1819); *Antonio Foscarini* (1827); *Giovanni da Procida* (1830); *Ludovica il Moro* (1834); *Rosmunda* (1839); *Arnaldo da Brescia* (1845), and *Fillippo Strozzi* (1847). He also wrote *Lessons on Mythology* (1855). Of the execution of Niccolini's tragic work, W. D. Howells writes: "We cannot judge it by the narrow rule

which the tragedies of the stage must obey; we must look at it with the generosity and the liberal imagination with which we can alone enjoy a great romance. Then the patience, the subtlety, the strength, with which each character, individual and typical, is evolved, the picturesqueness with which every event is presented, the lyrical sweetness and beauty with which so many passages are enriched, will all be apparent to us, and we shall feel the æsthetic sublimity of the work, as well as its moral force and its political significance."

NABUCCO.

Nabucco.—Hence, trembling slave! I do not pardon
you,
But scorn to punish.

[*The Senate withdraws.*]

Arsaces.—Murder me thou may'st,
But not debase.

Nab.—Thou hop'st such glorious death
In vain. I with thy blood pollute my sword.

Ars.—'Twere for thine arm a moral enterprise.
As yet thou hast but shed the blood of slaves.

Nab.—And what art thou, Assyrian?

Ars.—I deserve
A different kingless country.

Nab.—Lo! A rebel!

Ars.—Such were I, 'midst thy slaves a jocund flatterer
Thou hast beheld me, bending low my head
Before the worshipped throne; and in thy power
I thus might share. Thou, with their fears did bargain
That made thee king and that maintained thee tyrant.

Nab.—Bethink thee this sword, in which the fate
Of Asia hangs, strikes not rebellious slaves;
Thousands of weapons wait upon my word.

Ars.—Then why delay'st thou! Call then. I believed
thee
Worthy to hear the truth. Do thou chastise
So gross an error.

Nab.—He who on this earth
No equal knows may tolerate thy boldness.
Say on.

Ars.—Wert thou a vulgar tyrant, hung not
Assyria's fate on thee, Arsaces then
Could slay or scorn thee. I, who in thy ranks
Have fought, have seen thee general and soldier,
And on the battlefield a god in arms,
Admired upon thy throne, abhor thee.

Nab.—Of liberty what talk'st thou to a king?
In me our country dwells; then speak of me.

Ars.—To thee I speak, Nabucco; to thy fortune
Others have spoken. Asia's ills thou seest—
Not thine. The sea of blood deluging earth
Touches thy throne; it totters; dost not feel it?
For us I ask not pity; on thyself,
Nabucco, have compassion.

Nab.—Did I prize
My power above my fame, I were at peace,
And you in chains.

Ars.—The founder thou wouldst be
Of a new empire, and a high emprise
This seems to thy ferocious pride. Thou'rt great,
If thou succeed; if in the attempt thou fall,
Audacious. Well I know that splendid ruins
To man yield glory, but not genuine fame.

Nab.—I upon victory would found mine empire,
Not owe it to the charity of kings.
Assyria, conquered, boasts not as her monarch
Nabucco. On this head my crown must blaze
With all the terrors of its former brightness,
Or there be crushed. Wherefore chose not Assyria
Her king amongst the unwarlike Magi? Then,
When to this hand, trained but to wield the sword,
The sceptre she committed, she pronounced
Her preference of glory to repose.
Is glory ever bloodless? Would ye now
Return to your effeminate studies, ply
The distaff, break our arms! Who my reverses
Could not support never deserved my fortune.
If I am vanquished, to unwarlike leaders,

To venal satraps, Asia must be slave.
Whom seest thou on the throne worthy a throne?
Where is the crown on which I have not trampled?

Ars.— To me dost thou recall the arts of kings,
And vileness? To Arsaces such a crime
Royalty seems, that scarce could he in thee
Forgive it, did thy virtue match thy valor.
But is't the sole regard of so much blood
That we may choose our tyrant, and our sons
Be born to a new yoke!

Nab.— My reign attests
That ye were free.

Ars.— O, direst lot of slaves!
Slavery, to him who has lived free, is shame.
But why my wounds re-open! I address not
The citizens, 'tis to the king I speak.
To thee Assyria has given her crimes,
Her valor, virtue, rights, and fortune. Rich
Art thou through ancient ills, rich in her wealth;
The harvest of the past, the future's hopes,
Are placed in thee.
The urn of fate God to thy powerful hand
Committed, and forsook the earth. But was't,
Guerdon or punishment? Heavens! Dar'st thou stake
The world's last hope on doubtful battle! Now,
When in the tired Assyrian courage flags,
And fair pretexts are wanting, other sons
Demand of mothers, wrapt in mourning weeds,
With tear-dimmed eyes? For what should we now bat-
tle?

Cold are our altars or o'erthrown our gods
Uncertain; slain or prisoners our sons;
Not e'en their graves are given to our affliction;
The Scythian snows conceal our brave Assyrians;
And our ancestral monuments are buried
Beneath the ruins of our temples. Say,
What should the Assyrian now defend?

Nab.— His crimes!
I with my dazzling glory fill the throne,
Hiding the blood with which by you 'twas stained.
'Twill redden if I fall, and for revenge

Call on your murdered sovereign's servile heir,
 Ay, and obtain it. But, with minds unstable,
 Ye look for pardon of past crimes, of new ones
 For recompense.

Ars.—Not fear nor hope are mine;
 His sword secures Arsaces from all kings.

NICHOL, JOHN, a British critic and lecturer; born at Montrose, Scotland, September 8, 1833; died at London, October 11, 1894. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and at Oxford, where he was graduated in 1869, and from that time until his death was Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. He contributed to the *Westminster Review*, and other periodicals, and published *Fragments of Criticism*, essays (1860); *Hannibal*, a drama (1872); *Tables of European Literature and History* (1876); *Tables of American Literature and History* (1877); *English Composition*, a primer of Literature (1879); *Byron in the English Men of Letters* series (1880); *The Death of Themistocles and Other Poems* (1881); *Robert Burns, a Sketch of His Career and Genius* (1882); *American Literature, an Historical Review* (1882); *Francis Bacon* (1890), and *Thomas Carlyle* (1892).

A MYSTERIOUS HERO.

Manfred, his witch drama, as the author called it, has had a special attraction for inquisitive biographers, because it has been supposed in some dark manner to reveal the secrets of the prison-house. Its lines have been tortured, like the witches of the seventeenth cen-

tury, to extort from them the meaning of the "all-nameless hour," and every conceivable horror has been alleged as its *motif*. On this subject Goethe writes, with a humorous simplicity: "This singularly intellectual poet has extracted from my *Faust* the strongest nourishment for his hypochondria; but he has made use of the impelling principles for his own purposes. . . . When a bold and enterprising young man, he won the affections of a Florentine lady. Her husband discovered the amour, and murdered his wife; but the murderer was the same night found dead in the street, and there was no one to whom any suspicion could be attached. Lord Byron removed from Florence, but these spirits have haunted him all his life. This romantic incident explains innumerable allusions."

Were it not for the fact that the poet had never seen the city in question when he wrote the poem, this explanation would be more plausible than most others, for the allusions are all to the lady who has been done to death. Gault asserts that the plot turns on a tradition of unhallowed necromancy—a human sacrifice like that of Antinous attributed to Hadrian. Byron himself says it has no plot; but he kept teasing his questioners with mysterious hints, *e.g.*, "It was the Staubbach and the Jungfrau, and something else more than Faustus which made me write *Manfred*;" and of one of his critics he says to Murray: "It had a better origin than he can devise or divine, for the soul of him." In any case, most methods of reading between its lines would, if similarly applied, convict Sophocles, Schiller, and Shelley of incest, Shakspeare of murder, Milton of blasphemy, Scott of forgery, Marlowe and Goethe of compact with the devil. Byron was no dramatist, but he had wit enough to vary at least the circumstances of his projected personality. The memories of both Fausts—the Elizabethan and the German—mingle in the pages of this piece, with shadows of the author's life; but to these it never gives, nor could be intended to give, any substantial form.

Manfred is a chaos of pictures, suggested by the scenery of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, half animated

by vague personifications and sensational narrative. Like *Harold*, and Scott's *Marmion*, it just misses being a great poem. The Coliseum is its masterpiece of description; the appeal, "Astarte my beloved speak to me," its nearest approach to pathos. The lonely death of the hero makes an effective close to the moral tumult of the preceding scenes. But the reflections, often striking, are seldom absolutely fresh: that beginning

"The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,
Its own origin of ill and end,
And its own place and time,"

is transplanted from Milton with as little change as Milton made in transplanting it from Marlowe. The author's own favorite passage, the invocation to the sun, has some sublimity, marred by lapses. The lyrics scattered through the poem sometimes open well, *e. g.*—

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a lake of clouds,
With a diadem of snow;"

but they cannot sustain themselves like true song-birds, and fall to the ground like spent rockets. This applies to Byron's lyrics generally; turn to the incantation in the *Deformed Transformed*, the first two lines are in tune —

"Beautiful shadow of Thetis's boy,
Who sleeps in the meadow whose grass grows o'er
Troy."

Nor Sternhold nor Hopkins has more ruthlessly outraged our ears than the next two —

"From the red earth, like Adam, thy likeness I shape,
As the Being who made him, whose actions I ape (!)"

Of his songs: "There be none of Beauty's daughters,"
"She walks in beauty," "Maid of Athens," "I enter thy

garden of roses," the translation "Sons of the Greeks," and others, have a flow and verve that it is pendency to ignore; but in general Byron was too much of the earth earthy to be a great lyricist. Some of the greatest have lived wild lives, but their wings were not weighed with the lead of the love of the world.

NICHOL, JOHN PRINGLE, a Scottish astronomer; born at Brechin, January 13, 1804; died at Rothesay, September 19, 1859. He was the son of a bookseller, taught school in Dundee, studied for the ministry, and was licensed to preach, but abandoned preaching to study astronomy, and became Professor of the Science in the University of Glasgow. His lectures on astronomy were popular, and he wrote many books upon the subject. These are *The Architecture of the Heavens* (1838); *Contemplations on the Solar System* (1844); *Thoughts on Some Important Points Relating to a System of the World* (1846); *Exposition and History of the Planet Neptune* (1848); *The Stellar Universe: Views of its Arrangements, Motions, and Evolutions* (1848); *The Planetary System, Its Order and Physical Structure* (1851); *Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences* (1857).

OTHER SUNS THAN OURS.

This planetary system, however, comprehends only a few of the stars shining around us. Indeed, the instant we extend our inquiries among the multitudes of other luminaries, we are constrained to consider the planets

as bodies of the second order — subordinate, in fact, to the sun, or, rather, portions of his constitution.

The distances of few of these external stars can even be guessed at; but what I may term the limit of their nearness, or the distance beyond which they must lie, demonstrates that assuredly they are suns; for our gigantic orb would dwindle into a point not comparable to the largest of them, if seen through so vast an interval. There are, indeed, only three of these fixed stars whose degree of remoteness can be said to be ascertained; one, that famous star in the Swan, which under the examination of the precise and skilful Bessel, first yielded such a measure, and which is reckoned 670,000 times farther from the sun than we are. Another is *α Centauri* — a star in the south, which is away only one-third of that huge distance; and the third, the bright star in the Lyre, almost three times more remote than *61 Cygni*. We cannot realize these enormous distances. They are gulfs so immense, that from *α Lyræ* light would not reach us in less than thirty of our years; and yet this is but the first mile-stone among trackless space! It is not possible, I think, to look thoughtfully on the skies of midnight, without discerning that they manifest a *perspective*. The stars, I mean, do not appear as if placed on the inner surface of a concave or vault, but communicate irresistibly the idea of *successive deeps*, through which brilliant orbs lie scattered; and the cause of our judging this is probably the impression made by the variety of magnitudes they assume, and the evident relation between the *magnitudes* and the *numbers* of the bodies belonging to the several classes. It cannot be doubted that down to a certain point in the scale, perhaps as far as the eye can reach, the number of the stars augments as the magnitude diminishes — precisely as the fact would be, if difference of magnitude were owing to difference of distance; — the bodies of the second magnitude, for instance, appearing with that inferior splendor, because they occupy the sphere *behind* that appropriated by the brightest orbs. Supposing, then, that the nearer stars should, to our most perfect instruments, readily yield what is requisite for the determination of their actual

distances, it is still most evident that the structure of the Heavens can never be laid down on the basis of positive and accurate measurement; inasmuch as after the first outwork is passed, a new and more arduous feat is demanded of higher instrumental power and so in succession apparently endless — or, at least, stretching too far to permit the possibility of its being ever exhausted. Positive determinations therefore, however welcome as tests of the efficacy of observation, and probably as preparing data for the solution of inquiries, concerning the ongoings of the celestial mechanism accomplish for us, in regard of the structure of the skies, little else than a communication of the description of those numbers in which we must reckon interstellar intervals; and assuredly they are sufficiently august. It, indeed, lifts us far away from the earth and terrestrial concerns, when, to gauge SPACE, we must employ the agency of TIME; when — although with us the velocity of light is so swift that for practical purposes we deem its transit performed in periods that are evanescent — we speak of stars, even of the first magnitude, and therefore nearest to our sphere, as not seen at the moment in which the eye rests upon them but as they were ten or thirty years ago! It is accepted, as at all events approximately true, that the unaided eye can reach the twelfth order of distance — that is, we would see the star *Lyra* were it withdrawn into space through twelve times our present distance from it, — so that, assuming the last of the foregoing numbers as the average distance of a star of the first magnitude (it is the mean of the numbers expressing the distances of *a Lyræ* and *a Centauri*) the smallest star we see may be so far from the sphere of our abode, that when we think we are looking at it, our eyes is receiving only the beam of light that left the orb from which it issued one hundred and twenty years ago! We spoke only a few pages back of the immensity of the distance of *Neptune* from the sun, but it shrinks, beside these intervals, into a space so small that we cannot use it as a unit — nay, our whole solar system, extensive though it is and filled with marvels, would, if surveyed from any of these fixed stars, seem no larger than might be covered by a thick spider's

thread! Such is something of that Universe, to which, as among its minor and scarce visible constituents, it is our world's fate to belong.

Not seldom, awed by the glories of this stupendous Materialism, the diffident and shrinking spirit has regarded it, not in joy but despondency; feeling that to fathom it were vain even as a hope; and that beneath these ever-burning lamps, man may be a spark of light, flashing once, and then vanishing amid the night. Indeed this is not so:—let the spirit but use its own majestic power, and it may pass beyond that array of dazzling gems. Amid those depths to which it can penetrate, depths never reached by earth, sun, or stars, it discerns during those moments of awful quietude, when its own greatness becomes revealed to it—that all these external majesties are but shadows—an emblem, or form of speech, by which it is their noblest function to inform the human soul. Not in their brightness with which they shine, neither their numbers, though endless as the sands of the sea—herein is the value of these glorious orbs, that the heart hears their solemn intimations, rises at once to its own origin and theirs, and feels the presence of what can never change: “They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.”—*The Stellar Universe*.

NICOLAY, JOHN GEORGE, an American historian; born at Essingen, Bavaria, Germany, February 26, 1832; died at Washington, D. C., September 26, 1901. He was educated in the public schools of Ohio and Illinois. He became a journalist; and was for some years editor of a paper at Pittsfield, Ill. He was private secretary to Presi-

dent Lincoln throughout his administration; and was United States Consul at Paris 1865-67. From 1872 to 1887 he was Marshal of the United States Supreme Court. He wrote *The Outbreak of the Rebellion* (1881) and is joint author with John Hay of *Abraham Lincoln: A History* (12 vols., 1891-94.)

SPRINGFIELD TO WASHINGTON.

Malicious gossip and friendly jest had both, during the campaign, described the "rail-splitter" candidate as possessing great personal highness; this was now seen to be an utter misfortune. The people beheld in the new President a man six feet four inches in height, a stature which of itself would be hailed in any assemblage as one of the outward signs of leadership; joined to this was a spare but muscular frame, and large and strongly marked features corresponding to his unusual stature. Quiet in demeanor, but erect in bearing, his face, even in repose was not unattractive; and when lit up by his open, genial smile, or illuminated in the utterance of a strong and stirring thought, his countenance was positively handsome. His voice, pitched in rather a high key, but of great clearness and penetration, made his public remarks audible to a wide circle of listeners. His speeches were short; but his pithy, epigrammatic sentences, full of logical directness and force, presented the questions of the hour in new and unwonted aspects, which the exhaustive discussions of the campaign had not yet reached.

It would be impossible within any short space to give an analytic summary of the twenty to thirty short addresses he delivered on his journey. But, so long as the nation shall live, every American ought to remember his thrilling keynote of that crisis, uttered in his very first speech at Indianapolis; an admonition equally valuable to statesmen or people in every emergency which the future may bring. "Of the people," said he, "when they rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of their country, truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell

cannot prevail against them!’ In all trying positions in which I shall be placed — and doubtless I shall be placed in many such — my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business and not mine; that if the Union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty-two years of age, but a great deal to the thirty millions of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me.”—*From The Outbreak of the Rebellion.*

NIEBUHR, BARTHOLD GEORG, a German historian, philologist and critic; born at Copenhagen, August 27, 1776; died at Bonn, January 2, 1831. He was the son of Karstens Niebuhr, the traveler, by whom he was carefully educated in languages, history, and geography. After studying at German universities, he entered the Danish civil service in 1795, residing chiefly at Copenhagen until 1806, when he received an appointment under the Prussian Government at Berlin; and in 1809 he was placed at the head of the department for the management of the national debt and the supervision of the banks. In 1810 he was appointed Historiographer to the King and delivered lectures on ancient Roman history in the University of Berlin. In 1815 he was sent as a Prussian Ambassador to Rome, where he devoted himself especially to ancient Roman history. In 1822 he obtained a release from his official duties, and was soon after appointed Adjunct Professor of Ancient

History in the University of Bonn. He was for many years employed upon his *History of Rome*, the first edition of which appeared in 1811.

This work, which has been pronounced to be "the most original historical work of the present age," is an effort to reconstruct ancient Roman history from the early traditions and legends; to reproduce the fabric of history from scattered fragments; to extract truth and certainty out of traditional narratives. After his death several collections were made of his *Minor Writings*. In 1838 appeared his *Life and Letters*, which was in 1852 translated into English, with large abridgments, by Susanna Winkworth.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.

Tarquinius and his family are said to have been the first cause of this war between the Romans and the Latins, and I readily believe that he was not unconnected with the movement, since his family connection with Mamilius Octavius at Tusculum has an historical appearance; but we cannot possibly class the battle of Lake Regillus, as it is related, among the events of history. It never has occurred to me to deny that the Romans endeavored to restore their dominion by war; but it is quite a different question whether a great battle was fought near Lake Regillus under the command of the dictator Postumius, in which the Latins were conquered and thrown back into their former condition. If we may infer the cause from its effects — which cannot be done as surely in moral affairs as in physical ones — the Latins were not by any means defeated, for they attained, after a considerable time, it is true, their object — a perfectly free alliance with Rome. . . .

The Romans imagined that they had gained a complete victory in the battle, as is clear from the story about the Dioscuri. Near Lake Regillus, where the whole district consists of a volcanic tufa, the mark of a horse's foot

was shown in the stone (just as on the Rosskappe in the Harz Mountain), which was believed to have been made by a gigantic horse of the DioscURI—a tradition which, down to the time of Cicero, was in the mouths of the people. After the battle the DioscURI, covered with blood and dust, appeared in the comitium, announced the victory to the people, gave their horses drink at a well, and disappeared. Of this battle we have no accounts except those in which there is an evident tendency to make it appear historical; but the poem nevertheless cannot be mistaken.

The descriptions of the battle in Livy and Dionysius have more points of agreement with each other than is usual between the two writers; though Dionysius's description more resembles a bulletin, while that of Livy is fresh and animated, like the Homeric description of a struggle between heroes, the masses being entirely thrown into the background.

The cessation of the peace between the two states had been announced a year before, in order that the many connections of friendship might be dissolved as gently as possible, and that the women might return to their respective homes. Tarquinius had gone to Mamilius Octavius, his son-in-law, and all the Latins were aroused. The dictator led the Romans against an army far superior in numbers, and Tarquinius and his sons were in the enemy's army. During the contest the chiefs of the two armies met. The Roman dictator fell in with Tarquinius, who, being severely wounded, retreated, while the *magister equitum* fought with Mamilius. T. Herminius and the legate M. Valerius, as well as P. Valerius, fell, the last being slain while endeavoring to rescue the body of Valerius. In the end the Roman equites gained the victory by dismounting from their horses and fighting on foot. The consul had offered a reward to those who should storm the hostile camp; and the object was gained at the very first assault, in which two gigantic youths distinguished themselves.

Even the ancients were greatly perplexed about the M. and P. Valerius, for Marcus soon afterward appears as dictator, and Publius had died even before the battle;

both accordingly are described as sons of Poplicola; but this is an unfortunate remedy, since a P. Valerius, as a son of Poplicola, again occurs in the Fasti afterward. The poem, however, was not concerned about Fasti and Annals. We cannot regard the two Valerii sons of Poplicola, but as the ancient heroes Mamilius and Poplicola, themselves, who had fought and fell. The legend undoubtedly related that Tarquinius and his sons were likewise slain; and the statement that the king was only wounded arose from the record that he died at Cuma. The introduction of the dictator Postumius was certainly a pure interpolation, and the poem undoubtedly mentioned Sp. Lartius, who could not be wanting here, any more than M. Valerius. The reward offered by the dictator refers to the legend of the Dioscuri—as in the war against the Lucanians, under Fabricius, when a youth carried the ladder to the wall, and afterward, when the mural crown was awarded to him, was not anywhere to be found.

This battle forms the close of the lay of the Tarquins, as the lay of the *Nibelungen* ends with the death of all the heroes. The earliest period of Roman history is thus terminated, and a new era opens upon us. There is no definite time to which the battle can be assigned. Some suppose it to have taken place in A.U. 255, others in A.U. 258. Some represent Postumius as consul, others as dictator—a sufficient proof that the account is not historical, for if it were the Fasti would have marked such an event.

It is not impossible that peace with the Latins was restored in A.U. 259; and if we were to take this statement literally, it would confirm the victory of Lake Regillus. It might be conceived that the Latins were defeated there, and submitted to the condition which Tarquin had established for them; but that afterward the Senate, from other motives, restored them to the constitution of Servius Tullius. Be this as it may, peace was renewed between the Romans and the Latins before the secession of the plebs. For many years after the battle of Lake Regillus, Livy records nothing about the

Latins, whereas Dionysius relates a variety of events, which however are arbitrary inventions.—*Lecture XIII.*

THE LEGEND OF REGULUS.

Everyone remembers the beautiful verse of Horace and what Cicero says concerning Regulus. After the defeat of the Romans in Africa under Regulus, the Carthaginians, it is said, sent Regulus to Rome with proposals of peace, with the understanding that if he should not succeed, he should endeavor at least to effect an exchange of prisoners. Regulus, however, is stated to have dissuaded his fellow-citizens from either measure; to have returned to Carthage, and there to have been tortured to death.

The first who demonstrated the untenableness of the story was the excellent French philologer, Paulmier de Grentmestril. Beaufort afterward adduced further reasons to prove that this tragedy is a complete fiction, and that it was probably invented because the Romans acknowledged that the terms of peace proposed by Regulus were abominable, and that he had to make amends for his shameful conduct. Beaufort has drawn attention to a fragment of Diodorus, according to which two noble Carthaginians were retained at Rome as hostages for the life of Regulus, and were given over to his wife and family. The same fragment states that they were tortured by the relatives of Regulus in a frightful manner, and that the tribunes summoned the senate, and compelled the monsters to release one of the hostages who was shut up in a cage containing the dead body of his comrade. Now, as both Paulmier and Beaufort justly observe, if the Carthaginians did actually torture Regulus to death, it was probably this crime, committed by his family, which caused the fabrication of the whole story about the death of Regulus.

But even this is not the same in all authors. According to some, his eyes were put out; others say that he was tortured with iron nails; others that he was killed, being exposed to the sun and insects. Some middle-age writers take especial delight in inventing the most fear-

ful and complicated tortures, as was done by the authors of the forged *Acta Martyrium*. Such is also the case with the story of Regulus. It surely cannot have been known previously to the time of Polybius; for had he been acquainted with it, as told by later writers, he would not have passed it over in silence.

The common account of the death of Regulus may be effaced from the pages of history without any scruple. It may be it was taken from Nævius, for Diodorus was not acquainted with it, as is clear from his fragments. He knew this history of Rome but very imperfectly, and only from early, almost contemporary, writers, as Philinus of Agrigentum, Timæus, and Fabius Pictor; he had not read Nævius, and hence the latest Roman historians were probably those who gave currency to the story from Nævius. Cicero knew it, and it must therefore have been related either in Cato's *Origines* or by Nævius. If it originated with later authors, it arose, at the earliest, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years after the time of Regulus.—*Lecture LVI.*

HANNIBAL.

I do not say that Hannibal committed no act of cruelty, but what he did was no more than the common practice among the Romans themselves, with whom, as with the ancients generally, the destruction of the enemy was the principal object of war. Of the *perfidia a plus quam Punica*, with which he is charged by Livy, not a single instance is known, and Polybius confidently asserts that in capitulations he always kept his engagements; for if he had not, the charge would have been brought against him, and no one would have made any capitulation with him.

The Romans are terrible liars when they blame an enemy. Stories like those of the murder of the senate at Nurchena, and the massacre of that of Acerræ are not established by any good authority.

His greatness was not less striking in peace than in war; and in this respect the difference between him and Scipio is very remarkable. In times of peace Scipio was

a useless citizen. Hannibal, on the other hand, showed his genius in everything, and in times of peace, after the second Punic war, he was the benefactor and reformer of his country by wise laws and institutions. He was a being of a higher order, who governed all men, and dazzled them by his lustre. A man who settled the administration of Spain, crossed the Alps, shook the power of the Romans, and reduced them to extreme weakness—such a man I call the greatest among his contemporaries; yea, I may call him the greatest of all ages. How small in comparison with his are the achievements of Alexander the Great, who had no difficulties to overcome. . . .

Scipio came forward against Hannibal under the most favorable circumstances; and he could not but conquer unless Hannibal had been a being of supernatural power. Hannibal's perseverance and faithfulness toward his country cannot be sufficiently praised. His transactions with other states had only one object—to serve his country. This man I honor, esteem, and reverence almost unconditionally; although I do not wish to deny that things are related of him which fill our eyes with tears.—*Lecture LIX.*

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

If we examine the legislation of Constantine with an unbiased mind, we must acknowledge that there are not a few among his laws which were very judicious and beneficial, though there are some others which must have been injurious. Among those who have written upon the history of Constantine, some are fanatic panegyrists; others are just as fanatic detractors. Gibbon judges of him with great impartiality, though he dislikes him. The exaggerated praise of Oriental writers is quite unbearable, and makes one almost inclined to side with the opposite party. I cannot blame him very much for his wars against Maxentius and Licinius, because in their case he delivered the world from cruel and evil rulers. The murder of Licinius and that of his own son Crispus, however, are deeds which it is not easy to jus-

tify; but we must not be more severe toward Constantine than toward others.

Many judge him by too high a standard, because they look upon him as a Christian; but I cannot regard him in that light. His religion must have been a strange compound, indeed. The man who had on his coins the inscription *sol invictus*, who worshipped pagan divinities, consulted the haruspices, indulged in a number of pagan superstitions; and, on the other hand, built churches, shut up pagan temples, and presided at the council of Nicæa, must have been a repulsive phenomenon, and was certainly not a Christian. He did not suffer himself to be baptized till the last moments of his life. Those who praise him for this do not know what they are doing. He was a superstitious man, and mixed up his Christian religion with all kinds of absurd superstitions and opinions. When, therefore, certain Oriental writers call him *Isapostols*.—"Equal to the Apostles," they use words without reflection. To speak of him as a saint is a profanation of the word.—*Lecture CXXX.*

NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH WILLIAM, a German philosopher; born at Röcken, near Lutzen, October 15, 1844; died at Weimer, August 25, 1900. He was educated at Bonn and Leipsic, and on the recommendation of Ritschi obtained a professorship at Basel in 1869, became known as a brilliant writer of increasingly philosophical tendency, and was compelled by troubles of eye and brain which had asserted themselves as early as 1876, to retire on a pension in 1879. For the rest of his life he lived chiefly at health-resorts, until in 1888 he was pronounced incurably insane. The circumstances of his career must be included in a judgment of his writings.

He developed no system and no body of sustained thought. His works are rather a series of aphoristic presentations of unconnected and often contradictory viewpoints. Thus, he dislikes the modern democratic idea, and becomes an aristocrat; but he equally dislikes the idea of the sovereignty of the State, and is an anarchist. He denounces Schopenhauer for pessimism, but does not get beyond Schopenhauer. His is a consistent philosophy only in its universal revolt. He is an atheist and regards the consideration of aught but strength as a remnant of Christian superstition. The catalogue of Christian virtues he rejects, making his ideal the Uebermensch (Over-man), who tramples under foot whatever he thinks may oppose him.

At an early period he was an enthusiastic admirer of Richard Wagner, whom later he quite as enthusiastically attacked. So counter is Nietzsche to the best thought of the nineteenth century that it may be doubted if he would be much read were it not for the epigrammatic brilliance of his style. Among his works are *Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen* (1873-6); *Morgenröthe* (1881). Also *Sprach Zarathustra* (1883-4); *Götzendämmerung* (1886). The last two have appeared in English renderings. There is a complete German edition (1895-1901), and an uncompleted biography by E. Förster-Nietzsche (Vol. I. 1895).

James Huneker, a well-known American critic, who visited Weimar, writes thus of Nietzsche:

NIETZSCHE'S LAST DAYS.

I was told of the philosopher's last years. He wasted away in a species of melancholy, but after he was removed from Naumberg to Weimar he improved in spirits. He slept well and showed an interest in all that went on.

He listened attentively to his sister when she read to him, especially to stories in the French language, though she confessed that he could not follow her to great lengths.

He did not give the impression of one mentally diseased, for his eyes were bright and clear, he retained his old grace and dignity and spoke but little. When he walked it was with difficulty. Happily Nietzsche was not conscious of his condition, a consolation for the devoted sister who for ten years preserved a cheerful countenance in his presence.

He was never a raving lunatic. He never wrote his books between two deliriums. Nietzsche died from nervous breakdown caused by intense and consuming intellectual labors. His need of sympathy from the world—for with all his adamantine doctrine of heroic selfhood he was as tender as a woman—further depressed him, his one ray of consolation being that afforded by the appreciation of the great Danish critic, Georg Brandes.

It was in his latter years that the lyric, the emotional elements of his nature assumed ascendancy, and these may account for much that is violent in his expression of likes and dislikes. And because of his very mental malady was he not so overwhelmingly brilliant, so marvelously original as a thinker?

In America we have as yet no conception of the influence Nietzsche wields in the intellectual and artistic world in Europe. He is the popular philosopher on the Continent, he is the despiser of the conventional, whether in matters social or philosophic. A whole exegetical literature has grown up about his works in every tongue. He is expounded even from evangelical pulpits—please believe me!—and such religious thinkers as Albert Kalt-hoff and others seek to correlate the new philosophy with old beliefs.

NIZAMI, a Persian poet; born at Tafrish, near Kum, in 1141; died at Genje in 1203. His true name is supposed to have been Yusuf, but he bore numerous other appellations. After having led a contemplative life for some years, in company with his brother, he devoted himself to poetry. He made his home at the courts of different princes in Ispahan and Hamadan. Toward the close of his life he withdrew to his native town, and it was only by special invitation from the various sovereigns that he made them flying visits. He was the founder of the romantic school of Persian literature. He wrote a collection of lyric poems, arranged alphabetically and entitled *The Divan*. It consists of more than twenty thousand verses. His romantic epic *The History of Wéissé and Ramin* is lost. Besides these two works, he wrote five poems in blank verse, which made his reputation. These were, after his death, published in one volume, under the Arabic title of *Khamseh*, meaning *five*. Because of this book the Persians called Nizami *Pendeh Kendj*, The Five Treasures. In the first of these, *The Shop of Mysteries*, he alternates moral teachings with anecdotes, fables, and stories to support his own doctrines. The Persian text of this *Makhsen* entire was published by Bland, in London, in 1844. About a twentieth of the apologues and anecdotes have been shortened and translated into English for the second volume of *The Asiatic Miscellany of Calcutta*, 1786. Another collection, gathered from the same book, appeared in Latin, in Leipsic, in 1802. The editor, for a long time unknown, was L. Fr. H. Hain. The second

poem in *Khamseh* is the romance of *Khosrau and Shirin*. It pictures the love of a Persian King, Khosrau the Great, with the Christian Shirin, a Byzantine princess. We have a somewhat free translation of it in German by Hammer-Purgstall, which was published in Vienna, in two volumes, in 1812. "It furnishes," says a French critic, "a most remarkable foundation for other romantic Persian and Turkish poems of a similar character, such as *Ferhad and Shirin*, *Yousouf and Qouléika*, and even for the author's own *Léila and Medjnoun*." This poem, the third of *Khamseh*, treats of the love of Medjnoun, a child of the Arabian desert, for the beautiful Léila. H. Hammer has compared it to Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. We have an English translation by James Atkinson, which appeared in London in 1836. Similar to Boccaccio's *Decameron*, Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron*; *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, and our own *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, is his fourth book of *Khamseh*, *The Seven Models of Beauty*, Heft-Peigher. This gives the story of seven princesses, a Hindoo, a Tartar, a Russian, a Mauritanian, a Grecian, a Khorasanian, and a Persian. The best of these tales is the fourth, which Fr. Erdmann published in Persian and in German at Kazan in 1832. He brought out another in 1835. The third of these stories formed the subject for an Italian comedy by Gozzi, which Schiller has imitated in a story half-tragic, half-comic, entitled *The Princess of China*. The Count of Caylus has also borrowed several stories from this collection. A historic interest is attached to the fifth work of *Khamseh*, which is *Iskender-Nameh*, a fabulous life of Alexander the Great, after the translation of pseudo-Callisthenes. This poem,

also called *Charaf-Nameh*, is divided into two parts. The Persian text of the first part of this work was published, with a commentary by native critics, in Calcutta, in 1812. A second edition was issued in 1825. Some fragments from this were rendered into German by Friedrich Rückert in 1828. Under the title of *The Expedition of Alexander the Great Against the Russians*, Louis Spitznagel has also introduced this historic gem. J. B. Charmoy has remodelled his work and added to it some pieces of his own, which he published at St. Petersburg in 1829. Erdmann has added to this extract an account drawn from Nizami of the expedition of the Russians in Armenia. This work he published in three parts at Kazan in 1826, 1828, and 1832. As regards the second part of *Iskender-Nameh*, the Persian text was published by Sprenger, in Calcutta, in 1852.

THE SCULPTOR.

On lofty Beysitoun the lingering sun
Looks down on ceaseless labors, long begun;
The mountain trembles to the echoing sound
Of falling rocks that from her sides rebound.
Each day all respite, all repose denied,
Without a pause the thundering strokes are plied;
The mist of night around the summit coils
But still Ferhâd, the lover-artist, toils,
And still the flashes of his axe between,
He sighs to every wind—"Alas, Shireen!"

The piles give way, the rocky peaks divide,
The stream comes gushing on, a foaming tide;
A mighty work for ages to remain,
The token of his passion and his pain.

Around the pair, lo! chiselled courtiers wait,
And slaves and pages grouped in solemn state;

From columns imaged wreaths their garlands throw,
 And fretted roofs with stars appear to glow:
 Fresh leaves and blossoms seem around to spring,
 And feathered throngs their love seem murmuring.
 The hands of Peris might have wrought those stems,
 Where dew-drops hang their fragile diadems,
 And strings of pearl and sharp-cut diamonds shine,
 New from the wave, or recent from the mine.

— *From Khamseh, Book II., Khosrau and Shirin.*

LÉILA.

When ringlets of a thousand curls
 And ruby lips and teeth of pearls,
 And dark eyes flashing quick and bright,
 Like lightning on the brow of night —
 When charms like these their power display
 And steal the 'wilderer heart away —
 Can man, dissembling, coldly seem
 Unmoved as by an idle dream?
 He saw her beauty and her grace,
 The soft expression of her face;
 And as he gazed and gazed again
 Distraction stung his burning brain;
 No rest he found by day or night —
 She was forever in his sight.

— ATKINSON'S *translation.*

NOEL, THOMAS, an English poet; born at Kirkby-Mallory, Leicestershire, May 11, 1799; died at Brighton, May 16, 1861. He was graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1824, and in 1833 issued some stanzas upon proverbs and Scriptural texts, entitled *The Cottage Muse*, and in 1841 *Village Verse* and *Rhymes and Roundelayes*. Noel

lived for many years in great seclusion at Boyne Hill, near Maidenhead. In the autumn of 1858 he moved his home to Brighton. Miss Mittford corresponded with him frequently; among other friends were Thomas Vardon, the librarian of the House of Commons, and Lady Byron, the wife of the poet, who was a distant connection. He married Emily Halliday, by whom he had two children. His best poems are *The Rat-tower Legend*, *The Poor Voter's Song*, *The Pauper's Drive*, often wrongly attributed to Thomas Hood, and set to music by Henry Russell in 1839; and *A Thames Voyage*. Noel's poems are extensively quoted and justly praised by Miss Mittford in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—

*"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"*

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.
To the grave with the carcass as fast as you can.

*"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"*

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!

*"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"*

Poor pauper defunct! He has made some approach
 To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
 He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
 But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.

"Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins, who stared at your brother conveyed,
 Behold what respect to a "cloddy" is paid!
 And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
 You've a chance to the grave like a "gem'man" to go!

"Rattle his bones over the stones!

He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul is sad
 To think that a heart in humanity clad
 Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
 And depart from the light without leaving a friend!

"Bear soft his bones over the stones!

*Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet
 owns."*

The following lines are part of a poem entitled

A THAMES VOYAGE.

On like a hawk upon the wing
 Our little wherry flies;
 Against her bows the ripples sing,
 And the wavelets round her rise.

In view is Cookham's ivied tower;
 And up yon willing reach,
 Enfolding many a fairy bower,
 Wave Bisham's woods of beech.

O'er Marlow's loveliest vale they look,
 And its spire that seeks the skies;
 And afar, to where in its meadow-nook
 Medmenham's Abbey lies.

Still on, still on, as we smoothly glide,
There are charms that woo the eye —
Boughs waving green in the pictured tide,
And the blue reflected sky.

There are spots where nestle wild-flowers small
With many a mingled gleam;
Where the broad flag waves, and the bulrush tall
Nods still to the trusting stream.

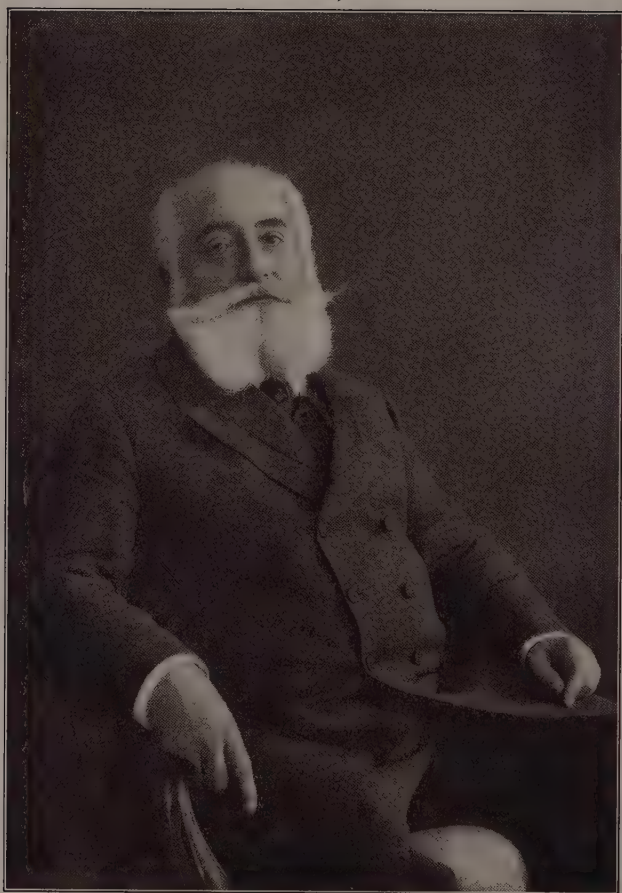
The forget-me-not on the water's edge
Reveals her lovely hue,
Where the broken bank, between the sedge,
Is embroidered with her blue.

And in bays where matted foliage weaves
A shadowy arch on high,
Serene on broad and bronze-like leaves,
The virgin lilies lie.

Fair fall those bonny flowers! O how
I love their petals bright!
Smoother than Ariel's moonlit brow!
The water Nymph's delight!

Those milk-white cups with a golden core,
Like marble lamps, that throw
So soft a light on the bordering shore,
And the waves that round them flow!

Steadily, steadily, speeds our bark,
O'er the silvery whirl she springs;
While merry as lay of morning lark
The watery carol rings.



MAX NORDAU.

NORDAU, MAX SIMON, a Hungarian physician and essayist; born at Budapest, of Jewish parents, July 29, 1849. He studied medicine there and graduated in 1872. He traveled extensively until 1878, visiting Austria, Germany, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, England, France, Spain, Italy, and Iceland. Returning, he practiced medicine in his native city until 1880; when, removing to Paris, he devoted himself to the further study of medicine, and in 1882 engaged permanently in the practice of his profession. He was a contributor as early as 1868 to the *Pester Lloyd*, and thereafter to many other periodicals. His first book, *Aus Dem Wahren Milliardenland*, appeared in 1878. Of his later works *Die Konventionellen Lügen der Kulturmenschheit* (1883); *Paradoxe* (1885), and *Entartung* (1893), have been translated into English — *Conventional Lives of Society; Paradoxes, and Degeneration* (1895). Nordau's *Morganatic* appeared in 1904.

“FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.”

This fashionable term has the necessary vagueness which fits it to convey all the half-conscious and indistinct drift of current ideas. Just as the words “freedom,” “ideal,” “progress” seem to express notions, but actually are only sounds, so in itself *fin-de-siècle* means nothing, and receives a varying signification according to the diverse mental horizons of those who use it.

The surest way of knowing what *fin-de-siècle* implies is to consider a series of particular instances where the word has been applied. Those which I shall adduce are drawn from French books and periodicals of the last two years.

A king abdicates, leaves his country, and takes up his

residence in Paris, having reserved certain political rights. One day he loses much money at play and is in a dilemma. He therefore makes an agreement with the Government of his country, by which, on receipt of a million francs, he renounces forever every title, official position and privilege remaining to him. *Fin-de-siècle* king.

A bishop is prosecuted for insulting the minister of public worship. The proceedings terminated, his attendant canons distribute amongst the reporters in court a defence, copies of which he has prepared beforehand. When condemned to pay a fine, he gets up a public collection, which brings in tenfold the amount of the penalty. He publishes a justificatory volume containing all the expressions of support which have reached him. He makes a tour through the country, exhibits himself in every cathedral to the mob curious to see the celebrity of the hour, and takes the opportunity of sending round the plate. *Fin-de-siècle* bishop.

The corpse of the murderer Pranzini after execution underwent autopsy. The head of the secret police cuts off a large piece of skin, has it tanned, and the leather made into cigar-cases and card-cases for himself and some of his friends. *Fin-de-siècle* official.

An American weds his bride in a gas-factory, then gets with her into a balloon held in readiness, and enters on a honeymoon in the clouds. *Fin-de-siècle* wedding.

An *attaché* of the Chinese Embassy publishes high-class works in French under his own name. He negotiates with banks respecting a large loan for his Government, and draws large advances for himself on the unfinished contract. Later it comes out that the books were composed by his French secretary, and that he has swindled the banks. *Fin-de-siècle* diplomatist.

A public school-boy walking with a chum passes the jail where his father has repeatedly been imprisoned for fraudulent bankruptcy, embezzlement, and similar lucrative mis demeanors. Pointing to the building, he tells his friend, with a smile: "Look, that's the governor's school." *Fin-de-siècle* son.

Two young ladies of good family, and school friends,

are chatting together. One heaves a sigh. "What's the matter?" asks the other. "I'm in love with Raoul, and he with me. "Oh, that's lovely!" "Yes, but he has nothing, and is nothing, and my parents want me to marry the baron, who is fat, bald, and ugly, but has a huge lot of money." "Well, marry the baron without any fuss, and make Raoul acquainted with him, you goose." *Fin-de-siècle girls.— From Degeneration.*

NORDHOFF, CHARLES, an American journalist and essayist; born at Erwitte, Westphalia, Germany, August 31, 1830; died at San Francisco, Cal., July 14, 1901. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer in Cincinnati. In 1844 he shipped on board a man-of-war, where he served for three years, making a voyage round the world. He was later a sailor in the merchant, whaling, and mackerel fisheries. Returning to the United States, he entered journalism in Philadelphia and Indianapolis. In 1857 he went to New York, where he was for five years upon the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*. From 1861 to 1871 he was one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, and subsequently of the *Herald*, becoming head of the Washington bureau of correspondence for the latter paper in 1874. Besides many pamphlets and magazine articles he has published *Man-of-War Life* (1855); *The Merchant Vessel and Whaling and Fishing* (1856); *Stories of the Island World* (1858); *Cape Cod and All Along Shore*, a collection of stories (1868); *California, for Health, Pleasure, and Residence* (1872); *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands* (1874);

Communistic Societies in the United States (1875); *Politics for Young Americans* (1875); *The Cotton States in 1875* (1876); *God, and the Future Life* (1881); *Peninsular California* (1888). Many of Nordhoff's books are didactic and instructive, being specially intended for the young.

COMMUNAL LIFE.

In judging of the *quality* of communal life, I have found myself constantly falling into the error of comparing it with my own, or with the life of men and women in pleasant circumstances in our great cities. But, to be fairly judged, the communal life must be compared with that of the mechanic or laborer in our cities, and of the farmer in the country. And, when thus put in judgment, I do not hesitate to say that it is in many ways a higher and a better, and also a happier, life.

It provides a greater variety of employment for each individual, and thus increases the dexterity and broadens the faculties of men. It offers a wider range of wholesome social enjoyment, and also greater restraints against debasing pleasures. It gives independence, and inculcates prudence and frugality. It demands self-sacrifice, and restrains selfishness and greed; and thus increases the happiness which comes from the moral side of human nature. Finally it relieves the individual's life from a great mass of carking cares, from the necessity of severe and exhausting toil, from the dread of misfortune or exposure in old age.

If the communal life did not offer such or equivalent rewards, no commune could exist. For, though in almost all which I have described a religious thought and theory enter in, it may nevertheless be justly said that all of them arose out of a deep-seated dissatisfaction with society as it is constituted — a feeling which is well-nigh universal, and affects men and women more the more thoughtful they are; and that they continue only because this want of something better is gratified; but

that a commune could not long continue whose members had not, in the first place, by adverse circumstances, oppression, or wrong, been made to feel very keenly the need of something better. Hence it is that the German peasant or weaver makes so good a communist; and hence, too, the numerous failures of communist experiments in this country begun by people of culture and means, with a sincere desire to live "the better life."—*Communitistic Societies in the United States.*

OUR GOVERNMENTAL MACHINE.

The larger the machine, the more important it is that all shall be built upon sound principles of mechanics, and that it shall be carefully managed in accordance with the law of its construction; for a break in a machine which weighs a hundred tons, and moves at a great speed in all its parts, is more disastrous than one in a hand-machine whose momentum is insignificant, even if its speed of revolution should be great. What is true of a piece of machinery in this respect is equally true of a state or nation. The more populous it is, and the more extended its area, the more unwieldy it becomes; and the more vital it is that its managers or rulers shall be made to adhere closely to the principles on which its government is constructed.

The fundamental and most vital principle underlying our political system is that called "Decentralization," by which the duties imposed by the people on their rulers are divided among several distinct governments, each acting independently in its sphere, but all subordinate to one general organic law, called the Federal Constitution, and so arranged as to work harmoniously to a common purpose. Thus we secure uniformity in the general system, with independence, variety, and elasticity in details; the least interference with personal liberty, combined with security to person and property.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

CENTRALIZATION TO BE OPPOSED.

In all earthly contrivances there is a tendency to change; and it has been noticed that as we increase in population there is an increasing propensity to impose more upon the Federal Government, and to take from the powers of the local governments. This all wise citizens ought to resist; for as we increase in population it is necessary that we shall even add to the number of objects over which the people shall determine and rule in their local governments; for thus only can their political harmony be continued. It is in this direction that wise citizens will strive to guard against future dangers.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

STABILITY IN GOVERNMENT.

The inconveniences, the temporary maladministration, and, above all, the apparent carelessness with which people condone blunders in their public servants, need not give occasion for gloomy forebodings. Our people are naturally inattentive to minute details in their governments. They forgive much to their rulers, if only these have an honest desire to serve the public. They are slow to lose their faith in an old public servant, and especially in a political party which has once secured their confidence by conspicuous good services. This quality, which is often vexatious, and sometimes causes thoughtful men to despair, is, in fact, a most valuable trait in any people; for it secures what is of the greatest importance in public affairs — stability.

Change is so great a curse that we could not even abolish so great an evil as slavery without great temporary suffering; and that people is the happiest and most likely to maintain its liberties and to be prosperous which, by its natural temperament, dislikes change, and can be moved to it only for clearly and even pressingly necessary objects. Stability of laws, stability in industry and business, stability of character and a purpose in the individual, are of far greater importance

than the most brilliant experiments in government or the most seductive and venturous enterprises. But it must be borne in mind that nothing is stable except justice. Unjust and unequal laws are liable to perpetual change.—*Politics for Young Americans.*

NORRIS, FRANK, an American novelist and journalist; born at Chicago, Ill., in 1870; died at San Francisco, October 25, 1902. He studied at the University of California, and at Harvard, after three years as an art student in Paris; was war correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle* in South Africa in 1895-6; edited the *San Francisco Wave* 1896-7; wrote articles from Cuba for *McClure's Magazine* in 1898; and was the author of several virile realistic novels: *McTeague* (1899); *The Octopus*, a story of wheat raising and transportation (1901), and *The Pit*, dealing with wheat exchange and gambling. The two last named stories are epical and zolaesque in manner, and were to have been concluded by *The Wolf*, a story of European famine. He also wrote *Blix* and *Moran of the Lady Letty*, two short novels, and two volumes of essays. His collected *Works* appeared in 1904.

Herbert Croly in a review of *The Pit* believes that Norris' "Epic of the Wheat" was born of a vague naturalistic symbolism. The review goes on to say:

"THE PIT" AND "THE OCTOPUS."

The Pit, the second of the proposed Trilogy, suffers in some respects more than does *The Octopus* from the nat-

uralistic symbolism of the central idea, and in some respects less. Since the raising of the wheat is much more vital and comprehensive to the life of an agricultural community than is the trading therein to the people of a great city like Chicago, he was able to group around the drama of its growth a more diversified, interesting and relevant set of people than he could around the Chicago wheat pit. Hence *The Octopus* is the richer and the less exclusive in its human material of the two books, and Mr. Norris was more at home in handling the affairs and passions of a comparatively primitive community than he was in dealing with the complexities of city life. The more important male characters of the second book are, in particular, a distinct disappointment, and have none of them the value of Annixter or Magnus Derrick in the earlier novel. In every case they are most intelligently conceived; it is only too easy to see what the author is driving at; but he as plainly fails to make his intentions good. Neither is he much more successful with his heroine, Laura Gadwin, upon whom he has accumulated the best and the most that he knew about woman-kind. She remains artistically a striking failure, who, although much more interesting than many successes, is so elaborately and consciously put together that the mechanism of her make-up interferes with its complete effect. Yet, in spite of all these drawbacks, which were largely due to a more rebellious material, *The Pit* is in some other respects an equally plain improvement on *The Octopus*. For one thing, Mr. Norris avoided the bad taste of pointing his moral with the like of the cheap sentimental contrasts of the earlier book; he has given himself up in a more single-minded way to his central story; he has been somewhat more lenient in the use of his naturalistic symbolism; and above all he has succeeded better than before in making the drama of *The Pit* continually and progressively vivid; and this sustained vividness and constantly accelerating momentum of his story constitutes a rare and admirable literary achievement. Although many American novelists have tried for something of the kind, only a few have succeeded in reaching it; and among these Frank Norris ranks near

the top. His last novel combines popular and serious qualities to an altogether unusual extent. It both excites the liveliest interest and demands the most careful consideration.

It is interesting to note that the ordinarily critical classifications fail utterly to confine this author. He is at once realist, romanticist and symbolist. He is realist, because the raw material of his novels is derived from the observation of very ordinary people, and because he has at times even sought to portray some of the ugliest and most brutal aspects of human nature; yet he is romantic to the core, because he gives a highly dramatic interpretation of this material, and because he arranges his stories so that they culminate in some romantically appropriate event; and finally he is symbolist, because his stories have, properly speaking, no heroes and heroines, no dominating and triumphant personalities. His people are the creatures of large cosmic realities and processes, such as gold or the passage of the wheat, which infect their imaginations, and sweep them along to some appointed issue.—*The Reader Magazine*.

Mr. Norris was a versatile author and possessed a rare sense of humor. While editor of the San Francisco *Wave* he wrote some admirable parodies on the work of Rudyard Kipling, Stephen Crane, Bret Harte and Richard Harding Davis. These parodies appeared under the title *Perverted Tales*, and are given herewith:

THE 'RICKSHA THAT HAPPENED.

By R—D K—G.

Ching-a-ring-a-ring ching-chaw

Ho, dinkum darkey.

—*The unedited diary of Bahlamooca Tah.*

Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow,

But never jam to-day.

—*Native Proverb.*

"Who's all right? Rudyard! Who? Rudyard!"
—Barrack-room ballad.

There was a man once — but that's another story. Personally, I do not believe much of this story, however, you may have it for what it is worth, to me it was worth five thousand dollars per thousand words.

A friend of mine, who is a *jinricksha* down by Benares, told me this tale one hot evening outside the Tiddledyt-pore gate. In the telling of it he spat reflectively and often into the moat. *Chaprassi simpkin peg*, as Mrs. Hawkseye says.

Mulligatawney, who is a private soldier and who dines with me at table d'hote on Thursdays, and who shares my box at the opera, says the tale is cheap at a gallon and a half of beer.

"Phwat nex!" exclaimed Mulligatawney, when he heard it, shifting his quid to the other side of his mouth (we were at table). "It's *jaddoo*, that's phwat ut is. 'Tis flyin' in the face uv natoon to trifle with such brutal and licenshous soldiery as me and Orf-of-this an' Lear-eyed." Here he stole a silver spoon to hide his emotion. "*Choop*, sez oi to im," said Mulligatawney, filling himself another *jinricksha*, "*choop*, an' he chooped, like *ghairun* gone clane *dal-bat* an' *Kipiri* in hot weather I waz only a recruity then. But I waz a corpril wanst. I was rejuced aftherwards, but I waz a corpril wanst," and he stared mournfully at the dying embers in the *jinricksha*.

We are a terrible bad lot out here in Indiana, but we can't help that. Here a man's whole duty is to lie *doggo* and not *ekka* more than once a week, and to pray for war. Also he may keep a *jinricksha* in his stable if he can afford it. As that wonderful woman, Mrs. Hawkseye, says: "It better to *bustee* in a *jampanni* than to have your *jinricksha* *puckarowed*." But that's her affair.

Stepterfechit had just come out from home. Now when a man comes out from home, if he is not *jinrickshaed* at the pier landing, he generally does one of three things (*jampanni chorah simpkin bungalow*), either he dies with swiftness, which is bad, or lives with swiftness, which is worse, or marries, which is the worst of all. "A single

man," says my friend Mulligatawney, "is an ornament to the service." But as Lear-eyed observes, "when a mon is tewed wi' a lass he's *lokri* in a *bunder*, nothing but *dikh*," and he flung himself (seven foot four of British soldier) full length upon his *jinricksha*.

Stepterfetchit knew as much of Life (Life with a big L) as a weaning child, until I, who have seen everything worth seeing, and done everything worth doing, and have known everything worth knowing, from Indian magic to the cleaning of codfish, took him in hand. He began by contradicting his colonel, and went on from that to making love to Mrs. Hawkseye (till that lady told him he was a *bungalow*, with no more *pukaree* than a *dacoit*), and wound up by drinking too much *jinricksha* at his club.

Now, when a man takes to the *jinricksha* he is very likely to end at the *shroff*. So I spoke to the Major. You may hit a *marumutta* over the head at the beginning of your acquaintance, but you must not soap the tail of a kitten that belong to a *Ryotwary*, unless you are prepared to prove it on his front teeth. It takes some men a lifetime to find this out, but the knowledge is useful. *Sempink peg, do re mi fa, ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching-chow*, but that's another story. We arrived — the Major and I — at Stepterfetchit's dak-bungalow on a red hot evening, when the heat blanketed the world like a hot towel round a swelled head. We nearly killed the *jinricksha* in getting there, but a mountain bred can *gawbry* more *jhil* than you would care to believe.

"Hark!" said the Major. We paused on the threshold and the silence of the Indian twilight gathered us in its hollow palms. We both heard a sound that came from Stepterfetchit's window. It was the ticking of an eight-day clock.

People write and talk lightly of blood running cold and of fear and all that sort of thing, but the real sensation is quite too terrible to be trifled with. As the Major and I heard the ticking of that eight-day clock, it is no lie to say that the *bhisti mussick* turned *shikary* in our *khitmatgar*. We were afraid. The Major entered the *bungalow* and I followed and *salaamed* the door behind me.

The *jinricksha* lay dead on the *charpoy* in Stepter-

fetchit's room. Stepterfetchit must have killed it hours before. "We came too late," groaned the Major. We made no attempt to keep from crying—I respected myself for that. But we gathered up the pieces of the *jinricksha* and sent them to Stepterfetchit's people at Home.

So now you know what I know of the Ricksha that never was.

Stepterfetchit is now a plate-layer somewhere down near Bareilly, on the line of the railroad, where the *Kharki* water tanks that the Rajah of Bathtub built out of stolen government money, when the commissariat bullock train was *puckarowed* by Pathans, in the days of the old *budmash* Mahommud Dinare, and Mulligatawney is away annexing Burmah. When he heard of the affair he said:

"If a *punkah* is goin' to *ayah* niver loose your grip, but I waz a corpril wanst, I was rejuiced aftherwards," which is manifestly unfair.

Mrs. Hawkseye says that a "*jinricksha* in the hand gathers no moss"—but that's another story.

THE GREEN STONE OF UNREST.

By S—N CR—E.

A Mere Boy stood on a pile of blue stones. His attitude was regardant. The day was seal brown. There was a vermillion valley containing a church. The church's steeple aspired strenuously in a direction tangent to the earth's center. A pale wind mentioned tremendous facts under it's breath with certain effort at concealment to seven not-dwarfed poplars on an un-distant mauve hilltop.

The Mere Boy was a brilliant blue color. The effect of the scene was not unkaleidoscopic.

After a certain appreciable duration of time the Mere Boy abandoned his regardant demeanor. The strenuously aspiring church steeple no longer projected itself upon his consciousness. He found means to remove himself from the pile of blue stones. He set his face valleyward. He proceeded.

The road was raw umber. There were in it wagon

ruts. There were in it pebbles, Naples yellow in color. One was green. The Mere Boy allowed the idea of the green pebble to nick itself into the sharp edge of the disc of his Perception.

"Ah," he said, "a green pebble."

The rather pallid wind communicated another Incomprehensible Fact to the paranthine trees. It would appear that the poplars understood.

"Ah," repeated the Mere Boy, "a Green Pebble."

"Sho-o," remarked the wind.

The Mere Boy moved appreciably forward. If there were a thousand men in a procession and nine hundred and ninety-nine should suddenly expire, the one man who was remnant would assume the responsibility of the procession.

The Mere Boy was an abbreviated procession.

The blue Mere Boy transported himself diagonally athwart the larger landscape, printed in four colors, like a poster.

On the uplands were chequered squares made by fields, tilled and otherwise. Cloud-shadows moved from square to square. It was as if the Sky and Earth was playing a tremendous game of chess.

By and by the Mere Boy observed an Army of a Million Men. Certain cannon, like voluble but non-committal toads with hunched backs, fulminated vast hiccougs at unimpassioned intervals. Their own invulnerableness was offensive.

An officer of blue serge waved a sword, like a picture in a school history. The non-committal toads pullulated with brief red dimples and swiftly relapsed to impassivity.

The line of the Army of a Million Men obnubilated itself in whiteness as a line of writing is blotted with a new blotter.

"Go teh blazes b'Jimminey," remarked the Mere Boy. "What yeh's shooting fur? They might be people in that field."

He was terrific in his denunciation of such negligence. He debated the question of his ir-removability.

"If I'm goin' teh be shot," he observed; "if I'm goin' teh be shot, b'Jimminy——"

.

A Thing lay in the little hollow.

The little hollow was green.

The Thing was pulpy white. Its eyes were white. It had blackish-yellow lips. It was beautifully spotted with red, like tomato stains on a rolled napkin.

The yellow sun was dropping on the green plain of the earth, like a twenty-dollar gold piece falling on the baize cloth of a gaming table.

The blue serge officer abruptly discovered the punctured Thing in the Hollow. He was struck with the ir-remediableness of the business.

"Gee," he murmured with interest. "Gee, it's a Mere Boy."

The Mere Boy had been struck with seventy-seven rifle bullets. Seventy had struck him in the chest, seven in the head. He bore close resemblance to the top of a pepper castor.

He was dead.

He was obsolete.

As the blue serge officer bent over him he became aware of a something in the Thing's hand.

It was a green pebble.

"Gee," exclaimed the blue serge officer. "A green pebble, gee."

The large Wind evolved a threnody with reference to the seven un-distant poplars.

A HERO OF TOMATO CAN.

BY B——T H——TE.

Mr. Jack Oak-hearse calmly rose from the table and shot the bartender of Tomato Can, because of the objectionable color of his hair. Then Mr. Oak-hearse scratched a match on the sole of his victim's boot, lit a perfumed cigarette and strolled forth into the street of the camp to enjoy the evening air. Mr. Oak-hearse's face was pale

and impassive, and stamped with that indefinable hauteur that marks the professional gambler. Tomato Can knew him to be a cool, desperate man. The famous Colonel Blue-bottle was reported to have made the remark to Miss Honorine-Sainte-Claire, when that leader of society opened the Pink Assembly at Toad-in-the-Hole, on the other side of the Divide, that he, Colonel Blue-bottle, would be everlastingly "———ed if he didn't believe that that ——ed Oak-hearse would open a ——ed jack-pot on a pair of ——ed tens, ——ed if he didn't." To which Miss Ste.-Claire had responded:

"Fancy now."

On this occasion as Mr. Jack Oak-hearse stepped in the cool evening air of the Sierras from out of the bar of the hotel of Tomato Can, he drew from his breast pocket a dainty manicure set and began to trim and polish his slender, almost feminine, finger nails, that had been contaminated with the touch of the greasy cards. Thus occupied, he betook himself leisurely down the one street of Tomato Can, languidly dodging an occasional revolver bullet, and stepping daintily over the few unburied corpses that bore mute testimony to the disputatious and controversial nature of the citizens of Tomato Can. He arrived at his hotel and entered his apartments, gently waving aside the half-breed Mexican who attempted to disembowel him on the threshold. The apartment was crudely furnished as befitted the rough and ready character of the town of Tomato Can. The Wilton carpet on the floor was stained with spilt Moet and Chandon. The full-length portrait of Mr. Oak-hearse by Carolus Duran was punctured with bullet marks, while the teakwood *escri-toire*, inlaid with buhl and jade, was encumbered with bowie knives, spurs and Mexican saddles.

Mr. Oak-hearse's valet brought him the London and Vienna papers. They had been ironed, and scented with orris root, and the sporting articles blue-penciled.

"Bill," said Mr. Oak-hearse, "Bill, I believe I told you to cut out all the offensive advertisements from my papers; I perceive, with some concern, that you have neglected it. Your punishment shall be that you will not brush my silk hat next Sunday morning."

The valet uttered an inarticulate cry and fell lifeless to the floor.

"It's better to stand pat on two pair than to try for a full hand," mused Mr. Oak-hearse, philosophically, and his long lashes drooped wearily over his cold steel-blue eyes, like velvet sheathing a poignard.

A little later the gambler entered the dining-room of the hotel in evening-dress, and wearing his cordon of the Legion of Honor. As he took his accustomed place at the table, he was suddenly aware of a lustrous pair of eyes that looked into his cold gray ones from the other side of the catsup bottle. Like all heroes, Mr. Jack Oak-hearse was not insensible to feminine beauty. He bowed gallantly. The lady flushed. The waiter handed him the menu.

"I will have a caviar sandwich," affirmed the gambler with icy impassivity. The waiter next handed the menu to the lady, who likewise ordered a caviar sandwich.

"There is no more," returned the waiter. "The last one has just been ordered."

Mr. Oak-hearse started, and his pale face became even paler. A preoccupied air came upon him, and the lines of an iron determination settled upon his face. He rose, bowed to the lady, and calmly passed from the dining-room out into the street of the town and took his way toward a wooded gulch hard by.

When the waiter returned with the caviar sandwich he was informed that Mr. Oak-hearse would not dine that night. A triangular note on scented mauve paper was found at the office begging the lady to accept the sandwich from one who had loved not wisely but too many.

But next morning at the head of the gulch on one of the largest pine trees the searchers found an ace of spades (marked) pinned to the bark with a bowie knife. It bore the following, written in pencil with a firm hand:

Here lies the body
of
JOHN OAK-HEARSE,
who was too much of a gentleman
to play a
Royal-flush
against a
Queen-full.

And so, pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his brain, though still calm as in life, lay he who had been at once the pest and the pride of Tomato Can.

VAN BUBBLE'S STORY.

By R——D H——G D——s.

Young Charding-Davis had been a little unhappy all day long because on that particular morning the valet of his head serving man had made a mistake in the matter of his master's trousers, and it was not until he was breakfasting at Delmonico's some hours later that young Charding-Davis woke to the painful consciousness that he was wearing his serving-man's pants which were made by an unfashionable New York tailor. Young Charding-Davis himself ran over to London in his steam yacht once or twice a week to be fitted, so that the consequences of his serving-man's valet's mistake took away his appetite. The predicament troubled him so that he told the head cook about it, adding anxiously:

"What would you do about these trousers, Wallis?"

"I would keep 'em on, sir," said Wallis, touching his cap respectfully.

"That," said young Charding-Davis, with a sigh of relief, "is a good idea. Thank you, Wallis." Young Charding-Davis was so delighted at the novel suggestion that he tipped Wallis a little more generously than usual.

"Can you recommend a good investment for this?" inquired Wallis, as he counted out the tip.

"Make a bid for the Pacific railroads," suggested young Charding-Davis, "or 'arrive' at the Savoy Hotel."

That night he went to dinner at the house of the Girl He Knew, and in honor of the occasion and because he thought it would please the Girl He Knew, young Charding-Davis put on a Yale sweater and football knickerbockers and the headdress of feathers he had captured from a Soudanese Arab while acting as war correspondent for an English syndicate. Besides this, he wore some of his decorations and toyed gracefully with a golf-stick. During the dinner, while young Charding-Davis was illustrating a new football trick he had just patented, with the aid of ten champagne bottles and the Girl's pet skye-terrier, a great and celebrated English diplomat leaned across the table over the centerpiece of orchids and live humming birds, and said:

"I say, Davis, tell us how you came by some of your decorations and orders. Most interesting and extraordinary, you know."

Young Charding-Davis tossed the skye-terrier into air, and batted it thoughtfully the length of the room with his golf-stick, after the manner of Heavyflinger of the Harvard base-ball nine. Then he twirled the golf-stick in his fingers as a Zulu *induna* twirls his *assegai*—he had learned the trick while shooting elephant on the Zambesi river in South Africa. Then he smiled with becoming modesty as he glanced carelessly at the alarm-clock that hung around his neck, suspended by the blue ribbon of the order of the Pashaw of Persia.

"Really, they are mere trifles," he replied, easily. "I would not have worn them only my serving man insists it is good form. The Cham of Tartary gave me this," he continued, lightly touching a nickel-plated apple-pie that was pinned upon the sweater, "for leaving the country in twenty-four hours, and this chest protector was presented me by the French Legation in Kamschatka for protecting a chest——but we'll let that pass," he said, enveloping himself with a smile of charming ingenuousness. "*This* is the badge of the Band of Hope to which I belong. I got this pie-plate from the Grand Mufti for conspicuous egoism in the absence of the enemy, and this Grand Army badge from a pawnbroker for four dollars. Then I have a few swimming medals for swimming across

Whirlpool Rapids and a five-cent piece given me by Mr. Sage. I have several showcases full of other medals in my rooms. I'm thinking of giving an exhibition and reception, if I could get some pretty girls to receive with me. I've knocked about a bit, you know, and I pick them up here and there. I've crossed Africa two or three times, and I got up the late Greek war in order to make news for the New York papers, and I'm organizing an insurrection in South America for the benefit of a bankrupt rifle manufacturer who wants to dispose of some arms."

While Charding-Davis had been speaking young Van Bubbles, who was just out of the interior of Uganda, had been absent-mindedly drawing patterns in the tomato catsup he had spilled on the table-cloth.

"When I returned from Africa," he said, "this morning I had a curious experience." He fixed Charding-Davis with his glance for a moment, and then let it wander to a corner of the room and afterward drew it back and tied it to his chair leg. Charding-Davis grew a little pale, but he was too well bred to allow his feelings to overcome him. Young Van Bubbles continued:

"I met an old valet of mine on Fifth avenue, who has recently been engaged by the head serving man of one of New York's back-parlor heroes. He was wearing a pair of trousers which seemed to me strangely familiar, and when I spoke to him about the matter, broke down and confessed that he had caused his master's master to exchange trousers with him. You see the point of the story is," concluded young Van Bubbles, untying his glance, and allowing it to stray toward Charding-Davis, who drove it away with his golf-stick, "that the back-parlor hero wore his valet's trousers to-day."

There was a silence.

"What an extraordinary story," murmured the diplomat.

"Quite so," said the Girl Charding-Davis Knew.

"Of course," added Van Bubbles, "I took the trousers from him. Here they are," he continued, dropping them on the table. "You see they were no more use to him. I thought, perhaps—" and once more his glance crept

stealthily toward young Charding-Davis — “you might suggest a way out of the difficulty.” He handed the trousers to Charding-Davis, saying: “Keep them, they are a mere trifle, and they may be of some interest to you.”

The Girl Charding-Davis Knew saw the point of Van Bubbles’ story at once. Charding-Davis tried to catch her eye, but she refused to look at him, and said to her father:

“Why won’t he go away; tell him to go away, please.”

On the steps outside the house young Charding-Davis reflected what next he should do. He strolled slowly homeward, and, as he came into his rooms, his head serving-man handed him two notes which had arrived in his absence. One was from the Most Beautiful Woman in New York offering him her hand and fortune; the other was written on the back of a ten thousand dollar check, and was from the Editor of the Greatest Paper in the World begging him to accept the vacant throne of the Nyam-Nyam of Khooinooristan in the capacity of Special Correspondent.

“I wonder now,” said young Charding-Davis, “which of these offers I shall accept.”

NORRIS, JOHN, an English clergyman, metaphysician and poet; born at Collingbourne, Kingston, Wiltshire, in 1657; died at Bemerton in 1711. He took his degree at Oxford in 1680. His work *An Idea of Happiness* (1683) gave him a foremost place among the Platonists of his time. In 1684 he took orders, and in 1693 was made rector of Bemerton. Among his works, many of which have passed through several editions, are *An Idea of Happiness* (1683); *Poems and Discourses* (1684); *The Theory and Regulation of Love* (1688); *Reason and*

Religion (1689); *Two Treatises Concerning the Divine Light* (1692); *Letters Concerning the Love of God* (1695); *An Essay Toward the Theory of the Ideal or Intelligible World* (1704); *The Natural Immortality of the Soul* (1708).

ON PERFECT HAPPINESS.

I come now to show wherein this perfect happiness does consist, concerning which I do affirm, in the first place, that it is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. The greatest fruition we have of God here is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other objects, they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoyed, cannot afford us perfect satisfaction. The objects wherein men generally seek for happiness here are not only finite in their nature, but also few in number. . . . Indeed, could a man's life be so contrived that he should have a new pleasure still ready at hand as soon as he had grown weary of the old, he might then perhaps and for a while think himself happy in this continued succession of new acquisitions. But, alas! nature does not treat us with this variety. The compass of our enjoyments is much shorter than that of our lives; and there is as perfect a circulation of our pleasures as of our lives. The enjoyments of our lives run in a perpetual round, like the months in the calendar, but with a quick revolution. We dance like fairies in a circle, and our whole life is but a perpetual tautology. We rise like the sun, and run the same course that we did before; and to-morrow is but the same over again. . . .

From these and the like considerations, I think it will evidently appear that this perfect happiness is not to be found in anything we can enjoy in this life. Wherein, then, does it consist? I answer positively, in the full and entire fruition of God. He, as Plato speaks, is the proper and principal end of man, the centre of our tendency, and the ark of our rest. He is the object which alone can satisfy the appetite of the most capacious soul, and stand

the test of fruition to eternity; and to enjoy Him fully is perfect felicity.

THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION.

How long, great God! how long must I
Immured in the dark prison lie?
Where at the gates and avenues of sense
My soul must watch to have intelligence;
Where but faint gleams of Thee salute my sight,
Like doubtful moonshine in a cloudy night?
When shall I leave this magic sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

How cold this clime! and yet my sense
Perceives even here Thy influence.
Even here Thy strong magnetic chains I feel,
And pant and tremble like the amorous steel.
To lower good, and beauties less divine;
Sometimes my erring needle does decline;
But yet (so strong the sympathy)
It turns and points again to Thee.

I long to see this excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense,
My soul, impatient, struggles to disengage
Her wings from the confinement of her cage!
Wouldst Thou, Great Love, this prisoner once set free,
How would she hasten to be linked with Thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly, and love on all the way.

NORRIS, WILLIAM EDWARD, an English novelist; born at London, November 18, 1847. He was called to the bar in 1874, but never practiced. His first book, *Heaps of Money*, appeared in 1876; and was followed by *Mademoiselle de Mersac*

(1879); *Thirlby Hall* (1880); *Matrimony* (1881); *A Man of His Word* (1882); *That Terrible Man* (1883); *Her Own Doing* (1884); *Adrian Vidal* (1885); *No New Thing* (1886); *Chris, Major or Minor* (1887); *Miss Shafto* (1888); *The Rogue* (1889); *My Friend Jim* (1889); *Misadventure* (1890); *The Countess Radna* (1890); *Billy Bellew* (1895); *A Dancer in Yellow* (1896); *The Widower* (1897); *An Octave* (1900); *Lord Leonard, the Luckless* (1903), and *Barham of Beltana* (1905).

NEARLY CAUGHT.

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:

"Do you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself?"

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least, you saw me kissing the girl. But, dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean of course it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemmyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But, by George, sir!" continued Freddy, impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that, now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first, but she wasn't—deuce a bit. She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."

"Well, but my dear fellow," resumed Freddy, impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all; and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very

jolly girl, and a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her!— Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man, pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"Oh, no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worse of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud, laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet, earnestly. "I'll stay in bed if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

"It is possible to speak to young women without kissing them," Claud remarked, sagely.

"It isn't easy, though," returned the other, sighing. "The safest plan is to let 'em alone."— *Matrimony.*

NORTON, ANDREWS, an American theologian; born at Hingham, Mass., December 31, 1786; died at Newport, R. I., September 18, 1853. He was graduated from Harvard in 1804; became librarian there in 1813, and in 1819 Professor of

Sacred Literature. He resigned the professorship in 1830, and passed the remainder of his life in retirement; but during these years he wrote several elaborate works, mostly of a polemic character. Prominent among these are *Reasons for Not Believing the Doctrines of the Trinitarians* (1833); *The Genuineness of the Gospels* (1837-44); *The Latest Form of Infidelity* (1839), and a *Translation of the Gospels*, which was published in 1855, with notes by his son, Charles Eliot Norton. Besides these works, he contributed, in prose and verse, to periodicals.

POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE.

The relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us; their names and character dwell in our thoughts and hearts; we live and commune with them in their writings; we enjoy the benefits of their labors; our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead; our knowledge and our arts are the fruits of their toil; our minds have been formed by their instructions; we are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in Heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we, too, shall soon join the innumerable company of the just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in

heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future time. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as of feeling, when a man eminent for his virtues and talents has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian "liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself;" and it is thus, in one respect, that he dieth not for himself.

TO A CRICKET.

I love, thou little chirping thing,
To hear thy melancholy noise;
Though thou to Fancy's ear may sing
Of summer past and fading joys.

Thou canst not now drink dew from flowers,
Nor sport along the traveler's path;
But through the Winter's weary hours,
Shall warm thee at my lonely hearth.

And when my lamp's decaying beam
But dimly shows the lettered page,
Rich with some ancient poet's dream,
Or wisdom of a purer age;

Then will I listen to thy sound,
And, musing o'er the embers pale,
With whitening ashes strewed around,
The forms of memory unveil;

Recall the many-colored dreams
That fancy fondly weaves for youth,
When all the bright illusion seems
The pictured promises of truth;

Perchance, observe the fitful light,
And its faint flashes round the room,
And think some pleasures feebly bright,
May lighten thus life's varied gloom.

TRUST AND SUBMISSION.

My God, I thank Thee: may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisement severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught.
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay,
Thy equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ,
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling Faith adore Thy will.

NORTON, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH SHERIDAN, an English poet and novelist; born at London, in 1808; died there, March 15, 1877. She was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and in 1827 married George Norton. She wrote *A Voice from the Factories* (1836); *English Laws for English Women* (1854); *A Letter to the Queen*, concerning divorce (1855), and other writings. In

verse she published *The Doctor's Road* (1823); *The Sorrows of Sunday* (1824); *The Unhappy One* (1831); *The Wife* (1835); *The Dreamer* (1836); *The Told of the Unknown* (1843); *Ann Taylor's Ballad, Tact and Sensation* (1850); and *The Lady of La George* (1851), and in prose fiction, *Sword of David* (1851); *Love and Sorrow* (1863); *Love for Douglas* (1876); and *The Rose of Arden* (1877). Her husband died in 1873, and within a year of his death she was married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell.

LOVE NOT

Love not, love not ye hapless sons of May!
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly dowers —
 Things that are made to fade and fall away
 When they have blossomed but a few short hours.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die.
 May perish from the gay and gladstone earth
 The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky.
 Beam on his grave as once upon his birth.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change.
 The rosy lips may cease to smile on you:
 The kindly, beaming eye grow cold and strange.
 The heart still warmly beat yet not be true.
 Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! O warning vainly said
 In present years as in the years gone by:
 Love clings a hale round the dear one's head
 Faithless, immortal — all they change or die.
 Love not, love not!

SPRING.

The Spring is come again! the breath of May
 Creeps whisperingly where brightest flowers have birth.
And the young sun beams forth with redder ray
 In the broad bosom of the teeming earth.
The Spring is come! How gladly nature wakes
 From the dark slumber of the vanished year;
How gladly every rushing streamlet breaks
 The summer stillness with its music clear!

But thou art old, my heart! the breath of Spring
 No longer swells thee with a rapturous glow;
The wild bird carols brightly on the way,
 But wakes no smile upon my withered brow.
Thou art grown old! No more the generous thought
 Sends the warm blood more swiftly through the veins;
Selfish and cold thou shrinkest — Spring hath naught
 For thee but memory of vanished pains.

Ah, mocking wind, that wanderest o'er my doom,
 Which freshened scents from every opening flower!
Deep, deep within the never-dying worm,
 Life's longings all unquenched, defy thy power!
Thou coldness comes not with the cooling breeze;
 Thou music flows not with the gushing rill;
Thou shadows calm not from the spreading trees;
 Unslaked, the eternal fever burneth still!

Mock us not, Nature, with thy symbol vain
 Of hope succeeding hope, through endless years.
Earth's buds may burst, earth's groves be green again,
 But man — can man forget youth's bitter tears?
I thirst, I thirst! but diller day by day
 Grows the clogged scorings of my spirit's wings;
Faintly the sap of life slow ebbs away,
 And the worn heart denies a second Spring.

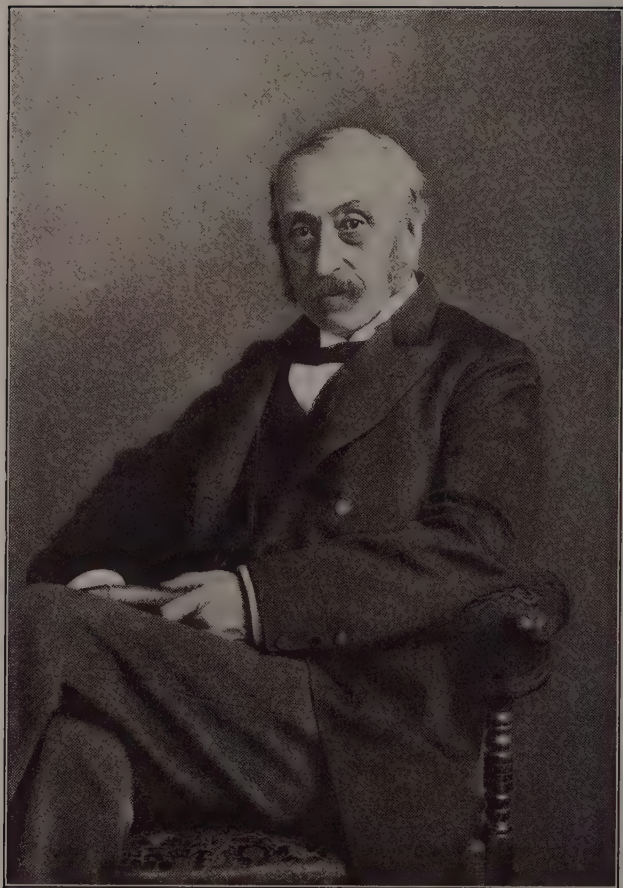
THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish king
 (Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandivanian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
 And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
 (Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
 (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were stuck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
 For the rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles were beaten, one by one;
 (Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little, fair page now follows alone,
 For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
 Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
 (Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
 Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
 Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with drooping crest,
 Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
 And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
 To the halls where my love lay dying!"

NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT, an American essayist and critic; born at Cambridge, Mass., November 16, 1827. He was graduated from Harvard in 1846, and shortly afterward entered a mercantile counting-house. In 1849 he went as supercargo of a ship sailing for India, returning home in 1851. From December, 1855, to April, 1857, he resided in Italy, making a special study of Dante; and in 1860 published *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*. During the Civil War he edited at Boston a series of papers published by the Royal Publication Society; and from 1864 to 1868 he was joint-editor of the *North American Review*, and in 1874 became Professor of the History of Art in Harvard College. In 1867 he published a translation of the *Vita Nuova* of Dante, accompanied with *Essays and Notes*, a part of which had already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Other works by Mr. Norton are *Memoir of Arthur Hugh Clough*, prefixed to an edition of his poems (1862); *Sketch of the Life and Works of William Blake*, accompanying his illustrations of the Book of Job (1875); *List of the Principal Works Relating to Michelangelo* (1879); *Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages* (1880). He edited *James Russell Lowell's Letters* (1893). His translation of the *Vita Nuova* is spoken of in the article upon DANTE in this LIBRARY.

THE "VITA NUOVA" OF DANTE.

This work, which was the earliest of Dante's writings, as well as the most autobiographic in form and intention, gives the story of his early love — its beginning, its irregular course, its hopes and doubts, its exaltations and despairs, its sudden interruption and transformation by death. . . . In dealing with the intimate revelations of a character so great and so peculiar as that of Dante, a respectful deference is required for the very words in which they are contained. Dante has a right to demand this homage of his translator.

CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY IN 1860.

The Middle Ages still possess Italy. In the country towns, even in enlightened Sardinia, one feels himself a contemporary of Boccaccio, and might read many of the stories of the *Decameron* as stories of the present day. The life of the common people has much the same aspect now as it had centuries ago. Italy has undergone many vicissitudes, but few changes. . . .

The success of the experiment of constitutional government in Sardinia is at this moment the chief hope of Italy. A liberal and wise spirit of reform is uniting the interests of all classes, and a steady, gradual progress, proving the ability of the Italians to govern themselves, without the excesses of enthusiasm, or the evils of ex-

travagant and undisciplined hopes. While Milan and Venice are hemmed round by Austrian bayonets, and Florence is discontented under the stupid despotism of an insane bigot — while Rome stagnates under the superstition of priests, and Naples under the brutality of a Bourbon, Turin and Genoa are flourishing and independent.—*Study and Travels in Italy.*

NOVELLE ANTICHE, or Ancient Tales, a collection of one hundred of the earliest prose fictions now extant in Italian literature. The exact period of their production, and the names of their respective authors, are equally unknown to us; a circumstance which, combined with their own intrinsic character, seems to establish their claim to equal antiquity with the rise and formation of the *lingua volgare* of the South. Many of them are referred by Italian critics and historians to an age anterior to that of Dante, while it is agreed that few of them are the production of the same or of a subsequent era.

Those who have made the most minute researches into the subject, Salviati, Salvini, Manni, Tiraboschi, etc., differ greatly in their opinion, both as to the period and the origin of the *Ancient Tales*. Yet the learned Manni, to whom, perhaps, the greatest degree of credit is due, conjectures they must have been written in the thirteenth century, not long after the death of the tyrant Ezzelin da Romano, about the year 1359. The same author further supposes that they derived their origin, for the most part, from Provence; one of the chief sources, no less of the poetical than of the

prosaic fictions of Italy. Nor is it improbable that they were first introduced along with the songs of the Troubadours, whose language was so frequently adopted by the earliest poets of Italy; and were thus, together with their style of narrative, first naturalized, and then so admirably improved upon, by the genius of Boccaccio.

Not a few of the stories in the *Decameron* may in this way be traced to the Provençal, and others to the romance of the "Seven Wise Men," entitled *Dolopathos*, written in Latin by the monk Giovanni, of the monastery of Altaselva.

That Italy is indebted for her *Novelle Antiche* to foreign sources, would further appear from many of the stories being founded on incidents drawn from the romance of the Round Table, a beautiful copy of which was known to be in possession of Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, a great admirer of its marvellous adventures, and probably the author of those pieces we find taken from the materials of that romance. Such are the novels of the *Lady of Scalot*, and of the *Good King Meliadus*, which with a few others of the same exotic character, among the best, says Mr. Dunlop, in the whole collection, we have ventured to give, as the most favorable specimens the work could afford. But it is rather with regard to their merits in exhibiting the progress of language and of manners, together with several curious historical facts, than from any intrinsic excellence they may be said to possess, that they are at all deserving of notice. And even this remark will chiefly apply to the work in its original language, of which the ancient edition, the earliest work known in the *lingua volgare*, and from which the subsequent editions have been taken, has been included

among the *testi di lingua* of Italy. The most correct of these the Italians owe to the labors of Borghini and Vettori, although the edition published under the auspices of Cardinal Bembo, by Gualteruzzi at Bologna, has always been held in the highest repute. Besides that of the Giunti, there is a still more recent one, edited by Ferraio, and bearing the date of Milan, 1804.

Among the supposed authors of these elements of Italian fiction, may be enumerated the names of Dante da Majano, Brunetto Latini, Francesco da Barberino, with those of several other poets and scholars who flourished during the same period, fragments of whose works remain, but whose names have perished. Many of the tales were added, in order to complete the cento, long after those contained in the MSS. or in the old edition made their appearance. These, however, are referred to the period in which they were written, so as not to interrupt the chronological view of the subject, preserved throughout the entire work.

HOW A LEARNED GREEK, WHOM A KING HELD IN PRISON,
PASSED HIS JUDGMENT ON A HORSE.

In a certain part of Greece there lived a king of great sway, of the name of Philip. This king, for some alleged crime or other, had imprisoned a Greek, a man of great learning, whose wisdom mounted to the skies. It happened one day that this monarch received from the king of Spain a present of a noble horse, of great size, and of a beautiful form. The king sent for his farrier to learn his opinion of the horse, but he was told that he had better apply to the learned Greek, who was reputed a man of universal knowledge. He therefore ordered the horse to be led into the field, and then commanded the Greek to be brought from his prison, and addressing him, said: "Master, let me have your opinion of this horse, for I have heard a great report of your wisdom." The

Greek inspected the horse, and replied: "Sire, this horse is indeed a beautiful courser, but in my opinion he has been nurtured on asses' milk." The king sent to Spain to inquire how the horse had been brought up, and found that the dam had died, and that the foal, as the Greek had asserted, had been reared on asses' milk. This circumstance astonished the king not a little, and as a reward he ordered half a loaf of bread a day to be given to the Greek at the expense of the court. It fell out on another occasion, that as the king was inspecting his jewels, he sent again for the Greek, and said to him: "Master mine, your knowledge is great, and it seems that you know all things. Tell me, I pray you, whether or not you understand the virtue of these stones, and which of them seems to you the most valuable." The Greek replied: "Sire, which of them do you yourself consider as the most precious one?" The king then took up one of the most beautiful amongst them and said: "This one, master, seems to me the most beautiful, and one of the highest value." The Greek examined it, and straining it closely in the palm of his hand, and placing it to his ear, said: "This stone, sire, appears to me to have a living worm in it." The king sent for his lapidary, and ordered him to break the stone, and to their surprise the animal was found within. The king now looked upon the Greek as a man of surprising wisdom, and ordered a whole loaf of bread to be given him daily at the expense of the court. It happened not many days after this, that the king, entertaining some suspicions of his own legitimacy, again sent for the Greek, and taking him into his closet, said: "Master, I hold you for a man of great penetration, which indeed has been manifested in your answers to the questions I have proposed to you. I wish you now to inform me whose son I am." The Greek then replied: "Sire, how strange a request! You well know that you are the son of your honoured predecessor." But the king, dissatisfied, said: "Do not evade my question, but tell me the truth implicitly; for if you hesitate, you shall instantly die the death of a traitor." "Then, sire," answered the Greek, "I must inform you that you are the son of a baker." Upon this, the king, being anxious to

know the real truth, sent for the queen-mother, and by threats compelled her to confess that the words of the Greek were true. The king then shut himself up in his chamber with the Greek, and said: "Master mine, I have received singular proofs of your wisdom, and I now entreat you to tell me how you have obtained a knowledge of these things." Then the Greek replied: "Sire, I will inform you. With respect to the horse, I knew that he had been nourished with asses' milk from his hanging his ears, which is not natural to a horse. And that there was a live worm in the stone I knew from the fact that stones are naturally cold, but this one I found to be warm, and it was therefore evident that the heat could only proceed from a living animal within." "And how," said the king, "did you discover that I was the son of a baker?" The Greek then replied: "Because when I told you of the wonderful circumstance of the horse, you ordered me a gift of half a loaf a day, and when I told you of the stone with the living worm in it, you ordered me a whole loaf. I then felt assured whose son you were; for if you had really been a king's son, you would have presented me with a city, as my merits deserved; whereas your origin then betrayed itself, and your natural disposition was satisfied in giving me a loaf, as your father the baker would have done." The king was then sensible of his own meanness, and immediately liberated the Greek from prison, and loaded him with gifts of value.

REMARKABLE PROOF OF LIBERALITY AND COURTESY IN THE
KING OF ENGLAND.

King John of England was celebrated for his singular kindness and courtesy towards the poorer chevaliers of his court. It one day happened that during an entertainment, one of these gentlemen, being in great distress, cast his eye upon a rich silver cover, thinking within himself: "If I could only obtain possession of that, my poor family would be rich indeed!" The next moment he contrived to hide it under his vest, when one of the stewards, on removing the covers, finding it had disappeared, an order was issued that every guest on leaving the place should

be examined. But the king, being the only one whose eye had caught the poor knight in the act, took an opportunity of accosting him, saying, in a whisper: "Slip it under my coat, for I think they will hardly be bold enough to search me," — an order with which the wretched chevalier immediately complied. When he had undergone his examination at the porter's gate, his sovereign sent a messenger after him, and on his entering trembling into the presence, presented him with the utmost courtesy, not only with the cover, but with the more massy portion of plate belonging to it.

On another occasion he showed still greater courtesy to his poor chevaliers. They entered his chamber one evening with an intent to pillage, and having collected all the valuables they could lay their hands on, one of them, believing the king to be in a deep slumber, had the temerity to seize a rich embroidered counterpane over the king's couch, and beginning to pull it off, the king, without being perceived, held it fast. The others came to their comrade's assistance, and his majesty, finding he had the worst of it, raised up his head a little, saying: "Nay, friends, this is no thieving; it is downright assault and battery! As for the rest, you do not steal them — I give them to you."

On hearing his majesty's voice, the ungrateful wretches fled, forgetting to take even the treasure already collected, which the king had given them.

When this prince's father was alive, he one day reproached his son John, saying: "Thou spendthrift, where dost thou keep thy treasures?" The prince replied: "With your leave, my liege, I can show more than can your majesty still." Arguments upon this ensued, until at length both parties and their friends agreed to fix upon a certain day for the exhibition of their respective wealth. Prince John invited all the young nobility, who were his friends, to attend on the day appointed at the rendezvous, where a magnificent tent was prepared, underlaid with rich carpets and cloths of gold, to receive the immense treasures of gold and silver and precious gems in the possession of the king. The latter then turning to the prince, cried out in a triumphant tone: "Now let us see your

wealth, my son!" On which the prince, drawing his sword like lightning from its sheath, a thousand blades on every side instantly sprang from their scabbards; and his young friends all rushed forward in a moment, as if the very streets and squares were filled with them, and possessed themselves of the royal treasures, in the face of the king and his attendants.

It was now too late for his majesty to repair his error; for the young prince, turning to his noble followers, exclaimed: "Make the best of the booty you have won;" and in a short time the enchanting scene of wealth and splendour totally disappeared from view.

The king quickly assembled his forces to recover his lost treasures, while his son retired into a strong castle, with the valiant Bertrand de Born. Here he was besieged by his father, and one day, exposing his person, as usual, to every kind of danger, he was unfortunately shot through the head with an arrow upon the walls.

On hearing this, the whole of his creditors throughout the kingdom assembled together, petitioning payment of the various sums they had from time to time supplied; and they were admitted to an audience with the prince, just before his decease. To all the complaints that were preferred, the prince invariably replied: "I am sorry, my dear sir, you are come the day after the fair; but your money is spent. The truth is, I have given away all the fine things you supplied me with. My body is so very sick, that I am afraid it is no longer worth offering you, by way of pledge; but if my soul will be of any use to you, it is quite at your service. Suppose you send for an attorney forthwith, and let us see, gentlemen, what we can do." Insisting upon compliance, a notary was instantly sent for, whom the courteous prince addressed in the following words: "Write, Mr. Attorney, and write quickly, lest it should be too late,—'I, Prince John, to-wit of England, being sound in mind, but grievously sick in my body, do hereby will and bequeath my soul to perpetual purgatory, until all my creditors of all sums shall be paid and satisfied.'" Soon after uttering these words the obliging prince expired. The whole train of creditors then proceeded in a body with their petition to the

king, who, instead of discharging the debts, flew into a violent passion with them, charging them with furnishing the prince with arms to rebel against his royal father. He, moreover, condemned them, under pain of forfeiture of their goods and persons, to leave his dominions speedily. One of the creditors, being so deeply implicated that he believed nothing worse could happen to him, here came forward, observing to the king: "But, sire, we shall not be losers in the end, inasmuch as we have got your poor son's soul in prison for his debts." "Ah, ah!" replied the king, "you are cunning fellows; how have you managed that?" They then handed to his majesty a copy of the will, who, on perusing it, assumed another tone; and after having consulted his father confessor, as well as his chancellor of the exchequer, returned to his son's creditors, who were rejoiced to hear him say, that it was not the will of Heaven that the soul of so brave a prince should remain in purgatory for his bills, which should be forthwith discharged. Immediately afterwards came Bertrand de Born, with his whole force, to submit to the pleasure of the king. "So!" cried his majesty, "I think you are the man who boasted you had more sense than all the world beside." "True, my liege," replied Bertrand, "but I have since lost it all." "When was that?" inquired his majesty. "Alas! my liege, when your noble son died, I lost all I had in the world." The king perceiving that he spoke from the strong regard he bore the prince, not only pardoned, but gave him his liberty, and wherewithal to subsist in decent state.

THE LIBERAL MANNER IN WHICH THE SULTAN SALADIN
BESTOWED TWO THOUSAND MARKS, AND HOW HIS
TREASURER ENTERED IT IN HIS BOOKS.

The Sultan Saladin was one of the noblest, the most valiant, and munificent princes that ever sat upon an Eastern throne. In one of his victorious battles, he took captive, together with many other noble prisoners, a French cavalier, who by his singular merits soon acquired the favour of the conqueror. While his companions remained in captivity, he was permitted to accompany the

Sultan, nobly treated and apparelled, and consulted by him as a friend on many occasions. Such was his master's affection towards him, that observing him one day apparently depressed in mind, he tenderly inquired into the reason. On entering into the Sultan's presence, the captive knight had appeared very thoughtful, and on this question being put, shaking his head sorrowfully, he declined giving any answer. But Saladin becoming more urgent, and repeating that he must be made acquainted with the truth, the cavalier replied, "Noble Sultan, I was thinking of my country and my friends." "Then since you no longer wish to stay with me," returned the Sultan, "you are free; you shall go to your country and to your friends." The captive bowed his head, but could not utter a word. The monarch then called his treasurer into his presence, and bade him count two thousand marks in silver, and place it to his captive friend's account. The treasurer immediately wrote down the sum, but his pen blotting it, he entered three thousand marks instead of the former sum, and handed it to the Sultan. "How, what have you done?" cried the latter. "I blotted the first entry," was the reply, "and I wished to mend it." "If that be the case," said the Sultan, "do not cancel anything I say, but write down four thousand: strange indeed if your pen should exceed the reach of mine!"

On another occasion the great Saladin, in the career of victory, proclaimed a truce between the Christian armies and his own. During this interval he visited the camp and the cities belonging to his enemies, with the design, should he approve of the customs and manners of the people, of embracing the Christian faith. He observed their tables spread with the finest damask coverings ready prepared for the feast, and he praised their magnificence. On entering the tents of the king of France during a festival, he was much pleased with the order and ceremony with which everything was conducted, and the courteous manner in which he feasted his nobles; but when he approached the residence of the poorer class, and perceived them devouring their miserable pittance upon the ground, he blamed the want of gratitude which permitted so many

faithful followers of their chief to fare so much worse than the rest of their Christian brethren.

Afterwards several of the Christian leaders returned with the Sultan to observe the manners of the Saracens. They appeared much shocked on seeing all ranks of people take their meals sitting upon the ground. The Sultan led them into a grand pavilion where he feasted his court, surrounded with the most beautiful tapestries and rich foot-cloths, on which were wrought large embroidered figures of the cross. The Christian chiefs trampled them under their feet with the utmost indifference, and even rubbed their boots and spat upon them.

On perceiving this, the Sultan turned towards them in the greatest anger, exclaiming: "And do you, who pretend to preach the cross, treat it thus ignominiously? Gentlemen, I am shocked at your conduct. Am I to suppose from this that the worship of your Deity consists only in words, not in actions? Neither your manners nor your conduct please me;" and on this he dismissed them, breaking off the truce and commencing hostilities more warmly than before.

ANECDOTE OF A CERTAIN TALE-TELLER IN THE SERVICE OF
MESSER AZZOLINO.

Messer Azzolino was in the habit of listening to one of his *Novellatori*, or story-tellers, previous to going to rest. It happened that one evening the *Novellatore*, as well as his master, felt a great inclination to go to sleep, just as he was commanded to furnish one of his best stories. For want of a better, the weary fabulist began to relate the adventures of a certain grazier, who went to market with the whole of his earnings, about two hundred pieces, for the purpose of purchasing sheep, obtaining at least two for a single piece. Returning with his stock in the evening to his farm, he found the river he had crossed so swollen with the rains, that he was greatly puzzled in what way to get them across it. In this dilemma he observed not far off a poor fisherman with a little boat, so small that it would only carry one sheep and the grazier at a passage. So he jumped in with a single fleece, and

began to row with all his might. The river was broad, but he rowed and he rowed away. . . . Here the fabulist came to a full stop and nodded. "Well, and what then?" cried his master; "get on, sirrah; what next?" "Why," replied the drowsy story-teller, "let him get over the remainder of the sheep, and then I will proceed; for it will take him a year at least, and in the meantime your excellency may enjoy a very comfortable slumber." And again he nodded his head.

CONCERNING THE VALIANT DEEDS OF RICCAR LOGHERICO DEL
ILLA.

Riccar Logherico, the lord of Illa, was one of the richest gentlemen in Provence, and a man of singular intrepidity and prowess in every feat of arms. When the Saracens made a descent upon Spain, he was present at that terrible engagement which, from its sanguinary nature, and its grand results, is known under the name of *La Spagnata*, unequalled, it is supposed, in ferocity, by any battle fought since the time of the Greeks and Trojans. The Moors bore down upon their enemies with an overwhelming force, amidst the clang of warlike instruments, and bands of troops of various nations. Riccar Logherico was the leader of the van of the Christian army, and when he found his squadrons recoil in their charge, owing to the terrific music of the Moorish bands, he commanded his cavaliers to turn their horses' cruppers round towards the enemy, and to back them until they came close enough to make a cruel charge. When they found themselves approaching into the midst of the hostile squadrons, they suddenly wheeled about, and facing them, furiously dashed into the thickest of the battle, dealing their blows on all sides, until the Moors were completely put to the rout.

On another occasion, when the Count of Toulouse was arrayed in battle against the Count of Proenza, as they approached to action, the valiant Riccar was observed to give his steed to his squire, and to mount a strong mule. The Count inquired into the reason, saying: "What now, good Riccar, what are you about?" "I merely wish to show, my Lord, that I come here neither to pursue nor

to fly. I will kill no man behind his back, nor flee from any man's face. That flighty beast will run away, but my mule will stand his ground." And herein he evinced his noble nature no less than his great prowess, in which he surpassed every other cavalier of his age.

THE GOOD KING MELIADUS AND THE KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR.

The good King Meliadus and the Knight without Fear were mortal enemies to each other in the field. The cavalier being upon one of his secret undertakings, happened to meet with some of his own squires, who, unable to recognise him, though they had the utmost regard for their master, thus accosted him: "Now, Sir Knight, tell us, on the faith of your chivalry, whether is the Knight without Fear or the good King Meliadus the better sword?" "Why, squires," replied the cavalier, "so may Heaven grant me fair adventure, the good king, I think, is the best knight that ever pressed a steed."

His squires, who bore the King Meliadus no good-will, out of the love they felt for their own lord, expressing at all times their abhorrence of the king, now fell un-awares upon their master, and traitorously making him their prisoner, placed him, armed as he was, across the back of a poor palfrey, saying among each other that they would take him and have him hanged.

As they went along their way, however, they fell in with the King Meliadus, who was also proceeding in the disguise of a wandering knight to a certain tournament, in full equipment for the joust. As he passed, he thus addressed the squires: "And why do you wish to hang this cavalier, gentlemen? who is he, that you should use him thus vilely?" To this they replied: "Because he has well deserved to die, and if you knew why as well as we, you would execute him at once. Convict him of his own fault out of his own mouth, if you please!" The king then approached the captive knight, saying: "What have you been guilty of, that these fellows should treat you thus ignominiously?" "I have done nothing," replied the cavalier, "nothing but telling them the simple truth." "How?" exclaimed the king, "that is hardly

possible! Let me hear what you have really done?" "Most willingly, sir," replied the captive. "I was proceeding on my way, in the guise of a simple knight-errant, when I met with these squires, who inquired of me, on the faith of chivalry, whether the good King Meliadus or the Cavalier without Fear were the better knight. Always desirous that the truth should prevail, I declared that the King Meliadus was the best; in which I meant to speak the truth, although the same king is one of the bitterest enemies I have in the field. I bear him the deepest hatred and defiance, and yet I spoke the truth. This is the whole of my offense, and for this I am punished as you see." The King Meliadus directly fell upon the squires, and quickly dispersing them, unbound the captive cavalier, mounting him upon a rich charger, and presenting him with his coat of arms, which were, however, concealed, entreating him not to behold them until he had reached his destination. They then each went their several ways, as well as the squires. The cavalier, when he dismounted at his quarters, raised the covering of his saddle and found the arms of King Meliadus, who had thus rescued him from his own squires, although his mortal enemy.

THE SULTAN IN WANT OF MONEY.

The Sultan, finding himself at a loss for money, was persuaded by some of the courtiers to seek occasion of quarrelling with a rich Jew, who had amassed considerable wealth in his dominions. The Israelite was immediately summoned to appear before him, when the Sultan insisted upon his informing him which he believed to be the best creed in the world, flattering himself that if he should prefer that of Moses, he might inflict upon him a heavy fine, and if he should declare for Mahomet's, he would accuse him of professing the Jewish, as he was known to do. But the wary Israelite replied to the question in the following manner: "You must know, great Sultan, there was once a father who had three sons, each of whom had frequently entreated him to bestow upon him a large diamond ring which he possessed, set round

with other precious gems; and each was so very pressing that, desirous of obliging them all three, the father sent for a goldsmith to attend him without loss of time. 'Do you think,' said the father, 'you could make me two rings exactly resembling this in appearance?' which the goldsmith promised, and equally well performed. No one being acquainted with his intentions, he sent severally for each of the youths, presenting him, under promise of keeping it secret, with one of the rings, which each of them esteemed the real diamond, and no one knew the truth except the father himself. And thus do I confess, great Sultan, that neither do I pretend to know it, being unable to throw the least light upon a secret which is known only to the Father of all." The Sultan, on receiving this unexpected answer, had nothing further to urge, and was compelled, for want of a reason to the contrary; to let the Jew go where he pleased.

WE HERE LEARN HOW THE LADY OF SCALOT DIED FOR LOVE
OF LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE.

A daughter of the great Barbassoro became passionately attached to Launcelot of the Lake; but so far from returning her love, he bestowed all his affections on the fair Queen Ginevra. To such a degree did her unhappy attachment arise, that she at length fell a victim to it, and died, leaving a bequest that, as soon as her soul had departed, her body should be transported on board a barge fitted up for the purpose, with a rich couch, and adorned with velvet stuffs and precious stones and ornaments; and thus arrayed in her proudest attire, with a bright golden crown upon her brows, she was to be borne alone to the place of residence of her beloved. Beneath her silver zone was found a letter to the following tenor; but we must first mention what ought to precede the letter itself. Everything was exactly fulfilled as she had appointed, respecting the vessel without a sail or oars, helmsman, or hands to guide her; and so, with its lifeless freight, it was launched upon the open waves. Thus she was borne along by the winds, which conveyed her direct

to Camelot, where the barge rested of itself upon the banks.

A rumour immediately spread through the court, and a vast train of barons and cavaliers ran out of the palace, followed soon by King Arthur himself. They stood mute with astonishment on observing the strange vessel there, without a voice or a hand to stir her out of the dead calm in which she lay. The king was the first to set his foot upon her side, and he there beheld the gentle lady surrounded with the pomp of death. He too first unclasped the zone, and cast his eye over the letter directed — “To all the Knights of the Round Table, greeting, from the poor lady of Scalot, who invokes long health and fortune for the proudest lances of the world. Do they wish to learn how I am thus fearfully brought before them? Let my last hand witness that it was at once for the sake of the noblest and vilest of the cavaliers of the land — for the proud knight, Launcelot of the Lake. For neither tears nor sighs of mine availed with him to have compassion on my love. And thus, alas! you behold me dead, — fallen a victim only for loving too true.”

HOW A CERTAIN HERMIT, ON HIS WAY THROUGH A FOREST,
FOUND A GREAT TREASURE, AND WHAT ENSUED.

A gentle hermit one day proceeding on his way through a vast forest, chanced to discover a large cave nearly hidden under ground. Being greatly fatigued, he entered to repose himself a while, and observing something shine brightly in the distance, he approached, and found it was a heap of gold. At the sight of the glittering bait he turned away, and hastening through the forest again as fast as possible, he had the further misfortune to fall into the hands of three fierce robbers, always on the watch to despoil the unwary travelers who might pass that way. But, though inmates of the forest, they had never yet discovered the treasure from which the hermit now fled. The thieves on first perceiving him thus strangely flying, without any one in pursuit, were seized with a sort of unaccountable dread, though, at the same time, they ventured forward to ascertain the cause. On approaching to in-

quire, the hermit, without relaxing his pace, answered, "I flee from death, who is urging me sorely behind." The robbers, unable to perceive any one, cried out, "Show us where he is, or take us to the place instantly." The hermit therefore replied, in a hurried voice, "Follow me, then," and proceeded towards the grotto. He there pointed out to them the fatal place, beseeching them, at the same time, to abstain from even looking at it, as they had far better do as he had done, and avoid it. But the thieves, resolving to know what strange thing it was which had alarmed him, only bade him lead the way: which, being in terror of his life, the hermit quickly did; and showing them the heap of gold, "Here," he said, "is the death which was in pursuit of me;" and the thieves, suddenly seizing upon the treasure, began to rejoice exceedingly.

They afterwards permitted the good man to proceed upon his way, amusing themselves when he was gone with ridiculing his absurd conduct. The three robbers, guarding the gold in their possession, began to consider in what way they should employ it. One of them observed, "Since Heaven has bestowed such good fortune upon us, we ought by no means to leave the place for a moment without bearing the whole of it along with us." "No," replied another, "it appears to me we had better not do so; but let one of us take a small portion, and set out to buy wine and viands at the city, besides many other things he may think we are in want of;" and to this the other two consented.

Now the great demon, who is very ingenious and busy on these occasions to effect as much mischief as possible, directly began to deal with the one fixed upon to furnish provisions from the city. "As soon," whispered the devil to him, "as I shall have reached the city, I will eat and drink of the best of everything, as much as I please, and then purchase what I want. Afterwards I will mix with the food I intend for my companions something which I trust will settle their account, thus becoming sole master of the whole of the treasure, which will make me one of the richest men in this part of the world;" and as he purposed to do, so he did.

He carried the poisoned food to his companions, who,



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on their part, while he had been away, had come to the conclusion of killing him on his return, in order that they might divide the booty between themselves, saying, "Let us fall upon him the moment he comes, and afterwards eat what he has brought, and divide the money between us in much larger shares than before." The robber who had been at the city now returned with the articles he had bought, when the other two instantly pierced his body with their lances, and despatched him with their knives. They then began to feast upon the provisions prepared for them, and upon satiating their appetite, both soon after were seized with violent pangs, and fell dead upon the ground. In this manner all three fell victims to each other's avarice and cruelty, without obtaining their ill-gotten wealth; a striking proof of the judgment of Heaven upon traitors; for, attempting to compass the death of others, they justly incurred their own. The poor hermit thus wisely fled from the gold, which remained without a single claimant.

NYE, EDGAR WILSON ("BILL NYE"), an American humorist; born at Shirley, Me., August 25, 1850; died at Asheville, N. C., February 22, 1896. At an early age he removed with his parents to Wisconsin and thence to Wyoming Territory, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He practiced his profession one year, reported for newspapers, and in 1878 began to write regularly a humorous letter for the Sunday papers of the West. He was for a time a reporter for the *Denver Tribune*, and later founded the Laramie (Wyoming) *Boomerang*. He became post-master at Laramie, superintendent of schools, justice of the peace, and United States Commissioner. His articles were widely copied, but

his paper was not a financial success. In 1884 he went to New York and began writing a weekly letter which appeared simultaneously in the journals of the principal cities of the Union. Mr. Nye gave lectures throughout the country, and published *Bill Nye and the Boomerang* (1881); *The Forty Liars* (1883); *Baled Hay* (1884); *Bill Nye's Blossom Rock* (1885); *Remarks* (1886); *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (1894), and *Bill Nye's History of England* (1896).

BOUND TO BE A PALL-BEARER.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am here to act as the pall-bearer of Sandy Baldwin. I shall do it, and those of you who know me know that I will do it. He cared little for the empty titles which the errors of humanity bestow upon unworthy men. He knew his friends while living. He knows them still. I was his friend. I am nothing more than that now. If he were alive he would indorse that sentiment."

At that moment Mr. Goodman stopped, and taking hold of the casket, he gently jolted it to test its weight. After he had hefted it he said:

"Now, gentlemen," and he looked like a Numidian lion whose tail had been shut into the door of the Coliseum by mistake, or a royal Bengal tiger, whose own private martyr had been ruthlessly jerked away from him by means of a string: "pride, pomp, and circumstance can no longer reach Sandy Baldwin in that mysterious country to which he has gone. Empty titles and the false glamour and glitter of hollow honors cannot gladden his dead heart now. Your Honorable this and your Judge that cannot bring the flash of pride to his pallid clay.

"But friendly hands shall be the last to touch his bier. No stranger shall bear my friend away to his grave, for—I will carry him myself."

Then he reached down and put his strong arms about

the casket of Sandy Baldwin to shoulder it. But better judgment moved the man who had charge of the services, and the original programme was carried out.

Lawrence Barrett said it was at once the grandest and most ludicrous sight he ever saw. There, in the midst of mourning, on the most solemn and impressive of occasions, stood a brave and defiant man, in a Prince Albert coat that tried to be dignified but lacked the necessary scope, and with trousers which shuddered at the idea of touching the earth by a foot or so. With flashing eye and distended nostril he defied the entire programme, and, threatening to bear away the body of his friend, like a true gladiator, he won his case, and Sandy Baldwin went to his grave surrounded by a little band of plain American citizens, followed by the titled but overawed pall-bearers, whose names were respectively, Messrs. Mud, Dennis, and others.

Fresno is also noted latterly for having among its citizens a gentleman named Whisk, who has done well for a number of years by attaching the baggage of various theatrical companies. I do not mention this because I have any personal grudge against Mr. Whisk, for I am not a theatrical company, neither did he attach my baggage. On the contrary, he bought a box and treated me well, but others murmur, and, I believe, with just cause, insomuch that the citizens of Fresno kick with a loud and sonorous kick, which extendeth even unto San Francisco, and even also unto the sound which is to the north thereof.

Mr. Whisk married in rather a romantic way, I thought. A Fresno gentleman told me about it. He said that Mr. Whisk was doing well in his attachment industry there, and finally formed another attachment for a very wealthy widow. She feared, however, that he only loved her as a brother, and also as one who hath his eye on the bank account wherewith she had been blest.

So she said to him: "Oh, darling, I fear that my wealth hath taught thee to love me, and if it were to take wings unto itself thou wouldst also do the same."

"Nay, Gwendolen," said Mr. Whisk, softly, as he drew her head down upon his shoulder and tickled the lobe

of her little, cunning ear with the end of his mustache, "I love not thy dollars, but thee alone. Also elsewhere. If thou doubttest me, give thy wealth to the poor. Give it to the World's Fair. Give it to the Central Pacific Railroad. Give it to anyone who is suffering."

"No," she unto him straightway did make answer, "I could not do that, honey."

"Then give it to your daughter," said Mr. Whisk, "if you think I am so low as to love alone your yellow dross."

He then drew himself up to his full height.

She flew to his arms like a frightened dove that has been hit on the head with a rock. Folding her warm, round arms about his neck, she sobbed with joy and gave her entire fortune to her daughter.

Mr. Whisk then married the daughter, and went on about his business.

I sometimes think that, at the best, man is a great, coarse thing.

The widow wept for Mr. Whisk for a week or two and bought a revolver with which to kill him, but better judgment prevailed. She suddenly came to her senses, and, realizing what a weak revenge it was, after all, merely to kill him, she packed up her parrot and went to live at his house.

JULIUS CÆSAR IN TOWN.

The play of *Julius Cæsar*, which has been at the Academy of Music this week, has made a great hit. Messrs. Booth and Barrett very wisely decided that if it succeeded here it would do well anywhere. If the people of New York like a play and say so, it is almost sure to go elsewhere. Judging by this test the play of *Julius Cæsar* has a glowing future ahead of it. It was written by Gentlemen Shakespeare, Bacon and Donnelly, who collaborated together on it. Shakespeare did the lines and plot, Bacon furnished the cipher and Donnelly called attention to it through the papers.

The scene of *Julius Cæsar* is laid in Rome just before

the railroad was completed to that place. In order to understand the play itself we must glance briefly at the leading characters which are introduced and upon whom its success largely depends.

Julius Cæsar first attracted attention through the Roman papers by calling the attention of the medical faculty to the now justly celebrated Cæsarian operation. Taking advantage of the advertisement thus attained, he soon rose to prominence and flourished considerably from 100 to 44 B.C., when a committee of representative citizens and property-owners of Rome called upon him and on behalf of the people begged leave to assassinate him as a mark of esteem. He was stabbed twenty-three times between Pompey's Pillar and eleven o'clock, many of which were mortal. This account of the assassination is taken from a local paper and is graphic, succinct and lacks the sensational elements so common and so lamentable in our own time. Cæsar was the implacable foe of the aristocracy and refused to wear a plug hat up to the day of his death. Sulla once said, before Cæsar had made much of a showing, that some day this young man would be the ruin of the aristocracy, and twenty years afterwards when Cæsar sacked, assassinated and holocausted a whole theological seminary for saying "eyether" and "nyether," the old settlers recalled what Sulla had said.

Cæsar continued to eat pie with a knife and in many other ways to endear himself to the masses until 68 B.C., when he ran for Quæstor. Afterward he was Ædile, during the term of which office he sought to introduce a number of new games and to extend the limit on some of the older ones. From this to the Senate was but a step. In the Senate he was known as a good Speaker, but ambitious, and liable to turn up during a close vote when his enemies thought he was at home doing his chores. This made him at times odious to those who opposed him, and when he defended Cataline and offered to go on his bond, Cæsar came near being condemned to death himself.

In 62 B.C. he went to Spain as Proprætor, intending to write a book about the Spanish people and their customs as soon as he got back, but he was so busy on his return that he did not have time to do so.

Cæsar was a powerful man with the people, and while in the Senate worked hard for his constituents, while other Senators were having their photographs taken. He went into the army when the war broke out, and after killing a great many people against whom he certainly could not have had anything personal, he returned, headed by the Rome Silver Cornet Band and leading a procession over two miles in length. It was at this time that he was tendered a crown just as he was passing the City Hall, but thrice he refused it. After each refusal the people applauded and encored him till he had to refuse it again. It is at about this time the play opens. Cæsar has just arrived on a speckled courser and dismounted outside the town. He comes in at the head of the procession with the understanding that the crown is to be offered him just as he crosses over to the Court-House.

Here Cassius and Brutus meet, and Cassius tries to make a Mugwump of Brutus, so that they can organize a new movement. Mr. Edwin Booth takes the character of Brutus and Mr. Lawrence Barrett takes that of Cassius. I would not want to take the character of Cassius myself, even if I had run short of character and needed some very much indeed, but Mr. Barrett takes it and does it first-rate. Mr. Booth also plays Brutus so that old settlers here say it seems almost like having Brutus here among us again.

Brutus was a Roman republican with strong tariff tendencies. He was a good extemporaneous after-dinner speaker and a warm personal friend of Cæsar, though differing from him politically. In assassinating Cæsar, Brutus used to say afterwards he did not feel the slightest personal animosity, but did it entirely for the good of the party. That is one thing I like about politics — you can cut out a man's vitals and hang them on the Christmas tree and drag the fair name of his wife or mother around through the sewers for six weeks before election, and so long as it is done for the good of the party it is all right.

So when Brutus is authorized by the caucus to assassinate Cæsar he feels that, like being President of the United States, it is a disagreeable job; but if the good of the party seems really to demand it he will do it, though

he wishes it distinctly understood that personally he hasn't got a thing against Cæsar.

In act 4 Brutus sits up late reading a story by E. P. Roe, and just as he is in the most exciting part of it the ghost of the assassinated Cæsar appears and states that it will meet him with hard gloves at Philippi. Brutus looks bored and says that he is not in condition, but the ghost leaves it that way and Brutus looks still more bored till the ghost goes out through a white oak door without opening it.

At Philippi, Brutus sees that there is no hope of police interference, and so before time is called he inserts his sword into his being and dies while the polite American audience puts on its overcoat and goes out, looking over its shoulder to see that Brutus does not take advantage of this moment, while the people are going away, to resuscitate himself.

The play is thoroughly enjoyable all the way through, especially Cæsar's funeral. The idea of introducing a funeral and engaging Mark Antony to deliver the eulogy, with the understanding that he was to have his traveling expenses paid and the privilege of selling the sermon to a syndicate, shows genius on the part of the joint authors. All the way through the play is good, but sad. There is no divertisement or tank in it, but the funeral more than makes up for all that.

Where Portia begs Brutus, before the assassination, to tell her all and let her in on the ground floor, and asks what the matter is, and he claims that it is malaria, and she still insists and asks, "Dwell I but in the suburbs of your good pleasure?" and he states, "You are my true and honorable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," I forgot myself and wept my new plug hat two-thirds full. It is as good as anything there is in Josh Whitcomb's play.

Booth and Barrett have the making of good actors in them. I met both of these gentlemen in Wyoming some years ago. We met by accident. They were going to California and I was coming back. By some oversight we had both selected the same track, and we were thrown together. I do not know whether they will recall my face

or not. I was riding on the sleeper truck at the time of the accident. I always take a sleeper and always did. I rode on the truck because I didn't want to ride inside the car and have to associate with a wealthy porter who looked down upon me. I am the man who was found down the creek the next day gathering wild ferns and murmuring, "Where am I?"

The play of *Julius Cæsar* is one which brings out the meanness and magnetism of Cassius, and emphasizes the mistaken patriotism of Brutus. It is full of pathos, duplicity, assassination, treachery, erroneous loyalty, suicide, hypocrisy, and all the intrigue, jealousy, cowardice and deviltry which characterized the politics of fifty years B.C., but which now, thanks to the enlightenment and refinement which twenty centuries have brought, are known no more forever. Let us not forget, as we enter upon the year 1888, that it is a Presidential year, and that all acrimony will be buried under the dew and the daisies, and that no matter how high party spirit may run, there will be no personal enmity.

O

O'BRIEN, FITZ-JAMES, an Irish-American poet and journalist; born at Limerick in 1828; died at Cumberland, Md., April 6, 1862. He was educated at the University of Dublin. On leaving college he went to London, and in a couple of years ran through an inheritance of £8,000. He had in the meantime made some successful experiments in authorship; and in 1852 removed to New York, where he entered upon a brilliant career as a contributor to magazines, writing with facility upon a variety of topics, both in prose and verse.

Toward the close of 1861 he joined a New York regiment, and was not long afterward appointed upon the staff of General Lander. At a skirmish on February 26, 1862, he received a wound in the shoulder, which was not thought to be serious; but through unskilful surgical treatment he died on April 6. A volume made up from some of his *Poems and Stories*, edited by William Winter, was published in 1881. The following poem, which is among his latest, was written early in the autumn of 1851, when he was about to break off his "bohemian" way of life, and essay a new career. Those who can read between the lines will perceive that it is in a way autobiograph-

ical, and that the "loss" deplored is not that of any woman, but of his own better self, as it might have been, and might perhaps again be.

OF LOSS.

Stretched, silver-spun, the spider's nets;
The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung,
The teams that ploughed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
And brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
From side to side the hissing scythe;

Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
The scythe 'mid blades of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider-flask,
Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all these swept a stream
Of subtle music — felt, not heard —
As one conjures in a dream
The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene,
Its autumn splendor fired my veins;
The woods were like an Indian Queen
Who gazed upon her old domains.

And, ah! methought I heard a sigh
Come softly through her leafy lips;
A mourning over days gone by,
That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss —
I never much could think on Gain —
A poet oft will woo a cross
On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think — I know not how —
Perchance through sense of Indian wrong —
Of losses of my own, that now
Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But, like a brood of fledgling birds,
Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang, "O early loss!
O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
O steel that clipped the untried wing!

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
Whom once they called a merchant-prince,
Over the ships he sent to sea,
And never, never, heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay,
This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A misty sorrow veils my brain,
And dimly looms the light of Truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
And fleeting shone with sweeter grace,
And as she died the colors grew
To softer splendors in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned, I heard a peal
Of laughter through the meadows flow;
I saw the farm-boys at their meal,
I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
His feet with valley-vapors wet;
And slowly circling, upward crept
The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
That marred this dream of peace below;
"O God," I cried, "give, give me death,
Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

ELISHA KENT KANE.

(Died February 15, 1857.)

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag,
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,

Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth:
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb;
And his own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came;
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph; Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand; the large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast.
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
"Honor to Kane!"

In vain—in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung
With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased,
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but, as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattering being that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And, in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for him who died so well
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his life:—
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell,
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amidst the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow;
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floc
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine, the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the prostrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand
Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew;
The whispers of rebellion — faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder:—such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate!
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate,

Equal to every trial—every fate—
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state:
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode does chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian Knight, Elisha Kane!

OEHLENSCHLÄGER, ADAM GOTTLOB, a Danish dramatist and poet; born at Veslerbro, near Copenhagen, November 14, 1779; died there, January 20, 1850. His father was steward of the royal palace at Fredericksburg, where the son passed his early life. At the age of twelve he began to write dramatic pieces, which were performed by himself and his school-mates. In 1803 he published a volume of poems. This was followed by his drama of *Aladdin*, which gained for him a traveling stipend from the Government. He thoroughly mastered the German language, into which he translated those of his works which were originally written in Danish. He went to Italy, where he became intimate with the Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. Returning to Denmark in 1810, he was made Professor of Æsthetics in

the University of Copenhagen. His *Works*, which include dramas, poems, novels, and translations, fill forty-one volumes. He is best known by his dramas, twenty-four in all, of which nineteen are upon Scandinavian subjects. Many of them have been translated into English by Theodore Martin and others. Among the best of his works are *Alladin*; *Hakon Jarl*; *Palnatoke*; *Axel and Valborg*; *Correggio*; *Canute the Great*; *The Varangians in Constantinople*; *Land Found and Lost*, based upon the early voyages of the Northmen in America; *Dina*, and *The Gods of the North*. A complete edition of his *Poetiske Skrifter* (Poetical Writings) was published at Copenhagen in thirty-two volumes (1857-65).

“ALADDIN;” DEDICATION TO GOETHE.

Borne in far Northern clime,
 Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
 From fairy-land;
 Where flowers eternal blow,
 Where Power and Beauty go,
 Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
 In rapture on the Saga lore;
 When on the wold
 The snow was falling white,
 I, shuddering with delight,
 Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
 The Winter smote the castle on the hill,
 It fanned my hair.

I sat in my small room,
 And through the lamp-lit gloom
 Saw Spring shine fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
 And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparrelled East
 Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North I flew;
 I was possest
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
 Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold;
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
 Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand:
Their tameness only fanned
 My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eyes keener vision gave
 That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far-off ride,
 Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
 From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where Power and Beauty go,
 Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger minstrel's song.
 Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
 The German lyre.

And when the memorable day was past,
 And Thor triumphant on his people smiled,
 The actions died not with the day they graced;
 The bard embalmed them in his descendant wild,
 And their hymned names, through ages uneffaced,
 The weary hours of future Danes beguiled.
 When even their snowy bones had mouldered long,
 On the high column lived the imperishable song.

And the impetuous harp resounded high
 With feats of hardiment done far and wide;
 While the bard soothed with festive minstrelsy
 The chiefs reposing after battle-tide.
 Nor would stern themes alone his hand employ:
 He sang the virgin's sweetly tempered pride,
 And hoary eld, and woman's gentle cheer,
 And Denmark's manly hearts, to love and friendship
 dear.

—*Translation of WALKER.*

ON LEAVING ITALY.

Once more among the old, gigantic hills with vapors
 clouded o'er;
 The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind, the rocks as-
 cend before.

They beckon me, the giants, from afar; they wing my
 footsteps on;
 Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine, their
 cuirasses of stone.

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth — why
 should my heart be sore?
 I hear the eagle's and the vulture's cry, the nightin-
 gale's no more.

Where is the laurel? Where the myrtle's bloom? Bleak
 is the path around.
 Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing?
 Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom a
weight appears to flow?

Methinks the muses come to call me home from yonder
rocks of snow.

I know not how — but in yon land of roses my heart was
heavy still;

I startled at the warbling nightingale, the zephyrs on
the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam — it
seemed not so to me.

In vain a scene of beauty beamed around: my thoughts
were o'er the sea.

— *Translation in Foreign Quarterly Review.*

O'HARA, THEODORE, an American poet; born at Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820; died near Gerrytown, Ala., June 6, 1867. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, where he was also for a time Professor of Greek. He then practised law, and in 1845 he became an employee in the Treasury Department at Washington. In 1846 he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers, with the rank of captain. In 1847 he was brevetted for gallantry at Cherubusco and Contreras. After the Mexican War he practiced law in Washington; and later, he led a regiment at Cardenas, in aid of Lopez, for the liberation of Cuba. He returned severely wounded, and afterward joined the Walker expedition. Upon his return from the latter filibustering expedition he became connected editorially with the *Mobile Register*, the *Frankfort Yeoman*, and the

Louisville *Times*. He served in the Confederate army as a commander of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay; and afterward, until the end of the war, as chief-of-staff of General Breckenridge. O'Hara is best remembered for his poem *The Bivouac of the Dead*, written to commemorate his comrades of the Mexican War who are buried at Frankfort. Lines from his poem are on many monuments in the national cemeteries, and over their gates.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind —
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud —
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

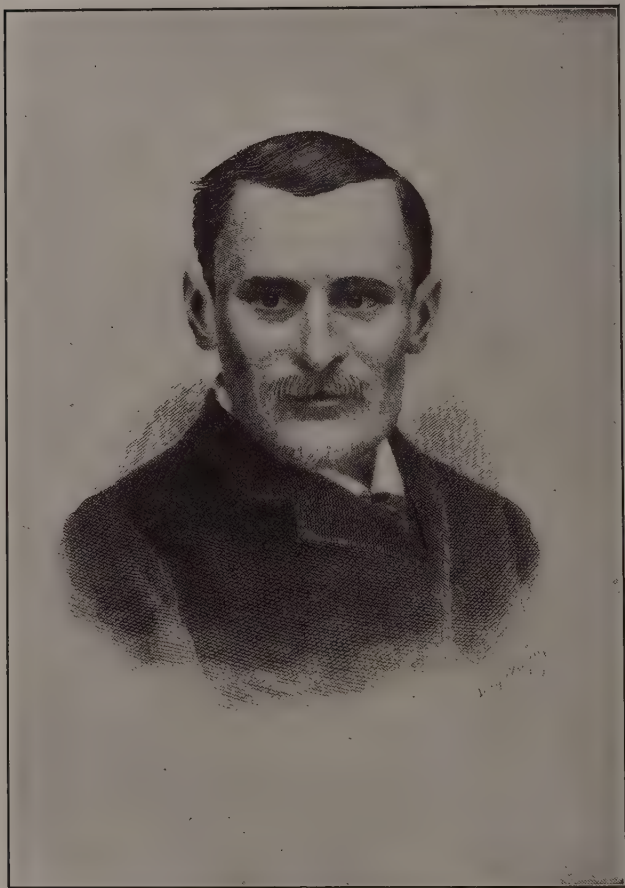
The neighing troop, the flashing blade
The bugle stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed —
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongue resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war the richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.



GEORGES OHNET.

The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles softly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year has flown,
 The story how ye fell;
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

— *From an ode, read at the dedication of a monument to
 the soldiers of Kentucky who fell in the Mexican War.*

OHNET, GEORGES, a French editor, dramatist and novelist; born at Paris, April 3, 1848. He was successively editor of *Le Pays* and of *Le Constitutionnel*, and was remarked for his vivacity and polemical spirit. Among his earlier works are a drama, *Regina Sarpi* (1875), and a comedy, *Marthe* (1877). Several of his novels have been dramatized. One of these, *Le Maître de Forges* (1882), was played for twelve months. This and other romances — *Serge Panine*; *La Comtesse Sarah*;

Lise Fleuron; *La Grande Marinière*; *Les Dames de Croix-Mort* — were published as a series under the title *Le Batailles de la Vie. Noir et Rose* (1887) is a collection of stories. *Volonté* (1888) is directed against pessimism. *La Conversion du Professeur Rameau*, *Le Dernier Amour* (1890); *Dette de Haine* (1891); *Le Droit de l'Enfant* (1894), and *Gens de la Noce* (1900) are his most recent works.

THE INVENTOR AND THE BANKER.

"Do not fear to ask too much. I will agree to whatever you wish. I am so sure of success."

Success! This one word dissipated the shadows in which the tyrant of La Neuville was losing himself. Success! The word typical of the inventor. He remembered the furnace of which he had heard so much. It was on the future of this invention that the marquis based his hopes of retrieving himself. It was by means of this extraordinary consumer that he proposed to again set going the work at the Great Marl-Pit, to pay his debts, to rebuild his fortune. The banker began to understand the situation. Carvaján became himself again.

"No doubt it is your furnace about which you are so anxious?" he said, looking coldly at the marquis. "But I must remind you that I am here to receive money and not to lend it — to terminate one transaction and not to commence another. Is that all you have to say to me?"

But the inventor, with the obstinacy and candor of a maniac, began to explain his plans, and to enumerate his chances of success. He forgot to whom he was addressing himself, and at what a terrible crisis he had arrived; he thought of nothing but his invention, and how best to describe its merits. He drew the banker into the corner of the laboratory, where the model stood, and proposed to set it going to describe how it acted; and, as he spoke, he became more and more excited, until he was simply overflowing with enthusiasm and confidence.

Carvaján's cold, cutting voice put a sudden stop to his

ecstasies. "But under what pretext do you intend me to lend you money to try the merits of your invention? You already owe me nearly four hundred thousand francs, my dear sir, a hundred and sixty thousand of which are due to me this very morning. Are you in a position to pay me?"

The marquis lowered his head.

"No, sir," he whispered.

"Your servant then. And in future pray remember not to trouble people simply to talk trash to them, and that when a man can't pay his debts he oughtn't to give himself the airs of a genius. Ha, ha, the consumer, indeed! By the way, it belongs to me now, like everything else here. And if it is worth anything, I really don't see why I shouldn't work it myself ———"

"You!"

"Yes, I, marquis. I think the moment has come when you may as well give up all attempt at diplomacy. All that there is left for you to do is to pack up your odds and ends and say good-by to your country-house."

The tyrant planted himself in front of Monsieur de Clairefont, and, his face lighted up with malicious glee, resumed:

"Thirty years ago you had me thrown out of your house. To-day it is my turn. A bailiff is below taking an inventory." He burst into an insulting laugh, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets with insolent familiarity, walked up and down the room with the airs of a master.

The marquis had listened to his harangue with stupefaction. The illusions he had still preserved fled in a second, as the clouds before the breath of the storm-wind. His reason returned to him, he regained his judgment, and blushed at having lowered himself so far as to make proposals to Carvajan. He no longer saw in him the lender, always ready for an advantageous investment—he recognized the bitter, determined enemy of his family.

"I was mistaken," he said, contemptuously. "I thought I still possessed enough to tempt your cupidity."

"Oh, insolence!" returned the banker, coldly. "That

is a luxury in which your means will not permit you to indulge, my dear sir. When a man's in people's debt he should try to pay them in other coin than abuse."

"You are able to take advantage of my position, sir," said the marquis, bitterly. "I am at your mercy, and I ought not to be surprised at anything since my own children have been the first to forsake me. What consideration can I expect from a stranger when my daughter closes her purse to me, and my son leaves me to fight the battle alone? But let us put an end to this interview. There is nothing more to be said on either side."

Carvaján made a gesture of surprise, then his face lighted up with diabolical delight.

"Excuse me," he said. "I see you have fallen into an error, and that I must undeceive you. You are accusing your son and daughter wrongfully. No doubt you asked Mademoiselle de Clairefont to relieve you from your embarrassments and she refused, as you pretend. She had very good reasons for her refusal—the money you asked she gave long ago. So you complain of her ingratitude? Well, then, let me tell you that she has ruined herself for you, and secretly, and imploring that you should not be told the use she had made of her fortune. And that is what you call closing her purse to you."

The marquis did not utter a word, did not breathe one sigh. A wave of blood rushed to his head, and he turned first crimson, then livid. He only looked at Carvaján as might a victim at his murderer. He felt as though his heart were being wrung within his breast. He took a few steps, then forgetting that his tormentor was still present, mechanically seated himself in his arm-chair and leaning his head against the back, moved it restlessly from side to side.

But the mayor followed him, taking an exquisite delight in the agony of his enemy, and overpowering and crushing him with the weight of his hatred.

"As for your son," he went, on, "if he is not with you now, you may be sure it is through no want of inclination on his part. He was arrested yesterday and taken to Rouen under escort of two gendarmes." . . .

His brain reeled, and he stared wildly at the monster who was gloating over his agony. "If Heaven is just, you will be punished through your son," he cried. "Yes, since you have no pity for mine, yours will show no regard for you. Scoundrel! You are the parent of an honest man. He it is who will chasten you!"

These words uttered by the marquis with the fire of madness, made Carvajan shudder with fear and rage.

"Why do you say that to me?" he cried.

He saw the old man walking aimlessly to and fro, with haggard eyes, and wild gesticulation. "I believe he is going mad!" he whispered to Tondeur.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the marquis. "My enemies themselves will avenge me. Yes, the son is an honorable man—he has already left his father's house once—he will loath what he will see being done around him."

Suddenly he turned on Carvajan.

"Go out of here, you monster!" he exclaimed. "Your work is done. You have robbed me of my fortune, you have robbed me of my honor. There is but my model left, and that you shall not have!"

He ran to his table, tore up his designs and trampled them under foot. Then, seizing a heavy hammer, he hurried to the stove, and laughing horribly all the time, tried to break it. Carvajan, in his exasperation, stepped forward to stop him. But the old man turned round with hair bristling and mouth foaming.

"Stay where you are or I'll kill you!" he cried.

"Sacrédié! I'm not afraid!" returned the banker. And he was on the point of rushing forward to save the stove from the destructive rage of the inventor, when the door was thrown open and Mademoiselle de Clairefont appeared. She had heard from below the marquis's high, excited tones.

"Father!" she cried.

She sprang to him, took the hammer from him and clasped him in her arms. — *Antoinette (La Grande Mari-nière)*.

OLIPHANT, LAURENCE, a British traveler and diplomat; born at Cape Town, South Africa, in 1829; died at Twickenham, England, December 23, 1888. His father was for many years Chief-Justice of Ceylon, and the son, while quite young, made a tour in India, visiting, in company with Sir Jung Bahadoor, the native Court of Nepaul, an account of which he published in his *Journey to Katmandhu*. He afterward studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the Scottish and the English bar. In 1852 he traveled in Southern Russia, visiting the Crimea. He succeeded in entering the fortified port of Sebastopol, of which he gave the earliest full account in his *Russian Shores of the Black Sea* (1855). In 1855 he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, traveled in British America and the Northwestern parts of the United States, and published *Minnesota and the Far West* (1856). In 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin, who had been appointed British Envoy to China and Japan, and wrote a valuable *Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan* (1860). In 1861, while acting as Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, he was severely wounded by an assassin, and retired from the diplomatic service. From 1865 to 1868 he was a member of Parliament for the Scottish burgh of Stirling. He subsequently became a convert of an American religious impostor named Thomas Lake Harris, and resided in the Harris community near Dunkirk, N. Y. After losing his health and fortune he went to Palestine, where he resided during the latter years of his life. Among his miscellaneous writ-

ings are *Transcaucasian Campaign of Omar Pasha* (1856); *Piccadilly, a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography* (1870); *The Land of Gilead* (1882); *Travesties, Social and Political* (1882); *Altiora Peto*, a novel (1883); *Episodes in a Life of Adventure* (1887); *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine* (1887), and *Scientific Religion* (1888).

REVOLUTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

Any person who has attentively observed the working of the anomalous and altogether unique system under which the vast empire of China is governed will perceive that, although ruling under altogether different conditions, supported not by physical force, but by a moral prestige, unrivalled in power and extent, the Emperor of China can say, with no less truth than Napoleon, "*L'Empire, c' est moi.*" Backed by no standing army worth the name, depending for the stability of his authority neither upon his military genius nor administrative capacity, he exercises a rule more absolute than any European despot, and is able to thrill with his touch the remotest provinces of the Empire; deriving his ability to do so from that instinct of cohesion and love of order by which his subjects are super-eminently characterized.

But while it happens that the wonderful endurance of a Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionize a Western state, it is no less true that the limits may be passed; when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost Constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogatives; and, so long as neither exceeds these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of Imperial Government re-

volve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the Empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance, they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive, perhaps, for some time by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community, but the last spark ultimately expiring, and its blackened trace being in a few years utterly effaced.—*Narrative of the Mission of the Earl of Elgin.*

A VISIT ON MOUNT CARMEL.

My host, who came out to meet me, led me to an elevated platform in front of the village mosque, an unusually imposing edifice. Here, under the shade of a spreading mulberry-tree, were collected seven brothers, who represented the family, and about fifty other members of it. They were in the act of prayer when I arrived — indeed, they are renowned for their piety. Along the front of the terrace was a row of water-bottles for ablutions, behind them mats on which the praying was going forward, and behind the worshippers a confused mass of slippers. When they had done praying, they all got into their slippers. It was a marvel to me how each knew his own.

They led me to what I supposed was a place of honor, where soft coverlets had been spread near the door of the mosque. We formed the usual squatting circle, and were sipping coffee, when suddenly everyone started to his feet; a dark, active little man seemed to dart into the midst of us. Everybody struggled frantically to kiss his hand, and he passed through us like a flash to the other end of the platform, followed by a tall negro, whose hand everybody, including my aristocratic host, seemed also anxious to kiss. I had not recovered from my astonishment at this proceeding, when I received a message from the new-comer to take a place by his side. I now found that he was on the seat of honor, and it became a ques-

tion, until I knew who he was, whether I should admit his right to invite me to it, thus acknowledging his superiority in rank—etiquette in these matters being a point which has to be attended to in the East, however absurd it may seem among ourselves. I therefore for the moment ignored his invitation, and asked my host, in an off-hand way, who he was. He informed me that he was a mollah, held in the highest consideration for his learning and piety all through the country, upon which he, in fact, levied a sort of religious tax; that he was here on a visit, and that in his own home he was in the habit of entertaining two hundred guests a night, no one being refused hospitality. His father was a dervish, celebrated for his miraculous powers, and the mantle thereof had fallen upon the negro, who had been his servant, and who also was much venerated, because it was his habit to go to sleep in the mosque, and be spirited away, no one knew whither, in the night; in fact, he could become invisible almost at will.

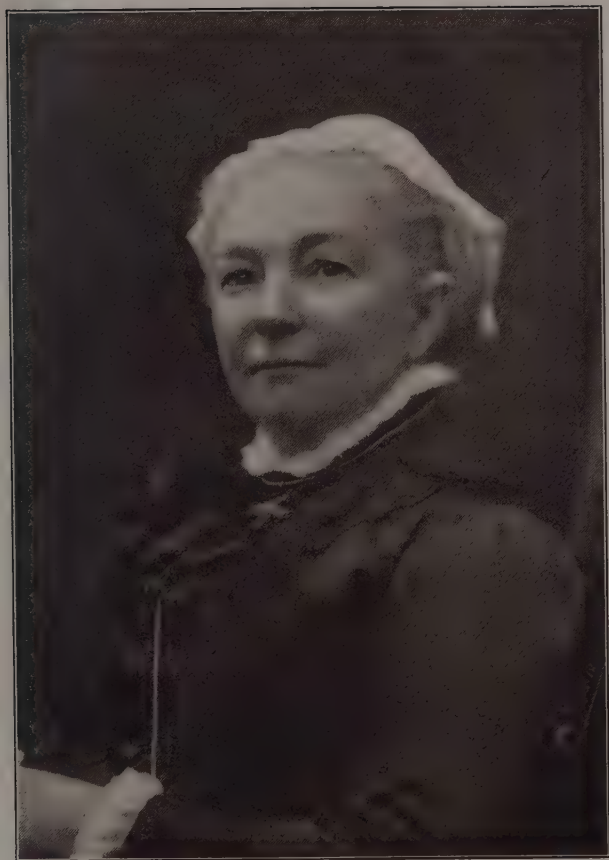
Under these circumstances, and seeing that I should seriously embarrass my host if I stood any longer on my dignity, I determined to waive it, and joined the saint. He received me with supercilious condescension, and we exchanged compliments till dinner was announced, when my host asked whether I wished to dine alone or with the world at large. As the saint had been too patronizing to be strictly polite, I thought I would assert my right to be exclusive, and said I would dine alone, on which he, with a polite sneer, remarked that it would be better so, as he had an objection to eating with anyone who drank wine, to which I retorted that I had an equal objection to dining with those who ate with their fingers. From this it will appear that my relations with the holy man were getting somewhat strained.

I was, therefore, supplied with a pyramid of rice and six or seven elaborately cooked dishes all to myself, and squatted on one mat, while a few yards off the saint, my host, and all his brothers squatted on another. When they had finished their repast their places were occupied by others, and I counted altogether more than fifty persons feeding on the mosque terrace at my host's expense.

Dinner over, they all trooped in to pray, and I listened to the monotonous chanting of the Koran till it was time to go to bed. My host offered me a mat in the mosque, where I should have a chance of seeing the miraculous disappearance of the negro; but as I had no faith in this, and a great deal in the snoring, by which I should be disturbed, I slept in a room apart as exclusively as I had dined.

I was surprised next morning to observe a total change in the saint's demeanor. All the supercilious pride of the previous evening had vanished, and we soon became most amiable to each other. That he was a fanatic hater of the Giaour I felt no doubt, but for some reason he had deemed it politic to adopt an entirely altered demeanor. It was another illustration of the somewhat painful lesson which one has to learn in one's intercourse with Orientals. They must never be allowed to outswagger you.—*Haifa*.

OLIPHANT, MARGARET WILSON, a British novelist and biographer; born at Wallyford, Midlothian, April 4, 1828; died at London, June 25, 1897. Her first novel, *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, appeared in 1849; this was followed by many others, among which are *Adam Græme of Mossgray* (1852); *Lilliesleaf* (1855); *Chronicles of Carlingford* (1866); *The Minister's Wife* (1869); *Squire Arden* (1871); *A Rose in June* (1874); *Young Musgrave* (1877); *He that Will Not When He May* (1880); *A Little Pilgrim* (1882); *The Ladies Lindores* (1883); *Oliver's Bride* (1886); in conjunction with T. B. Aldrich, *The Second Son* (1888); *Joyce* (1888); *Neighbors on the Green* and *A Poor Gentleman* (1889). Among her



MRS. MARGARET OLIPHANT.

works in biography and general literature are *Life of Edward Irving* (1862); *Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.*, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1869); *St. Francis of Assisi* (1870); *Memoir of Count Montalembert* (1872); *The Makers of Florence* (1876); *The Literary History of England during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries* (1886); *Foreign Classics for English Readers* (1887); *The Makers of Venice* (1887), and a *Biography of Laurence Oliphant* (1889).

The life of this remarkable woman seems to have been almost entirely devoted to her literary labors. Herself and her work were inseparable, inasmuch as even her intimates seldom found her when she was not writing a novel, finishing one, or arranging a plot. Her industry was phenomenal. It is doubtful if there ever lived a British writer who produced more novels than she. None of them was distinguished for its strength or intricacy of plot, or its power of expression, or of analysis, but they all had the virtue of containing as their heroes and heroines living, breathing human beings.

Throughout her long career as a writer she held consistently to one principle in the character of her work. She believed that fiction was lowered when the writer dealt with subjects or with characters that "would not be admitted into any family in the Empire." The result was that she never wrote anything about the criminal classes, avoided immorality as a subject as she would have avoided a contagion, and she came well into that classification of British authors who wrote for young men and women as their fathers or mothers might have done.

AN ENGLISH RECTOR AND RECTORY.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. Let the child alone — she will never be young again if she should live a hundred years."

These words were spoken in the garden of Dinglefield Rectory on a very fine summer day a few years ago. The speaker was Mr. Damerel, the rector, a middle-aged man, with very fine, somewhat worn features, a soft, benignant smile, and, as everybody said who knew him, the most charming manner in the world. He was a man of very elegant mind, as well as manners. He did not preach often, but when he did preach all the educated persons of his congregation felt that they had very choice fare indeed set before them. I am afraid the poor people liked the curate best; but then the curate liked them best, and it mattered very little to any man or woman of refinement what sentiment existed between the cottage and the curate. Mr. Damerel was perfectly kind and courteous to everybody, gentle and simple, who came in his way, but he was not fond of poor people in the abstract. He disliked everything that was unlovely; and, alas! there are a great many unlovely things in poverty.

The rectory garden at Dinglefield is a delightful place. The house is on the summit of a little hill, or rather table-land, for in the front, toward the green, all is level and soft, as becomes an English village; but on the other side the descent begins toward the lower country, and from the drawing-room windows and the lawn the view extended over a great plain, lighted up with links of river, and fading into unspeakable hazes of distance such as were the despair of every artist and the delight of the fortunate people who lived there, and were entertained day by day with the sight of all the sunsets, the mid-day splendors, the flying shadows, the soft, prolonged twilights. Mr. Damerel was fond of saying that no place he knew so lent itself to idleness as this. "Idleness! I speak as the foolish ones speak," he was wont to say; "for what occupation could be more ennobling than to watch those gleams and shadows — all Nature spread out

before you, and demanding attention, though so softly that only those who have ears hear. I allow, my gentle Nature here does not shout at you, and compel your regard, like her who dwells among the Alps, for instance. My dear, you are always so practical; but so long as you leave me my landscape I want little more."

Thus the rector would discourse. It was only a very little more he wanted — only to have his garden and lawn in perfect order, swept and trimmed every morning, like a lady's boudoir, and refreshed with every variety of flower; to have his table not heavily loaded with vulgar English joints, but daintily covered, and oh! so delicately served; the linen always fresh, the crystal always fine; the ladies dressed as ladies should be; to have his wine — of which he took very little — always fine, of choice vintage, and with a *bouquet* which rejoiced the heart; to have plenty of new books; to have quiet, undisturbed by the noise of the children, or any other troublesome noise which broke the harmony of Nature; and especially undisturbed by bills and cares, such as, he declared, at once shorten life and take all pleasure out of it. This was all he required, and surely never man had tastes more moderate, more innocent, more virtuous and refined.

The little scene to which I have thus abruptly introduced the reader took place in the most delicious part of the garden. The deep stillness of noon was over the sunshiny world; part of the lawn was brilliant in light; the very insects were subdued out of the buzz of activity by the spell of the sunshine; but here, under the lime-tree, there was a grateful shade, where everything took breath. Mr. Damerel was seated in a chair which had been made expressly for him, and which combined the comfort of soft cushions with such a rustic appearance as became its habitation out-of-doors; under his feet was a soft Persian rug, in colors blended with all the harmony which belongs to the Eastern loom; at his side a pretty carved table, with a raised rim, with books upon it, and a thin Venice glass containing a rose.

Another rose — the Rose of my story — was half-sitting, half-reclining on the grass at his feet — a pretty, light figure in a soft muslin dress, almost white, with bits

of soft rose-colored ribbons here and there. She was the eldest child of the house. Her features I do not think were at all remarkable, but she had a bloom so soft, so delicate, so sweet, that her father's fond title for her, "a Rose in June," was everywhere acknowledged as appropriate. A rose of the very season of roses was this Rose. Her very smiles, which went and came like breath, never away for two minutes together, yet never lasting beyond the time you took to look at her, were flowery, too — I can scarcely tell why. For my own part, she always reminded me not so much of a garden-rose in its glory as of a bunch of wild roses, all blooming and smiling from the bough — here pink, here white, here with a dozen ineffable tints. In all her life she had never had occasion to ask herself was she happy. Of course she was happy! Did she not live, and was not that enough? — *A Rose in June.*

EDWARD IRVING.

Chalmers and Irving were, with the exception of Robert Hall, the two greatest preachers of their day, Irving had passed a year or two as Chalmers's assistant at Glasgow before he went to London, in 1822, and where the world found him out, and in his obscure chapel he became almost the most noted of all the notabilities of town. Even now, when his story is well known, and his own journals and letters have proved the nobleness and sincerity of the man, it is difficult for the world to forget that it once believed him — after having followed and stared at him as a prodigy — an impostor or a madman. And it is well known that the too lofty and unworldly strain of his great mind separated him from that homely standing-ground of fact upon which alone our mortal footsteps are safe; and from the very exaltation of his aspiring soul brought him down into humiliation, subjection to pettier minds, and to the domination of a sect created by his impulse, yet reigning over him.

The eloquence of Irving was like nothing else known in his day. Something of the lofty parallelism of the Hebrew, something of the noble English of our Bible, along

with that solemn national form of poetic phraseology, "such as grave lovers do in Scotland use," composed the altogether individual style in which he wrote and spoke. It was no assumed or elaborated style, but the natural utterance of a mind cast in other moulds than those common to the men of the nineteenth century, and in himself at once a primitive prophet, a mediæval leader, and a Scotch Borderer, who had never been subject to the trimming and chopping influence of society. It is said that a recent publication of his sermons has failed to attract the public; and this is comprehensible enough, for large volumes of sermons are not popular literature. But the reader who takes the trouble to overcome the disinclination which is so apt to arrest us on the threshold of such a study, will find himself carried along by such a lofty simplicity, by such a large and noble manliness of tone, by the originality of a mind incapable of not taking God at His word, instinct with that natural faith in all things divine which is, we think, in its essence one of the many inheritances of genius — though sometimes rejected and disowned — that he will not grudge the pains. He who held open before the orphan that grand refuge of the "fatherhood of God," which struck the listening statesman with wondering admiration; he who, in intimating a death, "made known to them the good intelligence that our brother has had a good voyage, so far as we could follow him or hear tidings of him," saw everything around him with magnified and ennobled vision, and spoke of what he saw with the grandeur and simplicity of a seer — telling his arguments and his reasonings as if they had been a narrative, and making a great, poetic story of the workings of the mind and its labors and consolations.

In the most abstruse of his subjects this method continues to be always apparent. The sermon is like a sustained and breathless tale, with an affinity to the minute narrative of Defoe or of the primitive historians. The pauses are brief, the sentences long, but the interest does not flag. Once afloat upon the stream, the reader — and in his day how much more the hearer! — finds it difficult to release himself from the full, flowing tide of interest in

which he looks for the accustomed breaks and breathing-places in vain. — *Literary History of England.*

SAVONAROLA AND LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

It was in the villa of Carregi, amid the olive-gardens, that Lorenzo lay, dying among the beautiful things he loved. As Savonarola took his way up the hill, with the old monk whose duty it was to accompany him, he told the monk that Lorenzo was about to die. This was, no doubt, a very simple anticipation, but everything Savonarola said was looked upon by his adoring followers as prophecy. When the two monks reached the beautiful house from which so often the Magnificent Lorenzo had looked out upon his glorious Florence, and in which his life of luxury, learned and gay, had culminated, the Prior was led to the chamber in which the owner of all these riches lay hopeless and helpless, in what ought to have been the prime of his days, with visions of sacked cities and robbed orphans distracting his dying mind, and no aid to be got from either beauty or learning. "Father," said Lorenzo, "there are three things which drag me back, and throw me into despair, and I know not if God will ever pardon me for them." These were the sack of Volterra, the robbery of the Monte delle Fanciulle, and the massacre of the Pazzi. To this Savonarola answered by reminding his penitent of the mercy of God. The dramatic climax is wanting in the account given by Politian; but we quote it in full from the detailed and simple narrative of Burlamacchi:

"Lorenzo," said Savonarola, "be not so despairing, for God is merciful to you, if you will do the three things I will tell you." Then said Lorenzo, "What are these three things?" The Padre answered, "The first is that you should have a great and living faith that God can and will pardon you." To which Lorenzo answered, "This is a great thing, and I do believe it." The Padre added, "It is also necessary that everything wrongfully acquired should be given back by you, in so far as you can do this, and still leave to your children as much as will maintain them as private citizens." These words drove Lorenzo

nearly out of himself; but afterward he said, "This also will I do." The Padre then went on to the third thing, and said, "Lastly, it is necessary that freedom and her popular government, according to republican usage, should be restored to Florence." At this speech Lorenzo turned his back upon him, nor ever said another word. Upon which the Padre left him, and went away without other confession. . . .

We do not know where to find a more remarkable scene. Never before, as far as we can ascertain, had these two notable beings looked at each other face to face, or interchanged words. They met at the supreme moment of the life of one, to confer there upon the edge of eternity, and to part—but not in a petty quarrel—each great in his way; the Prince turning his face to the wall in the bitterness of his soul; the Friar drawing his cowl over his head, solemn, un blessing, but not un pitiful. They separated after their one interview. The Prince had sought the unwilling Preacher in vain when all went well with Lorenzo; but the Preacher "grieved greatly," as he afterward said, "not to have been sooner" when at last they met; and Savonarola recognized in the great Medici a man worth struggling for—a fellow and peer of his own.

Thus Lorenzo died at forty-four, in the height of his days, those distracting visions in his dying eyes—the sacked city, the murdered innocents of the Pazzi blood, the poor maidens robbed in their orphanage. He had been victorious and splendid all his days; but the battle was lost at last; and the prophet by the side of his princely bed intimated to him, in that last demand, to which he would make no answer, the subversion of all his work, the downfall of his family, the escape of Florence from the skilful hands which had held her so long. The spectator, looking on at this strange and lofty conflict of the two most notable figures of the time, feels almost as much sympathy for Lorenzo—proud and sad, refusing to consent to that ruin which was inevitable—as with the patriotic monk, lover of freedom as of truth, who could no more absolve a despot at his end than he could play a courtier's part during his life.

As that cowed figure traversed the sunny marbles of the loggia, in the glow of the April morning, leaving doubt and bitterness behind, what thoughts must have been in both hearts! The one, sovereign still in Florence, reigning for himself and his own will and pleasure, proudly and sadly turned his face to the wall, holding fast his sceptre, though his moments were numbered. The other, not less sadly — a sovereign, too, to whom that sceptre was to fall, and who should reign for God and goodness — went forth into the Spring sunshine, life blossoming all about him, and the fair City of Flowers lying before him, white campanile and red dome glistening in the early light — life with the one, death with the other; but Nature, calm and fair, and this long-lived everlasting Earth, to which men, great and small, are things of a moment, encircling both. Lorenzo de' Medici died, leaving, as such men do, the deluge after him, and a foolish and feeble heir to contend with Florence, aroused and turbulent, and all the troubles and stormy chances of Italian politics; while the Prior of San Marco retired to his cell and his pulpit, from which for a few years thereafter he was to rule over his city and the spirits of men — a reign more wonderful than any which Florence ever saw. — *The Makers of Florence.*

O MAR KHAYYÁM, a Persian poet and astronomer; born at Nishapur, in Khorasan, about A.D. 1050; died about 1125. *Khayyám* means "the Tent-maker," and it is probable that Omar maintained himself by that craft until the sun of fortune rose for him. He was in youth a pupil of the most famous philosopher of Khorasan; he and two of his fellow-students entered into a compact that if either of them rose to fortune he should share it with the others. Nizam-ul-Mulk, one of the three, came,

in time, to be Vizier of the mighty Alp Arslan, and his successor, Malek, son and grandson of Togrul Beg, the Tartar founder of the Seljouk dynasty. He was not unmindful of the youthful compact, and proffered every advancement to the others. But Omar had no aspirations for political greatness. He devoted himself to study, especially of astronomy, and when the Vizier undertook to reform the confused Mohammedan calendar, Omar was one of those to whom the work was confided. The result of their labors is thus described by Gibbon: "The reign of Malek was illustrated by the *Gelalæan era*; and all errors, whether past or future, were corrected by a computation of time which surpasses the Julian and approaches the accuracy of the Gregorian style."

Of his *Rubáiyát* "Stanzas," only one manuscript, written at Shiras in 1460, exists in England; it contains one hundred and fifty-eight quatrains, the first, second, and fourth lines usually, though not invariably, rhyming together. About two thirds of this manuscript was translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald in 1872. A superb edition of this translation was published in 1884, at Boston, in a large folio volume, profusely illustrated by Elihu Vedder; the illustrations occupying some ten times as much space as the text. If we could conceive of the Greek Anacreon and the Roman Lucretius combined into one being, we should have something like the Persian Omar Khayyám. Of him and his poem, Mr. Fitzgerald says:

"Having failed of finding any Providence but destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it, preferring rather to soothe the soul into acquiescence with things as he saw them than to per-

plex it with vain disquietude after what they might be. . . . I have arranged *Rubáiyát* into a sort of Ecologue, with perhaps a little less than equal proportion of the 'Drink and make merry,' which recurs over-frequently in the original. Either way, the result is sad enough. Saddest, perhaps, when most ostentatiously merry; more apt to move sorrow than anger toward the old Tent-maker, who, after vainly endeavoring to unshackle his steps from destiny, and to catch some glimpses of to-morrow, falls back upon to-day (which has outlasted so many to-morrows) as the only ground he has got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his feet."

Mr. Vedder arranges the quatrains somewhat differently from Mr. Fitzgerald, whose order of enumeration we follow:

SELECTIONS FROM THE "RUBÁIYÁT."

I.

Wake! for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False-Morning died,
We thought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

III.

And as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted, "Open, then, the door!
You know how little time we have to stay,
And once departed, may return no more.

XLI.

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the kisses of
The Cypress-slender minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
Ends — in what all begins and ends — “Yes!”
Think, then, you are To-day what Yesterday
You were — To-morrow you shall be not less.

XLIII.

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you at the river-brink,
And offering his cup invite your Soul
Forth to your lip to quaff — you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the dust aside
And naked on the air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a shame — were't not a shame for him
In the clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a tent where takes his one-day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addrest,
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferbâsh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no more
The Eternal Saki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us — and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the veil are past,
 Oh! but the long, long while the World shall last,
 Which of our coming and departure heeds
 As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A moment's halt — a momentary taste
 Of Being from the well amid the waste —
 And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
 The *Nothing* it set out from. Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About the Secret — quick about it, friend!
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and True,
 And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?

L.

A Hair, perhaps, divides the False and True;
 Yes; and a single letter were the clew —
 Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
 And, peradventure, to the Master, too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence through Creation's veins
 Running, quicksilver-like, eludes your pains,
 Taking all shapes from Fish to Moon,
 They change and perish all — but He remains

LII.

A moment guessed; then back behind the fold.
 Immured of darkness, round the Drama rolled,
 Which, for the pastime of Eternity,
 He does Himself conclude, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening door
You gaze To-day, while You are *You*, how then
To-morrow You, when shall be *You* no more?

LIV.

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none — or bitter fruit.

LV.

You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

LVI.

For *Is* and *Isn't* with rule and line,
And *Up-and-down* by logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but Wine.

LVII.

Ah! but my computations, people say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning. Nay,
'Twas only striking from the calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately by the Tavern-door agape
Came shining through the dark an Angel-shape,
Bearing a vessel on his shoulder; and
He bade me taste of it: and 'twas the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape, that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that, in a truce
Life's leaden metal into gold transmutes.

LXIII.

Oh, threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise !
One thing at least is certain — this Life flies ;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies :
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too ?

LXV.

The revelations of devout and learned,
Who rose before us and as prophets burned,
All are but stories which, awoke from sleep,
They told their fellows, and to sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell ;
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered, " I myself am Heaven and Hell."

LXVII.

Heaven's but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow of a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this sun-illumined lantern, held
In midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

Impotent Pieces of the game He plays,
Upon his checker-board of Nights and Days,
Hither and thither moves and checks and mates
And one by one back in the closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But right or left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all — He knows, He knows.

LXXX.

The moving Finger writes — and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

LXXXI.

And that unveiled bowl they call the sky,
Whereunder crawling, cooped, we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help — for *It*
As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXXII.

With the first clay they did the last man knead,
And there of the last harvest sowed the seed;
And the first morning of Creation wrote
What the last dawn of Reckoning shall read.

XC.

What! out of senseless *Nothing* to provoke
A conscious *Something* to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of everlasting penalties if broke!

XCI.

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to travel in,
Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to Sin!

XCII.

O Thou, who Man of baser earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake,
For all the sin wherewith the face of Man
Is blackened, Man's forgiveness give — and take!

OPIE, AMELIA ALDERSON, an English novelist and poet; born at Norwich, November 12, 1769; died there, December 2, 1853. In 1798 she married John Opie, a painter, who died in 1807. She then returned to Norwich, where she spent the remainder of her life. She was brought up a Unitarian, but in 1827 became a member of the "Society of Friends." She did not commence her literary career until past thirty, when she published her *Father and Daughter* (1801). This book met with much success, and the following year she issued a volume of poems. Her tales, generally grouped into series of three or four volumes, appeared at intervals

until 1828, and were greatly admired in their day. Among these are *Simple Tales* (1806); *Temper* (1812); *New Tales* (1818); *Tales of the Heart* (1820); *Madeline* (1822); *Illustrations of Lying* (1825); *Detraction Displayed* (1828). She also published from time to time several volumes of verse not destitute of poetical merit.

Professor Alexander, of Edinburgh, who visited her the year before she died, says that "the image of the beautiful, cheerful, clever old lady, as she reclined on her sofa and talked with all the vivacity of youth, in a bright, joyous room, with a sweet, joyous voice, remains on his memory as one of the loveliest it has been his good fortune to witness."

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale.
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears.

"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus?" said I.
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me; and, with such a sigh,
She called me her orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy.
Oh, Lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide!—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! Ha! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

PPENHEIM, EDWARD PHILLIPS, an English novelist; born at London in 1865. He was educated at Leicester. His novels have enjoyed a wide circulation not only in England, but in the United States. His works include *The Monk of Cruta*; *Enoch Strone*; *A Man and His Kingdom*; *A Millionaire of Yesterday*; *The Survivor*; *The World's Great Snare*; *Mysterious Mr. Sabin* (1903); *Anna, the Adventuress* (1903); *A Prince of Sinners* (1904), and *The Master Mummer* (1905).

THE SUBJECTION OF LOUISE.

"Of all the absurd proceedings, Dick," the woman said, yawning, "I think that this is absolutely the maddest I ever heard of. For Heaven's sake, be reasonable, and tell me why you have dragged me out of bed before sunrise to bring me to this scene of desolation."

The man shipped his oars, and, jumping from the boat, pulled it up on to the beach. Then he held out his hand to the woman. "If you will allow me," he said, quietly, "I think that you can land now without wetting your feet."

"But why on earth should I land at all?" she asked, impatiently. "Why have you brought me to this wilderness of a place? Do you expect me to play Man Friday to your Robinson Crusoe?"

He held out his hand again — a little insistently.

"With your permission," he said, "I will offer you an explanation when you are landed. I do not think that a sea-bath would be altogether ——"

She jumped lightly out — a very dainty person indeed, and not at all inclined to spoil her white flannel dress and trim patent shoes by the immersion which seemed imminent. He secured the boat and quietly lit a cigarette.

"We will sit here," he said, motioning her to a flat rock, and, contrary to her custom, she obeyed.

"Well?" she asked.

He regarded her steadfastly. He was a tall, loosely built man, fair, but with a strong face, and deep-set, grey eyes. The woman was petite, piquant, and elegant. She had dark eyes, fair hair, and a bewitching mouth. She wore her clothes as every one said that none but Mrs. Earle Curteis could wear them. The fact that they were husband and wife was sometimes overlooked.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing you here," he said, "in order to secure an undisturbed tete-a-tete with you. On board the yacht, as you may have noticed, that is a somewhat difficult affair."

"Really," she murmured, "you might have been more considerate. You could have had all the conversation you

wanted without dragging me out of bed at five o'clock in the morning."

"I doubt it," he answered, coolly. "The hour after breakfast belongs, I believe, to Major Duncan. Then there is your game of shuffleboard with Ellison, with which, I believe, nothing is allowed to interfere; and Forsyth is invariably waiting to claim you directly afterwards. After lunch, Duncan, I believe, reads to you ——"

"Oh, that will do!" she interrupted, looking at him curiously. "You desire a *tete-a-tete* with me, and you have secured it in a somewhat original manner. I am waiting to hear what you have to say."

He nodded slowly.

"Very well!" he said, "you shall hear. We have been married five years, I think, Louise."

"What a memory!" she murmured.

"From the third day of our honeymoon until to-day," he continued, coolly, "I have apparently shared your society—that is, if I can be said to have shared it at all—with a long array of admirers, in whose number there may have been safety, but whose continual presence you must forgive me if I have found a little bewildering. Your cavaliers have been legion—the fact that you have a husband at all is a fact which I think many of our friends are sometimes inclined to forget. Don't misunderstand me. I make no serious charge against you. Only, I am weary—wearily to death of seeing you day after day monopolized by whatever good-looking or interesting man may be around."

She looked at him with a faint smile. After all, this promised to be a little interesting.

"You are—jealous?"

He looked steadily at the yacht moored a little way out in the bay.

"Well," he said, "perhaps I am. At any rate, I have brought you here to explain exactly how I feel, and to ask you whether you are disposed to make a clean sweep of the whole thing. I am weary of seeing other men hang over your chair and offer you the attentions of a lover. I propose to land them all at Newton and take you for a cruise alone. Do you agree?"

"My dear man," she exclaimed, "you are joking!"

"I was never," he assured her, "more in earnest in my life."

"You mean it — seriously?"

"Subject to your consent, I mean it seriously."

"It is absurd," she answered. "We should be bored to death — both of us."

For a moment he seemed to wince, but he recovered himself almost immediately. His tone was a shade colder, perhaps — a certain almost imperceptible nervousness had passed from his manner.

"Ah!" he said, "there is always that possibility, of course. Nevertheless, Louise," he continued, turning slowly towards her. "I feel that I have played the part of complaisant husband long enough. I am sick of your affairs and your followers. I propose to end it."

She laughed softly, yet a little uneasily. There was a look on her husband's face which was new to her. She studied him for a moment. Really, he was almost good-looking. A certain amount of grimness became him. She smoothed her skirts over her knees, and, suddenly looking up, laughed in his face.

"And how," she asked, "do you propose to accomplish the miracle?"

"Stand up," he said. "I want to show you something."

She rose to her feet, and her eyes followed his outstretched forefinger. On the slope of a slight eminence was a long, one-story house, built of wood, and with a verandah thrown out toward the sea.

"Why, I thought that the place was uninhabited!" she exclaimed.

"It is," he answered, "save for the man and woman who look after that shanty for me."

"For you?"

"For me. I should explain that the island belongs to me. I bought it for a mere song a few years ago for the sake of the sea-bird shooting. I used to come here sometimes before we were married."

"Indeed!" she remarked. "I had no idea that your possessions were so extensive."

"The place is a stony waste," he said. "It did not cost

me so much as the simplest of the jewels which have the privilege of adorning your person every evening."

She was a little uneasy. He was talking in a manner which was strange to her.

"I still," she said, "do not understand why you have brought me here. And see, there is another boat putting out from the yacht. Who is it, I wonder?"

"It is your luggage," he answered. "Your maid has packed everything you are likely to want."

She looked at him in amazement.

"My luggage! What on earth for?"

"You are going to stay here for a little time," he said, coolly.

"I am going to stay here," she repeated. "Is this a ghastly joke, Dick? I never heard anything so absurd in my life."

"You are going to stay here," he repeated, steadily. "You will find the bungalow fairly comfortable, and Peters and his wife are very civil people. I am landing your friends this afternoon at Port Newton on account of your sudden indisposition. They will believe you to be in your cabin. As a matter of fact, you will be here."

She burst into a fit of uncontrollable yet not altogether natural laughter. She was, in reality, in a state bordering on hysterics.

"A delightful scheme!" she cried. "You and I alone in a Paradise—such a Paradise!" with a little wave of her white hand. "Dick, you must be mad."

"You mistake me," he answered, quietly. "I am not proposing to inflict my company upon you."

"Alone!" she shrieked. "I am to be left here alone?"

"Exactly," he agreed, rising to his feet. "Now listen to me, Louise."

He stood over her, and the lines about his mouth were hard and merciless. He was tall, well over six feet, and she suddenly remembered that she had always admired tall men.

"You will be dull here," he said, "in a certain way. So far as the capacity lies in you, you will suffer. Yet I would have you remember this: All your little pains and weariness will never amount to anything compared with

the torture with which you have blackened my days. I married you for love. The misfortune is that I must love you for all time. I have done what I could to make you happy. It is obvious that I have failed. A couple of days alone with me is sufficient to make you miserable. Wherever we move you are surrounded with admirers. I find myself continually in a position which no self-respecting man could endure. I have played the complaisant husband long enough, Louise. God knows that for two pins I would have run the yacht on Forness Rocks last night and ended the whole thing. You see, I am frank with you. I hate the sight of the men who accept my hospitality and think it sport to make love to my wife before my eyes. I choose to end it in this fashion. After a time I shall come or send for you. For the present, good-bye."

He turned away to escape the outburst which he regarded as inevitable. To his surprise, she did not speak. Her silence unnerved him. He lingered, and looked behind. She was still sitting on the rock, and her face was inscrutable.

"I think you have said good-bye," she remarked.

"Your luggage is there upon the beach," he said, "and Peters and his wife are waiting on the balcony. They will come down directly we have all gone. You will find them very decent people. I hope—that you will be comfortable."

It was very lame, but the unexpectedness of her manner confused him altogether. Suddenly she held out her hand and raised those wonderful eyes to his. There was the ghost of a smile upon her lips, but her manner was quite serious.

"Do you mind shaking hands?" she said.

He set his teeth hard, and slowly retraced his steps. For the storm of tears and passionate anger which he had expected he was prepared. This was different—far worse. He took the little hand in his, and then, suddenly bending over her, he kissed her passionately on the lips. Then he hurried away, steeling himself all the while against the appeal which never came. He looked back from the boat. She was still sitting upon the rock, a strange and somewhat desolate-looking object, her face

still turned seawards. She waved her hand to him. He bent over his oars and groaned. Louise, as she rose to her feet and shook out her skirts, was in a curious mood. She had expected to be furiously angry — she was intensely surprised to find herself on the brink of tears. She watched the two boats until they were out of sight, and then she walked aimlessly along the beach towards her trunks. A tall, stalwart man had already taken possession of them. He touched his cap awkwardly.

"I'm taking your things up right along, ma'am," he said. "My missis is waiting to see to them for you. She was a lady's-maid before we were married, and I'm sure we'll do our best to make you comfortable, though it's a roughish sort of place for them as aren't used to it."

Louise nodded absently.

"Thank you very much," she said. "You can tell your wife to unpack all she can and get me some breakfast. I shall be up presently."

She sat upon the rock and watched the returning boats. She was not quite sure that it was not all a dream. Presently she saw that they were getting up steam, and, with a curious little pang at her heart, she watched it until it was out of sight. From the deck, a man with a great telescope glued to his eye kept her in sight until the last moment. Then he went down to his cabin and locked the door.

.

Like a good many other people who have never known what solitude means, Louise found the first few days almost refreshing in their complete novelty. She read and slept and walked — and finally yawned. At the end of a week she was bored.

Then the wonderful thing happened. She was awakened one morning by the sound of guns. She jumped out of bed, and, throwing on a dressing-gown, stepped onto the piazza. A strange yacht was in the bay; below, in a sheltered spot near the beach, some men were busy erecting a couple of tents. Louise dressed hastily and went outside. Peters was there, looking at the yacht in amazement.

"What does this mean, Peters?" she asked. "Who are these people who have landed here?"

"I have no idea, ma'am," he answered. "I was just going down to see."

"We will go together," Louise said.

On the beach, three or four sailors were busy erecting a tent. Another man was bending over an oil cooking-stove. There were several others standing about with guns under their arms. Louise stood upon a hillock, looking down. She raised her voice and addressed them. Louise's voice, even when it was raised, was not a terrifying sound, but her few words fell like a bombshell amongst the little group.

"May I ask what you are doing here? You are, perhaps, not aware that this island is private property."

A dozen faces were turned towards her in blank amazement. Then several caps were furtively raised. A tall, dark man in tweed shooting-clothes and gaiters moved a step forward.

"We are really extremely sorry," he said. "We understood that the island was uninhabited. Mr. Curteis, to whom it belongs, I believe, gave us permission to shoot here. We are after grey geese."

"Did Mr. Curteis know that you were coming just now?" Louise asked, with a faint smile at the corners of her lips.

"I must admit that he did not," the spokesman of the party answered. "It was about this time last year that I told him we thought of yachting in these waters, and he gave me permission then to land here at any time I chose. My name is Lord Willerton. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"I am Mrs. Curteis," Louis answered. "If my husband gave you permission to come here, that is, of course, quite sufficient. I have often heard him speak of you, Lord Willerton. Isn't that—why, how do you do, Mr. Hammersly?"

A tall, fair-haired young man suddenly started forwards with outstretched hand.

"Why, Mrs. Curteis," he exclaimed, "you surely cannot blame any of us for not recognizing you for the mo-

ment! In any of the usual haunts of civilization I don't think there is one of us here who would not have known you at once. But here — well, it is amazing!"

Louise smiled upon them all very sweetly.

"I suppose it is rather surprising," she remarked. "You see, I was a little bored, and I am trying the antidote of complete solitude."

"We have come, then, I am afraid, to spoil the cure," Lord Willerton said, with a smile. "Perhaps, after all, we shall be in the way. Say the word, Mrs. Curteis, and we will strike our tents and pack up."

"It is not," she murmured, "in the least necessary. I think — in fact, I am sure," she added, with a smile, "that I am very glad to see you all. Won't you let that nasty, smelly stove alone, and come and have breakfast with me?"

Willerton, who had been eyeing the stove with some apprehension, breathed a sigh of relief.

"My dear lady," he said, "if you are in earnest, we will come with pleasure. But there are five of us."

"I think," Louise answered, with a smile, "that Mrs. Peters can find us enough to eat."

She led the way to the bungalow, Willerton and Hammersly on either side. Several times she laughed — quite irrelevantly. Her husband's scheme was really working out very curiously. She found herself suddenly taking part in a comedy — a comedy which had in it, too, all the elements of graver things.

. . . \

Curteis himself was suffering from a most profound dejection and weariness of spirits. London was empty, his club a desert. Wherever he went, he carried with him the memory of that wan little figure perched so daintily upon the rock in the midst of that island of desolation. Perhaps, after all, his scheme would only make things worse. She would never forgive him. When the time came for him to fetch her, she would pour forth upon him all the pent-up indignation of the last month. He shuddered at the thought — he, who at that moment was hungering for a sight of her, the touch of her fingers,

her lips, the sound of her voice. In a week the time which he had fixed would be up. In a week he would know his fate.

A man came in, bronzed and sunburnt, who greeted him cheerily. Curteis at that moment was glad to see anybody.

"How are you, Robertson?" he said. "Been up North?"

The newcomer, who was settling himself down in an easy-chair, shook his head.

"I've been yachting with Willerton and Hammersly. By-the-by, when I left them, they were just off to some desert island of yours, up in the North Sea somewhere, to shoot grey geese. Hammersly said you gave them permission last year. I should have been there myself, but my leave was up."

The paper which Curteis had been holding slipped through his fingers. He leaned a little forward in his chair. His face was white and strained.

"How — how long ago — when did you leave them?"

"Tuesday week," Robertson answered.

"They were within a day's steam of the place then. I fancy they expected to get there Wednesday evening. Hammersly said that he had no idea whether you had any buildings on the place or not, so they took tents."

Curteis moistened his lips. They seemed unaccountably dry.

"Willerton and Hammersly," he said, hoarsely. "Who else?"

"Franks and Appleby, and a chap of no particular account — I've forgotten his name," Robertson answered, looking curiously over the top of his paper at Curteis. "Rather a warm lot. I'm not a prig, but I found them just a trifle too advanced for my taste. Willerton showed up shockingly in that Wardlaw suit. I don't wonder at his going away somewhere for a time. You off?"

Curteis left the room abruptly. In the hall he sent a telegram to the captain of his yacht. Afterwards with shaking fingers, he took down a Bradshaw and began to study it. In an hour he was on his way North.

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"Let's turn in," Hammersly said, yawning. "It's evidently no good waiting for Willerton. He's up spooning the little Curteis woman and Lord knows what that'll lead to!"

"What's that?" one of the other men asked, suddenly sitting up.

They all listened. The measured beat of oars came to them through the darkness. A moment later they heard the scrunching of a boat's keel upon the beach. Hammersly pointed to a light about half a mile out.

"There's a yacht anchored there," he remarked. "Must have come in since it got dark. I wonder who on earth it can be. I hope to God it isn't Curteis," he went on, nervously. "Willerton's making a perfect ass of himself with that little woman."

They heard the sound of footsteps on the beach. A man was passing the camp on his way to the bungalow. Hammersly sprang up.

"If it's Curteis," he muttered, "there'll be murder. Hallo, there!" he shouted. "Who's that?"

The footsteps stopped at once. Hammersly lit the two lanterns which hung from the tent-poles. They burnt steadily in the windless air, and almost immediately a dark figure stepped into the little circle of light.

"Curteis, by all that's amazing!" Hammersly exclaimed, with well-assumed heartiness. "Hope you don't think we're taking an infernal liberty camping here? Robertson said that you gave him permission some time ago, and, by jove, we've had wonderful sport! Johnson, bring out the whisky and some glasses."

Curteis shook his head. His eyes were traveling round the little circle, as though seeking for some one.

"You are perfectly welcome here," he said, shortly. "By-the-bye, where's Willerton?"

Hammersly also glanced around carelessly.

"Somewhere about," he answered. "I fancy he's turned in. I heard him say that he was very tired."

There was a moment's silence. Hammersly's heart sank, for in the dim light he watched the sudden fire blaze in his questioner's eyes — heard the quick, sobbing breath which kept him speechless. Then Curteis moved a step

forward, and the words seemed to leap from his lips — quick, tense things.

“Show me Willerton’s tent.”

“My dear fellow,” Hammersly drawled, “don’t disturb him at this hour of night. I remember now that he was complaining of a headache.”

“Oh, go to hell!” Curteis suddenly exclaimed. “Stand out of the way!”

Hammersly was whizzed backwards, for Curteis was a strong man, and Hammersly little more than a boy. He caught up one of the lanterns and lifted the flap of each tent. Then, without a word, he dashed the lantern upon the ground.

“If you dare to follow me,” he said to Hammersly, “you or any of the others, I will shoot you like a dog.”

The bungalow was sheltered from the wind by a grassy knoll. Curteis, though every drop of blood in his body went tingling through his veins in a wild fever, walked stealthily, and finally sank on his knees. He was within a few feet of the broad piazza, and there, pressed against the side of the wall, his straining eyes saw plainly the figure of a man.

The seconds suddenly expanded. The man whose heart was wrung with hideous fears seemed unconsciously to become possessed of a wonderful grip upon his thoughts, the mental clearness of a dying man. She was so dear to him, this dainty little woman, with her endearing eyes, her delicate mannerisms, her quaint, almost wistful beauty. And it was his fault if Hell had come to her; his own stupendous folly. Curteis felt his self-possession going. He must call her. In a moment . . .

He held his breath. The man on the piazza had moved. He was tapping upon the window, which all the while had remained dark and unresponsive. Still silence. The man leaned over and tapped again. Curteis’ finger-nails were buried in the soft ground and there was blood upon his lips. A blind had been drawn up, the window was open. Louise stood there, a slim white figure.

“Who is that?” she asked, quietly.

Willerton laughed softly.

“At last,” he murmured, stepping forward. “Louise!”

His arm touched her, but she evaded him.

"You, Lord Willerton. How dare you come here! How dare you knock at my window!"

The man's hot whisper came like the muffled singing of a night insect to Curteis' ears.

"A man dares a great deal, Louise, for the woman he loves. All these days you have been cruel to me. You will not speak to me alone. I could not sleep and think that you were here, only a few yards off. I had to come."

Again he leaned over as though to embrace her, and again she evaded him.

"You knocked at my window—to tell me this!"

His voice sank so low that Curteis caught only the passionate murmur of his pleading tones. He tried to take her into his arms. For the third time she stepped back.

"Lord Willerton," she said, "you talk about a man daring a great deal for the woman he loves. You have dared a good deal indeed, but it is I who am to pay. Do your friends know where you are? What do they think?"

"They think I have gone for a stroll. I ——"

"Liar! Coward!" she exclaimed, leaning suddenly towards him. "Listen! You and your friends will leave this island before sunrise to-morrow. I hope to God that I may never meet you or any of your kind again. Go!"

She would have slammed the window, but he caught it.

"No, by heavens, I won't!" he exclaimed, suddenly thrusting his hand upon her mouth. "I —— Good God, Louise!"

There was a sharp report, a puff of smoke, and he sprang back with a little cry of terror. Louise stood once more in the window, and the steel of a revolver glittered in her hand.

"I am not quite foolish enough," she said, quietly, "to open my window to such a man as you without being prepared to defend myself. You and your friends wondered the other day why I practiced with my revolver for half-an-hour a day. Now you know."

Lord Willerton had at least breeding.

"Madam, I congratulate your husband," he said. "I

perceive that you are in earnest. You have deceived — a good many people."

He turned and walked into Curteis' arms.

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Half-an-hour later, Curteis strode into the little camp and flung upon the ground a soft, groaning burden.

"I've brought you Willerton back," he said, shortly. "Don't speak to me, Hammersly. If I find a single one of you on this island after sunrise to-morrow, I'll shoot you without further warning."

He turned on his heel and disappeared amongst the shadows. But he did not return to the bungalow. It seemed to him the bitterest part of it all that he had not even been able to help her. She had fought her own battle and won; but, God help him, it was he who had exposed her to it! She would never forgive him. It was impossible.

He wandered on to the seashore and sat upon the rock where only a few weeks ago he had expounded his miserable scheme to her. There were faint signs of coming dawn across the waters — a chilly wind had sprung up, and he shivered. Suddenly he started. Louise, hatless, but with a thick sacque wrapped around her, was sitting by his side.

"I don't think much of your experiment, Dick," she said, quietly.

He was so staggered by her presence that for the moment he was speechless. Then, something in the faint smile with which she was regarding him loosened his tongue.

"Louise," he exclaimed, "you can't forgive me! Oh, you never can! I have been the biggest brute in the world."

"I might try," she murmured. "I have learnt one thing, at least: that a husband is a very useful person. Did you hurt him very much, Dick?"

"He is alive," he answered.

"I don't think I like — other men quite so much, Dick," she whispered, nestling up to him. "Don't dare to ever boast about your experiment, but I think — if you would

carry me up to the bungalow: my slippers are cut all to pieces on these rocks and I am very cold — I might try — I might try, I said — Oh, Dick!"

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE, an Irish-American journalist and poet; born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, June 28, 1844; died at Hull, Mass., August 10, 1890. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, and afterward entered a cavalry regiment in the British army. In 1866 he was tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for twenty years, and he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia. In 1869 he made his escape, by the aid of the captain of an American whaling-vessel. Taking up his residence at Boston, he became editor of the *Pilot*. He published *Songs from the Southern Seas* (1872); *Songs, Legends, and Ballads* (1878); *Moondyne, a Story from the Under-World* (1879); *Statues in the Block* (1881) *The King's Men* (1884); *The Irish Question* (1886); *The Ethics of Boxing* (1888), and *Stories and Sketches* (1888).

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
 That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
 The moveless foliage of thy waters fair
 And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
 Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!

Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues the myriad flowers,
But left them scentless. Ah! their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers —
To make so sweet, fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood
But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of fruit;
He looked, but said not that His work was good
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey. Every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist,
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

DYING IN HARNESS.

Only a falling horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts, and crushed by the heavy
load;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over — no more labor for him.
 See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow
 dim;
 See on the friendly stones how peacefully rests the
 head —
 Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
 After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
 With the broken shafts and the cruel load, waiting only
 to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts and
 straps —
 Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mis-
 haps —
 One of the passing wonders marking the city road —
 A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
 What is the symbol? Only death — why should we cease
 to smile
 At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy
 street,
 That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying
 feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
 Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
 The seed on the rock is wasted — on heedless hearts of
 men,
 That gather and sow and grasp and lose — labor and
 sleep — and then —
 Then for the prize! — a crowd in the street of ever-echo-
 ing tread —
 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his har-
 ness — dead!

MY NATIVE LAND.

It chanced me upon a time to sail
 Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
 And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale

Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
 And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
 Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
 Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
 And left us yearning still for lands unknown.
 And when we found one — for 'tis soon to find
 In thousand-isled Cathay another isle —
 For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
 And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.

And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
 Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
 And when that all was tasted, then at last
 We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
 Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
 Sick minds need change; but when in health they stand
 'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
 And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
 From laden airs of cinnamon away,
 And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
 With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!
 My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
 My land, that has no peer in all the sea,
 For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf —
 If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
 New loves may come with duties, but the first
 Is deepest yet — the mother's breath and smiles,
 Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed,
 Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE MAYFLOWER.

[From Poem read at the Inauguration of the Plymouth
 Monument, August 1, 1889.]

Here, where the shore was rugged as the waves,
 Where frozen Nature dumb and lifeless lay,
 And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
 Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:
 To conquer first the outer things; to make

Their own advantage, unallied, unbound;
 Their blood the mortar-building from the ground;
 Their cares the statutes, making all anew;
 To learn to trust the many, not the few;
 To bend the mind to discipline; to break
 The bonds of old convention, and forget
 The claims and barriers of class; to face
 A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
 And conquer both to friendship by the debt
 That Nature pays to justice, love, and toil:
 Here, on this Rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom not of Kings, but Men,
 Began the making of the world again.
 Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink,
 A New World reached and raised an Old World link,
 When England's hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Norman brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 The ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
 Here struck the seed — the Pilgrims' roofless town,
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
 Where all the People equal-franchised met,
 Where doom was writ of Privilege and Crown,
 Where human breath blew all the idols down,
 Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were
 furled,
 And Common Men began to own the world.

ORIGEN, an ecclesiastical writer, surnamed
 ADAMANTIUS; born at Alexandria, Egypt,
 in A.D. 185; died at Tyre in 254. He was of
 Greek descent, and wrote in Greek. He was by birth
 a Christian, and, his father having suffered martyr-
 dom, he, with his mother and her seven children, was
 left in poverty. He in time opened a school at Alex-

andria, which became famous. He lived a life of the utmost austerity. After many and varied experiences, which need not here be detailed, he opened, in 231, what we may call a theological seminary at Cæsarea, in Palestine. When the Decian persecution broke out, in 251, Origen was imprisoned and put to torture; but was eventually released, and died soon afterward.

Origen has been styled "the father of Biblical criticism and exegesis." Jerome says of him: "He was a man of immortal genius, who understood logic, geometry, arithmetic, music, grammar, rhetoric, and all the sects of the philosophers." But the main subject of his labors belongs to the domain of theology, upon which he was a voluminous writer, even though the statement that he wrote 6,000 books may be set down as an exaggeration. His extant works (some of them being fragments, and others existing only in an early translation into Latin) are the *Hexapla* ("Sixfold," because it contained, in parallel columns, the Hebrew text, written in Greek character, the Septuagint version, and those of Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion); *Commentaries on the Scriptures*, and the treatises on *Principles*, on *Prayer*, on *Martyrdom*, and *Against Celsus*.

On certain speculative points Origen advanced views quite different from those which have come to be generally accepted throughout Christendom. To set these forth at length, and in the words of Origen, would require a volume. We shall therefore present the summaries as given in Cave's *History of Literature* and Schaff's *Church History*.

UNENDING METEMPSYCHOSES AND PROBATION.

Origen was accused of maintaining that the death of Christ was advantageous not to men only, but to angels, devils, nay, even to the stars and other insensible things, which he supposed to be possessed of a rational soul, and, therefore, to be capable of sin; that all rational natures — whether devils, human souls, or any other — were created by God from eternity, and were originally pure intelligences, but afterward, according to the various use of their free-will, were dispersed among the various orders of angels, men, or devils. That angels and other supernatural beings were clothed with subtile and ethereal bodies, which consisted of matter, although in comparison with our grosser bodies they may be called incorporeal and spiritual. That the souls of all rational beings, after putting off one state, pass into another, either superior or inferior, according to their respective behavior. And that thus, by a kind of perpetual transmigration, one and the same soul may successively — and even often — pass through all the orders of rational beings. And that hence the souls of men were thrust into the prison of bodies for offences committed in some former state; and that when loosed from hence, they will become either angels or devils as they shall have deserved. That, however, neither the punishment of men or devils, nor the joys of the saints, shall be eternal; but that all shall return to their original state of pure intelligences, to begin the same round over and over again. — CAVE, *History of Literature*.

THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

Origen brings the Son as near as possible to the essence of the Father, not only making him the absolute personal Wisdom, Truth, Righteousness, Reason, but also expressly predicating eternity of him, and propounding the Church dogma of the Eternal Generation of the Son. This Generation he usually presents as proceeding from the Will of the Father; but he also conceives it as pro-

ceeding from his Essence; and hence, at least, in one passage, in a fragment on the Epistle to the Hebrews, he applies the term *homoousios* to the Son — thus declaring him co-equal in substance with the Father. This idea of Eternal Generation, however, has a peculiar form in him, from its close connection with his doctrine of an eternal creation. He can no more think of the Father without the son than of an almighty God without creation, or of light without radiance. Hence he describes this generation not as a single instantaneous act, but, like creation, ever going on. But on the other hand, he distinguishes the Essence of the Son from that of the Father; speaks of a difference of Substance; and makes the Son decidedly inferior to the Father.

Origen ascribes to the Holy Ghost eternal existence; exalts him, as he does the Son, far above all creatures, and considers him as the source of all charisms — especially as the principle of all illumination and holiness of believers under the Old Covenant and the New. But he places the Spirit in essence, dignity, and efficiency below the Son, as far as he places the Son below the Father. And though he grants, in one passage, that the Bible nowhere calls the Holy Ghost a creature, yet, according to another somewhat obscure sentence, he himself inclines to the view — which, however, he does not avow — that the Holy Ghost had a beginning (though, according to his system, not in time but from eternity), and is the first and most excellent of all things produced by the Logos.

In the same connection he adduces three opinions concerning the Holy Ghost; one, regarding him as not having an origin; another, ascribing to him no separate personality; and a third, making him a being originated by the Logos. The first of these opinions he rejects, because the Father alone is without origin. The second he rejects, because in Matt. xii. 32, the Spirit is plainly distinguished from the Son. The third he takes for the true and Scriptural view, because everything was made by the Logos. — SCHAFF, *Church History*.

ORIGEN'S THEOLOGICAL SYSTEM.

Following the direction which Justin Martyr, and especially Clement of Alexandria, had pursued, Origen sought to create, with the aid of the philosophy of his day, a science of Christian doctrine whose systematic structure should be equal to the systems of the philosophers. In doing this, he held very positively to the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as they had been handed down and defined in opposition to the heretics, especially the Gnostic heretics. But he found truths in the philosophic systems, and tried to show that they were borrowed from the Bible, predicating, however, a general revelation of the Logos.—*Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge.*
